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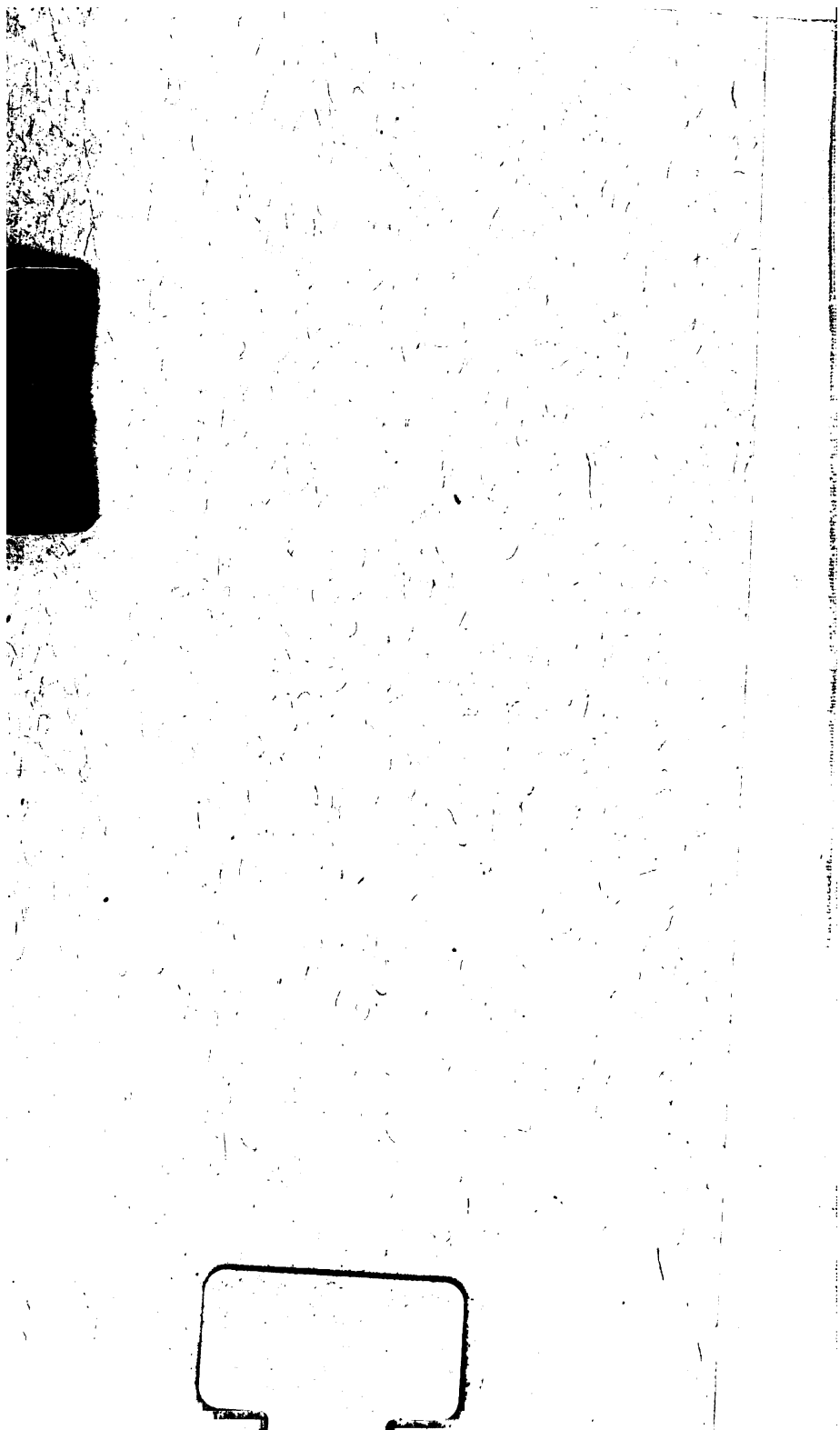
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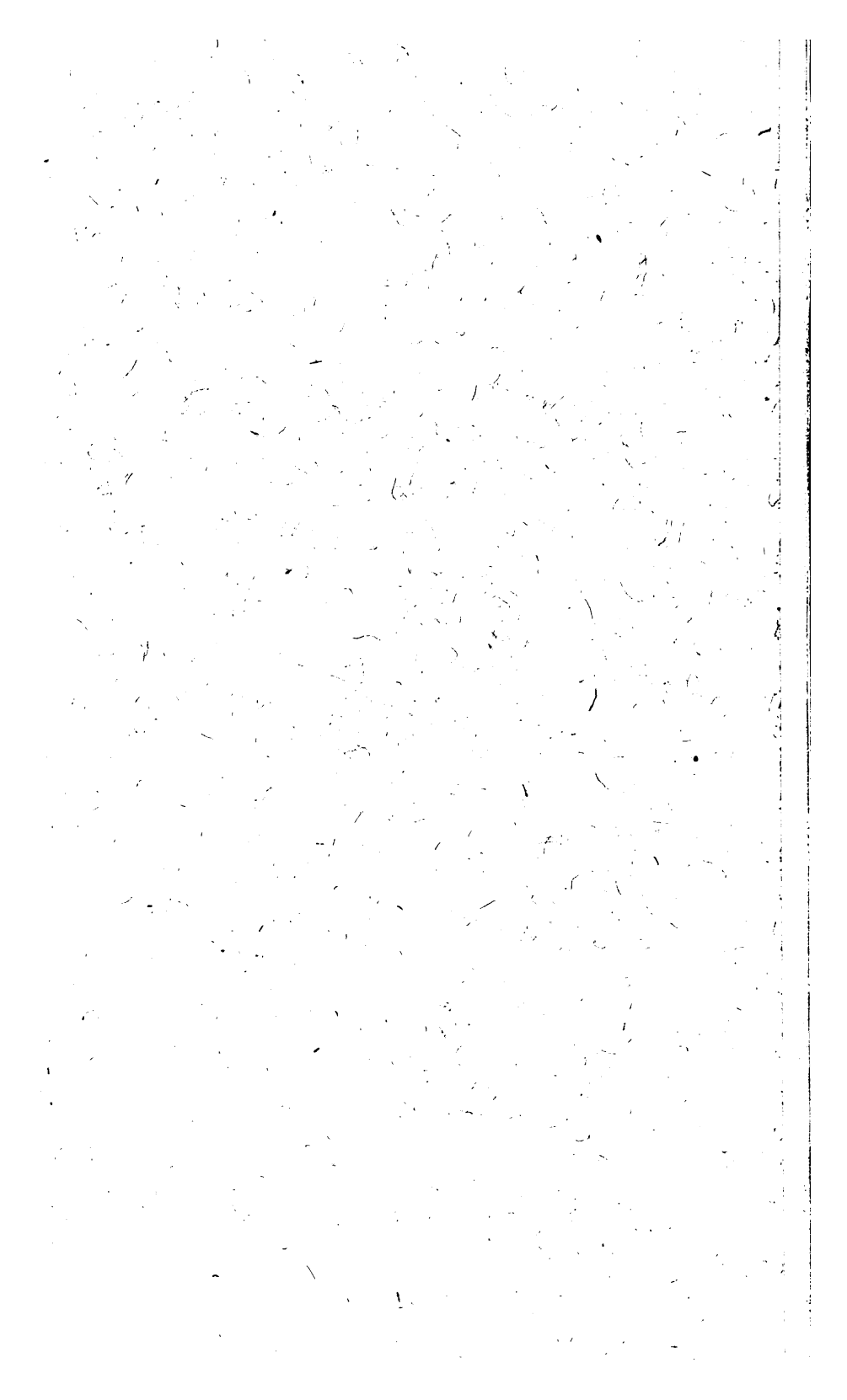
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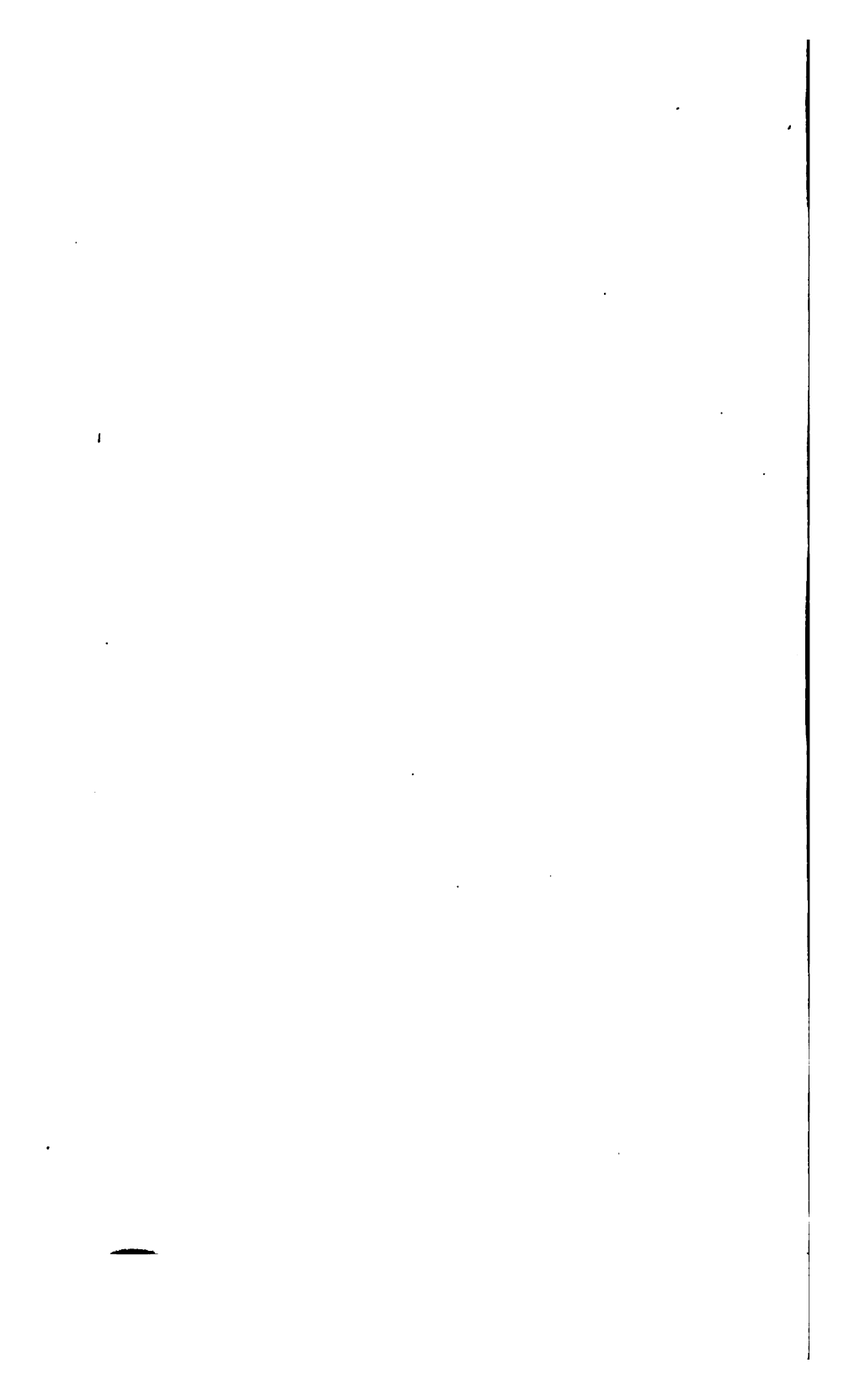
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Frontispiece to Vol. 29.



Pub. April 1, 1907, by J. MacFle, Warwick Square.

Ninth of the Improved Work
THE
Sporting Magazine.
 OR
MONTHLY CALENDAR,
 OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF
THE TURF, THE CHASE,
And every other Diversion
Interesting to the
Man of Pleasure, Enterprize, & Spirit
VOL. 29.



Wild Goose.

London.
 Printed for J. Whittle, 18, Nassau Street.

1807.



Frontispiece to Vol. 29.



2nd April 1869. By J. W. H. & W. W. H. & W. W. H.

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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1806.

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Embellished with, I. A beautiful Engraving of Morland's Benevolent Sportsman.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are extremely obliged to the Gentleman who dates from Carnethau house, Lanarkshire; it is possible we might otherwise have been so far misled, as to have taken the Burlesque he mentions for a reality.

WE received both the Communications from Ivy Bridge, near Plymouth, which are duly attended to in the present Number.

SPORTING Intelligence Extraordinary cannot be inserted.—The supposed Exploits of Cockneys are all strained and overdone; and real sportsmen must know that in fact nothing of this kind exists. These follies have long since been written down—we therefore ought not to contend with shadows.

THE Verses, "The Pigeons and the Barn; or, a Trial of Skill," are inadmissible; as are also "Verses on the Loss of a Lady's Portmanteau."

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

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Morning, or the Benevolent Sportsman.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR OCTOBER, 1806.

MORLAND'S BENEVOLENT SPORTSMAN.

Engraved by W. Nicholls.

THE following account of the original picture is to be found in Hassel's *Memoirs of the Life of George Morland*, a work already spoken of in page 226 of our last volume.

MORNING, OR THE BENEVOLENT SPORTSMAN.

"HAD Morland been acquainted with the Earl of Besborough, we should have thought, when painting this picture that nobleman was in the mind's-eye of the artist.—Although, indeed, there is not any strong likeness in the principal figure, yet, taking the whole together, it made that impression on the mind of the writer.—The same kind of horse is here represented, which he rode upon; and his own plain and unaffected manners are similar to what characterized that nobleman, whilst ambling about the country adjacent to Roehampton. It is needless to add, that there is scarcely a cottager deserving of notice, for miles round his dwelling, but could bear testimony to his benevolence. There was an apparent waspishness about this nobleman to those that did not know him, that seemed to border on churlishness; the fact was, that whilst ex-

ecuting the benevolent dictates of his heart, he always found some pretence to quarrel with the object of his notice, with a view of stopping all ignorant or fulsome benedictions. He enjoyed the luxury of doing good by stealth; and his acts of beneficence will immortalize his name in the records of virtue.

"The Benevolent Sportsman is represented in the act of relieving a few miserable objects, and has his gamekeeper behind him. This picture has much effect, with a well chosen back ground: taken all together, it may be classed amongst Morland's best productions."

Mr. Fox's Turf Connections.

IN a subsequent part of our present publication will be found an article of some length on the same subject; they relate, however, to different facts.—Mr. Fox's first commencement upon the Turf was in the year 1772, when he was joint Confederate with the Hon. Mr. Foley, afterwards Lord Foley; and from that time until the year 1793, they had constantly a very numerous and very valuable Stud of Horses in training at Newmarket, which they matched and named in various Stakes for large sums, exclusive of betting, which was often very high, and attended with

with much success:—Mr. Fox, during the time he attended at Newmarket, was allowed to be one of the most competent judges ever known, not only in matching, but also in handicapping horses at various weights, to run the different courses at Newmarket. Since his quitting the Turf in 1793, there has not been his superior in this department of the Turf; and perhaps his equal, even at this period, it would be difficult to find:—Amongst the great number of horses, &c. which were in the possession of Messrs. Fox and Foley, we have to name the following remarkable good runners, viz. Trentham, Pyrrhus, Pumpkin, Pantaloon, Zamora, Mussulman, Firetail, Revenge, Rosemary, Spitfire, Oliver, Rodney, Ulysses, Sisypheus, Blandish, Balloon, Swallow, Grey Diomed, Maid-of-All-Work, Cormorant, Chanticleer, Hope, Shovel, Seagull, Vermin, Rattler, Scanderberg, &c. &c.

Pyrrhus raced in the years 1771, 1772, 1773, and once in 1774, which was a match against Lord Grosvenor's celebrated Mambrino, at 8st. each, cross and jostle, over the Beacon Course, for 2000gs:—This was one of the hardest races that had been run at Newmarket for many years; and the odds, at starting, were 3 and 4 to 1 in favour of Mambrino, and increased in running to 10 to 1; but when within half a distance of the Ending-Post, the rider of Pyrrhus jockeyed (though not against the rules of Newmarket) the rider of Mambrino, drove him a considerable way out of the Course; by this means Pyrrhus won the heat by half a neck.

Pyrrhus was the best horse of his year in the kingdom, and won in Stakes and Matches the sum of

10,400gs; and received in Forfeits 1625gs.

During the time that Mr. Fox attended Newmarket, the Stakes and Matches were generally made for very large sums, and the betting very considerable. The Meetings were numerous attended by the first ranks of Nobility and Gentry, and also by the Sportsmen from all parts of the united kingdom.

The Pedigrees and Performances of all the above Horses, &c. will be found in Pick's Turf Register, published by A. Bartholomew, Herald Office, York.

PARIS RACES.

ON Sunday the 5th of October, about noon, the first of the horse races, instituted by the imperial decree of Fructidore, in the year 13, was run near this city.

This institution is a fresh benefit bestowed by his Majesty, who, in the establishment of these races, wished to hasten the amelioration of the French breed, and to restore to it, with promptitude, that degree of celebrity which it justly merited some years since; and also, to direct the emulation of the owners towards this object, so interesting to commerce and agriculture.

A numerous class of names had been given in to run upon the course in the Champ-de-Mars. Each of the riders was to make the circuit twice, a distance supposed to be equal to four *kilometres*, or one measured league. Four umpires, over whom M. le Prefect of the Seine presided, were appointed to regulate disputes and adjudge the prizes.

Twelve horses were presented to run; and after the usual precautions necessary to ascertain the weight of the

the jockies, and that of the saddles, &c. they were divided into two parties of six each. Two prizes were assigned to each party; the first 2400 francs, and the second 1500. The first prizes were won by two mares; the one belonging to Mr. Vanhoorick, in the street of the Capuchins, and the other to M. Franconi, a riding-master. The second prizes were won by a horse belonging to M. Simon, a horse-dealer, and one belonging to M. Carpentier, another dealer in horses.

The races brought a vast concourse of spectators together, and the best order prevailed, without the interruption of a single accident.

STOLEN HORSE.

A Curious Case.

A CASE of most considerable importance to buyers and sellers of horses, came on to be heard during the present month before Mr. Graham, at Bow-street. On the 13th of July last, a horse, the property of Mr. Graves, a medical gentleman at Putney, was stolen from his premises. On Sunday the 21st ult. as Mr. Graves was riding over Ham common, he saw his horse grazing there. He inquired who claimed the horse, and was informed it belonged to Mr. Richards, the overseer of the parish. Mr. Graves took possession of the horse, and sent to inform Mr. Richards of what he had done, that it was his property, and had been stolen from him; and in a few days after, he, with several other witnesses, made affidavits before a magistrate in the neighbourhood, that the horse was his property, and that

it had been stolen from him. Mr. Graves was not satisfied with this, but obtained a summons against Mr. Richards, to appear at the office on Saturday. Mr. Richards attended the summons, and produced the regular evidence of having bought the horse at Smithfield-market, on a market day, and that it was regularly entered in the market-book, the toll paid, and a fair price given; Mr. Graham was therefore of opinion, that Mr. Richards's conduct was strictly correct, and that Mr. Graves must return him the horse; and dismissed Mr. Richards.

Mr. Graves, on further inquiry, could only trace the horse into the possession of Mr. Bligh, a livery stable keeper, in Tottenham-court-road; who stated that the horse was rode into his yard by a stranger, in a very knock'd up and dirty state, who desired a feed of corn to be given it, and he would call for the horse in the morning. The stranger did not call for the horse agreeably to promise, and he kept it above a fortnight, when he advertised it to be taken away, and he fully described the horse. No application being made, he sent it to Smithfield market to pay the expences. In the evening Mr. Graves attended before Mr. Graham, and stated this circumstance to him. The Magistrate told him all he had brought forward and proved would not avail him, as no person was in custody, or even suspected of the felony, he must either return the horse to Mr. Richards, who had purchased the horse in open market, and given a fair price, or he must return him the money he gave for the purchase of it, and all his expences, as directed by the Act of Parliament for regulating the sale, &c. of horses. It enacts that when a horse

horse is stolen, the owner, with two witnesses, are to make affidavit of the same, with a full description of the horse, which Mr. Graves had neglected to comply with.

SINGING BIRDS.

IT appears from very accurate observations, founded on numerous experiments, that the peculiar notes, or song, of the different species of birds are altogether acquired, and are no more innate than language is in man. The attempt of a nestling bird to sing may be exactly compared with the imperfect endeavour of a child to talk. The first essay seems not to possess the slightest rudiments of the future song; but, as the bird grows older and stronger, it is not difficult to perceive what it is aiming at. Whilst the scholar is thus endeavouring to form his song, when he is once sure of a passage, he commonly raises his tone, which he drops again when he is not equal to what he is attempting. What the nestling is thus not thorough master of, he hurries over; lowering his tone as if he did not wish to be heard, and could not yet satisfy himself.—A common sparrow, taken from the nest when very young, and placed near a goldfinch, (though in a wild state it would only have chirped) adopted a song that was a mixture of the notes of those two. Three nestling linnets, were educated, one under a sky lark, another under a wood lark, and the third under a tit lark; and, instead of the song peculiar to their own species, they adhered entirely to that of their respective instructors. A linnet, taken from the nest when but two or three days old, and brought up

in the house of Mr. Matthews, an apothecary at Kensington, from want of other sounds to imitate, almost articulated the words "pretty boy," as well as some other short sentences. Its owner said, that it had neither the note nor the call of any bird whatever. It died in the year 1772.

These, and other well-authenticated facts, seem to prove decisively, that birds have no innate notes, but that, like mankind, the language of those to whose care they are committed at their birth, will be the language they adopt in after life. It may however seem somewhat unaccountable, from these observations, why, in a wild state, they adhere so steadily to the song of their own species only, when so many others are to be heard around them. This arises from the attention paid by the nestling bird to the instructions of its own parent only, generally disregarding the notes of all the rest. Persons, however, who have an accurate ear, and have studied the notes of different birds, can very often distinguish some that have a song mixed with those of another species; but these are in general so trifling, as can scarcely be looked upon as any thing more than mere varieties of provincial dialects.

W. B.

THE SWAN.

NOTHING can exceed the elegance and beauty with which the Swan rows itself along in the water, throwing itself into the proudest attitudes imaginable before the spectators; and there is not perhaps in all nature a more lively or striking image of dignity and grace. In the exhibition of its form,

form, we see no broken or harsh lines, no constrained or abrupt motions, but the roundest contour and the easiest transitions imaginable; the eye wanders over every part with pleasure, and every part takes new grace with new postures.

The Swan, with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling, proudly rows
Her state with oary feet.

THE WORK-HOUSE BOY.

By Moore.

MRS.—“Pray who are the parents of this charming boy?”

Old Woman—“The Lord above he only knows. He is no relation of mine—I never saw him in my life till this here blessed day, when I received him from the overseers of the work-house, to take him to my own house in the country.—They told me he was brought there when he was only a few months old, by a poor woman who said she was not his mother: who was his mother is difficult to tell, and still more who was his real father, as your ladyship well knows, for they have never been found out; but it stands to reason that he must have had both, for I never heard of any body who had neither father nor mother, except Michael Hisendeck, of whom the parson of our parish preached last Sunday; but Michael lived in the bible days, which is different from these here times; so this boy's parents must be persons unknown; but be who they will, I suspect they were no better than they should be; in which case it is pretty clear that this here boy, saving your ladyship's presence, is nei-

ther more nor less than an unnatural child; for if he had been born in a natural way of marriage, it stands to reason, that his parents would have owned him long ago.”

Mrs. — affected with the condition of this boy, who began life under such unfavourable auspices, said—“Are you not sorry, my dear, to leave home?”

“No,” answered he, “I don't care.”

“Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave?” resumed she.

“No,” replied the boy, “I am not sorry to leave any body.”

“What, not those who are good to you?” rejoined she.

“Nobody was ever good to me,” said the boy.

Mrs. — was touched with the answers of the child, which strongly painted his helpless lot, and the cruel indifference of the world.—The tear stood in her eye.

“My poor little fellow,” said she, after a short pause, “was nobody ever good to you! have you no friend, my dear?”

“No, for old Robin the soot-man died last week.”

“Was he your friend?”

“Yes, that he was,” replied the boy; “he once gave me a piece of ginger-bread.”

*Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos,
on Popular Diversions.*

WE are indebted to the elegant and patriotic pen of Lord Holland for the translation of the following passage of an Essay on Popular Diversions by the statesman whose name is prefixed: and “who is now languishing in the dungeons

dungeons of Palma; imprisoned without an accusation, and condemned without the form of a trial." This virtuous Spaniard deplores the fallen state of his countrymen; and in a most eloquent paper, displays the influence of a harsh and vigorous police on the moral energies of a nation. It is a lesson to our puritanical societies; which they ought to read, before they attempt to mortify the spirit and change the character of Englishmen:—

"The labouring class of society require diversions, but not exhibitions: the government is not called upon to divert them, but to permit them to divert themselves.—For the few days, the short moments which they can devote to recreation and entertainment, they will naturally seek, and easily find, amusements for themselves. Let them merely be unmolested, and protected in the enjoyment of them. A bright sky and fine weather, on a holiday, which will leave them at liberty to walk, run, throw the bar, to play at ball, coits, or skittles, or to junket, drink, dance, and caper on the grass, will fill all their desires, and, yield them complete gratification and contentment. At so cheap a rate may a whole people, however numerous, be delighted and amused."

LONGEVITY.

THE Hon. Mrs. WATKINS, of Glamorganshire, was a most remarkable instance of it; much more so than Macklin, or Lord Mansfield.

She was in her hundred and ninth year, when she undertook a journey from Glamorgan to London. The

cause of it was almost as singular as the thing itself—it was to see Mrs. Siddons, and she saw her act nine times.

This distinguished old lady was happy in equal activity of mind and body—One morning, after sitting for her portrait, and dispatching some business in the city, she mounted (though with some difficulty) to the whispering gallery at St. Paul's. A few days after, she left London, and, with her three grand-children, returned with no particular precautions, to Glamorganshire.

Charles the Second, who cultivated health with incessant care, never met with any instances of protracted life and vigour, but he was inquisitive what might be the probable efficient cause; diet and each petty habit became a question with him.—In these circumstances of Mrs. Watkins, all we discover remarkable, are regularity and moderation—"Nature is frugal, and her wants are few."—For the last thirty years potatoes had the credit of maintaining her.

THOMAS BEATY, of Drumcondra, near Dublin, has nearly completed his 102d year. He walks as upright as most men in the prime of life, and has not lost a tooth. His eldest surviving son is 73 years of age, and his youngest not quite two years old. His wife is pregnant at this time. This surprising veteran was originally a weaver, but has generally worked as a gardener, in which capacity he daily attends the Dublin market. He told a gentleman, who conversed with him last week, that one of his trees, this season, had produced 1500 apples.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

LORD B—wears his whiskers extremely large. Mr. Curran meeting him—"Pray, my Lord," said he, "when do you intend to reduce your whiskers to the *peace establishment*?" "When you, Mr. Curran," said his Lordship, "put your tongue upon the *civil list*."

A WOMAN in the street, on seeing the Lord Mayor pass by in state, said it was extremely *curious*. A gentleman immediately desired her not to *murder* the King's English. "No, Sir," said Mr. Curran, "she only knocks an *i* out of it."

MR. CURRAN cross-examining a tailor—"Upon your oath, Sir, where did this conversation happen?" "In the back parlour, off my shop, my *cutting-room*."—"What were you then about yourself?"—"Walking about."—"Aye, just taking a stroll in your *cabbage-garden*."

A CERTAIN barrister having a louse on his face in Court, Mr. Curran took notice of it to him; the other rather pettishly answered, "Surely, Curran, you joke." "Joke, Sir," cried Curran, "by G—d, if you have many such *jokes* as that in your head, I would advise you to *crack* them immediately."

THE following lines were lately written with a piece of chalk on a gate in Brighton:—

Instead of beaux and two legg'd monnies,
The fair at Brighton dote on donkies;
These things have come to such a pass,
That ev'ry lady has her ass.

VOL. XXIX. No. 169.

A METHODIST parson observed, a few days since, in one of his discourses, that "such was the change in the public manners of this nation, that the *rising generation* rarely *lie down* till three o'clock in the morning."

A SWEET PUN.—A lady at a late entertainment, asked her guest whether he could eat *custard*? "Yes, Madam, said he, it is *curst-hard* if I cannot."

BARREAU, a wretched poet, presented Monsieur, the Prince, with an epitaph on Moliere; the Prince thanked him, but told him—"I had much rather Moliere had brought me *yours*."

As Lord Percy was proposed by a brewer and seconded by a brewer, we hope that his speeches in parliament will not be *frothy* nor *small of the cask*. When he speaks in the senate of the nation, we trust that he will not be in a *ferment*, and that he will not *hop* from one subject to another, but that his orations will be pure and *entire*!

A LETTER from Limerick, of the 19th ult. says, "A few days ago a man was summoned to appear before our chief magistrate, charged with a species of fraud hitherto unknown in this part of the united kingdom, to wit, selling *his wife* for ten guineas, and then passing *another man's wife* on the purchaser instead of his own!"

COPY of a note from a publican to his distiller.—"Sir, my cellar
B has

has got a great *lowness of spirits*; you are the only physician on this occasion; and you may rest assured, if you *prescribe*, that you shall have your *fee* in a few days.—Your's, &c. B. W."

GOLDEN, speaking of the modern poets, says, "that the Italians are too *warm*, the Spaniards too *fiery*, and the French too *cool*; that to excel in that line, it would be necessary to be born in Italy, to travel in Spain, and to reside in France.

IMPROMPTU.

ON A LATE MARRIAGE.

Storage, who long had defied ev'ry care,
Save that of a husband's dire chains,
Has of late, by kind death, been of bliss
made to share,
And in A-Braham's bosom now reigns.
W. R.

CURIOUS advertisement from a Boston paper:—"Much wanted—A neat well-behaved female, to do kitchen work in a small family, in Charlestown. She may pray and sing hymns, but not over the dish-kettle; may go to meeting, but must not believe in the divinity of Elias Smith; nor belong to the whining congregation of midnight worshippers.—Inquire at the Repository Office."

THE following advice was lately left by a miser to his nephew:—"Buy your coals in summer; your furniture at auctions, about a fortnight after quarter-day; and your books at the *fall of the leaf*."

ORIGINAL anecdote of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson.—The last time this great man visited Oxford, he dined one day at the house of William Julius Mickle, Esq. the

celebrated poet, at Wheatley, near that university, in company with four or five other literary characters, particular acquaintances of Mr. Mickle. As the Doctor's political principles were well known to the whole company, one of them who was a strong *anti-ministerialist*, took occasion, after dinner, to introduce for a subject the politics of the day; and after arraigning and condemning *in toto* the conduct of the then ministry, he concluded, with declaring it to be his private creed, that whatever *genuine patriotism* remained in the country at that day, was to be found *only* amongst the *Whigs*. The Doctor, who was rather a man of taciturnity, and all the while appeared as if half asleep, as soon as the gentleman had finished his exclamation, raised up his head, and putting on his spectacles, looked at him with some severity, and very gravely asked him, if he knew who was the first whig? The gentleman, being somewhat posed at the singularity of the question, replied in the negative. "Well then, Sir," said the Doctor, "I'll tell you who he was: his name was *Lucifer*, and for *his patriotism* he was kicked out of heaven." This happy, though satirical apophthegm, conciliated the disputants, promoted general hilarity, and closed the pleasures of the evening with

"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul."

LORD Camelford entering one evening a coffee-house in Conduit-street, which his Lordship frequented, meanly attired, as he often was, sat down to peruse the paper of the day. Soon after came in a *dashing fellow*, a *first-rate blood*, who threw himself into the opposite seat of the

the same box with Lord C. and in a most consequential tone bawled out—"Waiter, bring me a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them into the next box." He then drew to himself Lord C's candle, and set himself to read. His Lordship glanced at him a look of indignation, but exerting his optics a little more, continued to decypher his paper. The waiter soon re-appeared, and with a multitude of obsequious bows, announced his having completed the commands of the gentleman, who immediately lounged round into his box. Lord Camelford having finished his paragraph, called out in a mimic tone to that of Mr. —, "Waiter, bring me a pair of snufflers." These were quickly brought, when his Lordship laid down his paper, walked round to the box in which Mr. — was, snuffed out both his candles, and leisurely returned to his seat. Boiling with rage and fury, the indignant beau roared out, "Waiter! waiter! waiter! who the devil is it that *dares* thus to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What is he? What do they call him?" "Lord Camelford, Sir," said the waiter. "Who! Lord Camelford!" returned the former, in a tone of voice scarcely audible! horror-struck at the recollection of his own impertinence, and almost doubting whether he was still in existence. "Lord Camelford!—What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down his score, and actually *stole away* without *daring* to taste his Madeira.

JOE MILLER.—This celebrated name is known to have been an assumed one; but hitherto the author, who has been *the cause of so much wit in other men*, has not had his due share of renown. He was John

Mottley, who also published, in 1735, a History of the Cities of London and Westminster, and wrote a Life of Peter the Great, as well as some pieces for the stage. He was the son of Colonel Mottley, killed at the battle of Turin 1705, in the service of Louis XIV.

Two old companions meeting in the street—

Player and poet, thus each other greet;
"How do'st," quoth Ranter to his rhyming friend;

"How pass your hours?—does your fortune mend?

I spend (so little rest my life affords),
Five of the four and twenty on the boards."

Quoth Stanza, "Mine's a much more piteous plight—

I often sleep upon the boards all night."

DEAD drunk Old Marg'ry oft was found,
But now she's laid beneath the ground,
As door nail dead—alas the day!
Her nose was red, and moist her clay.

From morn to night, of care bereft,
She plied her glass, and wet her throat;
She plied her glass, and wet her throat;

Without a sigh her friends she left,
But much she griev'd to leave her bottle!

THE Green Man at Brighton.—Among the visitors this season is an original, or *would-be* original, generally known by the appellation of—"The Green Man." He is dressed in green pantaloons, green waistcoat, green frock, green cravat, and though his ears, whiskers, eye-brows, and chin, are better powdered than his head, which is, however, covered with flour, his countenance, no doubt, from the reflection of his clothes, is also green.—He eats nothing but greens, fruits, and vegetables; has his apartments painted green, and furnished with green sofa, green chairs, green tables,

very *bon bouche* of Epicurean iniquity; kneaded into human shape from the *sweepings of hell*, and the *spawn of Gomorrah*—whose atrocious diary, renders the Tyburn chronicle a moral cant for methodist preachers; converts the academic lectures of Jonathan Wilde into a system of puritanical education; and establishes a religious apology for the robberies and murders of Abershaw, Haines, and Clarke, whose bones may now bleach with a degree of commiseration; nor will moralists profane the gibbets they hang on by any unhallowed comparison with the depredators we exhibit. These undaunted attributes of infamy shall bother the justices of Bow-street, and bully the judges of Hell!—White-hat Harry shall piss in the caxon of sage Rhadamanthus! Lily-livered Billy shall swear a robbery against Minos! and cadaverous-jawed Jonathan shall throw arsenic into the broth of old Easus! These are the bright ornaments of the Pandæmonium, and perfect models for fashionable profligacy.—They shall draw the teeth of growling Cerberus! drink gin-flip with Sysiphus! throw a stink-pot into Tartarus! debauch the fiends! and laugh a trio at damnation.

The man who escapes the disciplines of the Pandæmonium, with an heart unpolluted, is invulnerable to all the ills entailed on mortal since the breeching of Adam; he may, without fever, gripes, or vomit, drink *scalding lava* from the bowels of Vesuvius! make his evening posset of *scorpion's yellow sperm*! his morning beverage from *Averno's poisoned lake*! and toast his muffin in *Charon's deadly cave*!

Fresh cards of invitation will be issued weekly, differing in matter and form, as occasion may require,

for it is not improbable the present troop may be drafted for the good of their country, for *limited service* to Botany Bay. Should such an accident happen, they shall be recruited from the belchings of the hulks, and the gleaming of a jail delivery.

N. B. Gentlemen of delicate feelings and tender reputations, are requested not to be alarmed at any personal exhibition at Bow-street, or in the Newspapers; for their characters cannot suffer much disgrace from the publicity of associating with omnipotent scoundrels, not to be met with at any other place.

GENTEEL money advertisement. A gentleman pledges himself to advance money so *expeditiously*, *secretly*, and *delicately*, as to evince, that the obloquy ascribed to money dealers is not applicable to every one.—Inquire, &c.

A RECRUITING office have given notice, that they want 1500 men and boys, clerks, mechanics, and labourers, to work at their different trades in the army, and to choose either foreign or domestic service.

On the sign of the Three Compasses.

To keep within compass the wise will commend,

To keep within doors is our sorrow;
To keep within jail is our journey to end,
So we'll call here again on the morrow.

AN old woman, against whom an information had been laid for the horrid crime of selling apples on Sunday, was asked by an officer in court, what was her business there? To which she replied—"An' please your honour, I am brought here by the society for *surpassing* of vice."

ANGLO-

ANGLO-FRENCH Letter.—In the following letter every word is French, and yet a native of France would not be able to understand it. Our English readers, we doubt not, will not only be able to decypher it; but to enjoy the *jeu de mots*:—

“Pre, dire sistre, comme & se us, & passe the dé here if yeux canne, & chat tu mi dame, & dine here; & yeux mai go tu the faire if yeux plaise; yeux mai have fiche; mutin, porc, buter, foule, hair, fruit, pigeon, olives, salette, for ure diner, & excellent te, café, port vin, and liqueurs; & tell ure bette and poli tu comme; & Ile go tu the faire & visite the Baron. But if yeux dont comme tu us, Ile go tu ure house & se oncle, & se houe he does; for mi dame ses he beant il: but doux comme mi dire, yeux canne ly here yeux nos.—If yeux love musique yeux mai have the harpe, lutte, or viol here.—Adieu, my dire sistre.”

A FEW evenings ago, the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury were alarmed by a loud cry of “*Fire, Thieves, Murder!*” The guardians of the night made, in consequence, a formidable muster, and entered the house from whence the noise proceeded. On their going below, they discovered a stage-struck young gentleman rehearsing the part of Scrub, in the middle of the kitchen, preparatory to a public exhibition at one of the private theatres.

ON occasion of a late trial between Sir J—P—, and R— the miniature-painter, on a cross-examination by Mr. Curran, the latter confessed that he had put his arm round Mrs. D—’s waist, which brought on a blow from Sir John. “Then, Sir, I presume,” said Curran to R—, “you took that *waist* for a *common*.”

A FRENCH gentleman who dined in London, in company with the celebrated author of the Rambler, wishing to show him a mark of peculiar respect, drank Dr. Johnson’s health in these words:—“Your health, Mr. *Vagabond*.” Those who know nothing of French are informed, that *vagabond* in that language answers to *rambler* in ours.

EXTRACT from an advertisement in the Cork Chronicle.—“Any person, wishing to shew his spunk, in a dashing way, with Captain Parker, of the Rainbow, formerly first lieutenant of the Speedy sloop of war, will meet with every encouragement, by application to him, at, &c.”

DURING the Irish rebellion, the word *patriot* was said to mean *Patriot*. It has now a very different meaning.

SOME years ago appeared in the English papers an advertisement which much resembles our notions of an Irish bull, in these words, which are the title to the advertisement—“Every *man* his own *washer-woman*!”

IN the summer of 1802, an advertisement in the following terms, was stuck upon the wall of an English coffee-house:—“This coffee-house *removed up stairs*.” A Roman emperor used to draw his stairs up after him every night into his bed-chamber: but drawing a whole house up into itself is certainly novel.

LOOKING at a very fine picture, an Irishman said, to express his admiration, “that’s an incomparable, an inimitable picture; it is absolutely *more like than the original*.”

THE

THE
MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

A Swiftian Effusion.

Under that title, a very popular publication has lately appeared, in which Mr. Testy and a Mr. Sensitive, the principal characters, in several meetings, compare their notes of observation on the various "Miseries of Human Life." These miseries, contrasted with the real woes that wretched feel, must be acknowledged to be chiefly imaginary; but they are such which very few have not experienced. If the following extracts do not amuse our readers, the blame, we fear, must be attributed to our deficiency of taste in the selection; for a composition, of which the whole literary world is loud in its commendation cannot be altogether void of merit and originality.

GETTING up early in a gloomy cold morning (quite enough already, you'll say; but that's not half of it)—getting up early in a cold gloomy morning, I say, and on running down into the breakfast-room for warmth and comfort, finding chairs, tables, shovel, poker, tongs, and fender, huddled into the middle of the room—dust flying in all directions—carpet tossed backwards—floor newly washed—windows wide open—bees-wax, brush, and rubber in one corner—brooms, mops, and pails in another—and a dingy drab on her knees before an empty grate.

In lathering your face, before shaving, very early in the morning, while still half a-sleep—gaping so suddenly, as to slap the full brush into your mouth—so much for the benefit of early rising.

Having to pass the maid as she is scowering the stairs; to which I intended to add—seeing, hearing, or guessing, any thing at all of the matter, when washing and drying

fire going on in the house; or, what is worse still, having to duck and flap your way through lines, or rather lanes, of clammy clothes, just hung out to dry.

Grinding coals or cinders into the carpet, in turning upon your heel; then, after stooping in a frenzy to pick up the filthy fragments, and at last walking away satisfied that you have done so, crushing fresh parcels of them in other parts; and so on for an hour.

Attempting to light a candle, with its short wick so effectually crushed down and buried into the body of the tallow, that it cannot be set up; while, in stooping it to the flame of another candle, you only keep melting the grease in a stream over the table and carpet: when you have, at length, caught a precarious glimmer, it is extinguished as soon as you have crept to the door, or what is worse, to the stairs, "*nescius aura fallacis*!" this, three or four times over. At last, to be sure, the wick attains its proper length; but, fair and softly!—this advantage is purchased at the exorbitant price of seeing the well of tallow overflow its sides, and pour down a bumper into the socket.

While you are confined to your bed by sickness—the humours of a hired nurse; who, among other attractions, likes "a drop of comfort!" leaves your door wide open—stamps about the chamber like a horse in a boat—slops you, as you lie, with scalding possets—attacks the fire, instead of courting it—falls into a dead sleep the moment before you want her, and then snores you down when you call to her—wakes you at the wrong hour, to take your physic, and then gives you a dose of aqua-fortis for a composing draught.

Having one of your double teeth drawn—by instalments.

In reading a new and interesting book, being reduced to make a paper-knife of your finger.

A coach-window glass, that will not be put up when it is down; nor down when it is up.

Treading on a beau-trap: or, as you walk forth, freshly and spruce-ly dressed, receiving *in full*, at a sharp turning, the filthy flirtings of a well-twirled mop.

Labouring in vain to disentangle your medicine-scales; till, after fretting, twisting, and twirling, for half the morning, to no purpose, you are at last obliged to weigh your dose, *Tartar Emetic*, or *James's Powders*, as you can, with all the strings in a Gordian knot—one scale topsy-turvy, and the other turvy-topsy.—And this, when

"If thou tak'st more or less, be it but so much

As makes it light or heavy, in the substance,

Or the division, of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest!"

When in the gout—receiving the ruinous salutation of a muscular friend, (a sea-captain) who, seizing your hand in the first transports of a sudden meeting, affectionately crumbles your chalky knuckles with the gripe of a grappling-iron; and then, further confirms his regard for you, by greeting your tenderest toe with the stamp of a charger.

Hearing that your lottery-ticket is drawn a blank, just as you have snugly tiled in your castles in the air.

After having been promised what you expect will be the *painted* portrait of a friend—receiving, instead of it, nothing more substantial than a *black shade, en profile*: on its entrance, I involuntarily exclaimed:

..... "Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal, mockery, hence."

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Testy.—Yes, yes—I have gone through it more than once; though perhaps I don't take it quite so patiently as you may: for my part, whenever they send me their *silhouettes*, or what do they call them, I chuck them out of the window as soon as they come into the room—

"Come like shadows?—so depart!"

is my address to the little blackamoors.

Eagerly breaking open a letter, which, from the superscription, you conclude to be from a dear and long-absent friend; and then, finding it to contain nothing but a tradesman's long bill, which, moreover, you thought had been long ago discharged—but of which immediate payment is demanded in a very violent letter, inclosing the account:—cash extremely low.

Being called in as an umpire in a matrimonial quarrel—which leaves you the choice of splitting on one of the six following rocks, viz.

1. That of remaining silent—for which both parties hate you; each supposing that you secretly favour the other.

2. That of pronouncing that both are in the wrong—for which you are, obviously, hated by both.

3. That of insinuating that both may be in the right—hated again, on both sides; each being more enraged at your *contre* than grateful for your *pour*.

4. That of defending the lady at the expence of the gentleman—still hated by both; by her for attacking her *caro sposo*, whom she will suffer no one to despise but herself; by him, for siding with the enemy.

5. That of defending the gentleman at the expence of the lady—this case is, inversely, the same as the last.

C

6. That

6. That of endeavouring to make peace, by treating the matter as *badinage*—for which both are far too much in earnest, as well as far too eager for victory, not to hate you most of all. The best course, perhaps, if you cannot steal away, is to be taken with a sudden and violent fit of the tooth-ach, which may last *ad libitum*.

WALKING.

In your evening walk—being closely followed, for half an hour, by a large bull-dog, (without his master) who keeps up a stifled growl, with his muzzle nuzzling about your calf, as if choosing out the fleshiest bite:—no bludgeon.

Losing your way, on foot, at night, in a storm of wind and rain; and this immediately after leaving a merry fire-side."

GAMES, &c.

At cricket—after a long and hard service of watching out, bowled out at the first ball. Likewise, cricket on very, sloppy ground, so that your hard ball becomes muddy, sappy, and rotten:—a jarring bat:—a right-hand bat for a left-handed player:—a hat, *vice* stumps.

The stocking perpetually coming down as you run, and bagging below the shoe, so as to be trampled in the dirt, (all, by and by, to be snugly buttoned to your flesh) and throw you down:—no garters, except twine, which you are at last obliged to use, though it cuts to the bone.

Being obliged to take a severe licking from a boy twice as big, but not so brave, as yourself; then flogged for fighting, because you at first aimed one blow, which, however, did not reach the long-armed rascal.

Missing your cue at every stroke, *totum nec pertulit ictum*, and this when you are particularly ambitious of shewing your play.

A pack of cards, which stiek so abominably in dealing, that you unavoidably throw out three or four at once, and so lose your time, your patience, and—the deal.

After having nearly completed a drawing of a head, on which you have been working very laboriously—leaving the room for a moment, and finding, on your return, that a sudden puff of wind, as you opened the door, has conveyed it into the fire, which is devouring the last corner of the paper.

LONDON.

Stopping in the street to address a person whom you know rather too well to pass him without speaking, and yet not quite well enough to have a word to say to him—*he* feeling himself in the same dilemma; so that, after each has asked and answered the question, "How do you do, Sir?" you stand silently, face to face, *apropos* to nothing, during a minute; and then part in a transport of awkwardness.

As you are hastening down the Strand on a matter of life and death, encountering, at an archway, the head of the first of twelve or fourteen horses, who, you know, must successively strain up with an overloaded coal-waggon, before you can hope to stir an inch—unless you prefer bedeviling your white stockings and clean shoes, by scampering and crawling among and under, coaches, scavengers' carts, &c. in the middle of the street.

A bad Sunday in the City.

Walking, side by side, half over London, with a cart containing a million of iron bars, which you must out-bray, if you can, in order

to make your companion hear a word you have farther to say on the subject you were earnestly discussing before you were joined by this infernal article of commerce.

While you are peaceably reading your paper at a coffee-house—two friends, perfect strangers to you, squatting themselves down at your right and left hand, and talking across you, for an hour, over their private concerns.

HUNTERS' STAKES AT TOTNESS.

MR. EDITOR,

AS an admirer and an old subscriber to your entertaining Magazine, I trust I need no apology in giving you a correct statement of the Hunters' Stakes, run for on Totness race-course, Devon, which I find wrong in your Magazine of last month; and, as the winning-horse will be for sale in the course of the next month, I am convinced you will feel the propriety of a true detail.

The horses were Captain Weir's roan horse, Ironsides, 13st. Captain Ilbert's brown horse, Phoenix, 12st. 3lb. and Mr. Kempson's chestnut gelding, Volunteer, 10st.

It is stated, that Phoenix broke down when winning in a canter, about a hundred yards from home; and the odds in his favour at starting. The truth of the business is, that the *real owner* of Phoenix made the alteration in the weights from eleven stone each, to the weights run with; that there was very little betting, but the odds was in favour of Ironsides; that I myself bet 3 to 2 on Ironsides; and a friend of mine in the stand offered repeatedly two guineas for a bet of ten. The directions that were given to the

jockey that rode Phoenix, were to push hard, expecting that Ironsides would bolt, which the jockey attempted; but he never came up to him in the race, but ran in a beaten horse, three or four lengths behind, and Ironsides not at his speed.—How Phoenix could be winning in a canter, never within two or three lengths of Ironsides, I am at a loss to learn. I am so confident of the truth of the statement I have given you, that I will run Ironsides against Phoenix, the same weights, any day the owner pleases.

I have taken the liberty of sending you a list of what Ironsides has done while in my possession, which I shall be extremely obliged if you will have the goodness to state in your Magazine. Ironsides was got by Young Pumpkin, dam by Bourdeaux.

At Totness Meeting, 1805, he won the Hunters' Stakes, carrying 11st; beating Capt. P. Burrell's bay horse, Cyclops; and Mr. Ilbert's bay mare, Amazon. He bolted when running the second day, upwards of two posts a-head of Quilldriver and Phoenix; Maid of All-Work ran to a stand still, who took him off at score. The third day, carrying 12st 3lb, he won the first heat, against six horses, who started, viz. Mr. P. Burrell's Quilldriver, 12st; Mr. Kempson's bay mare, 12st, &c.—He was drawn after the second heat, owing to the rider of one of the horses driving Ironsides out of the course.

At Bickleigh Down Races, he won the Hunters' Stakes, 12st, four horses starting.

At Exeter, he won the Maiden Plate, four horses starting.—The next day he ran against Quilldriver for the Hunters' Stakes, carrying 12st 3lb, three pounds more than Quilldriver.—This was supposed

one of the best races that had been run over Haldon Course for many years. The two heats were run in less than sixteen minutes; the first of which was won by half a length, and the second by half a head.

The first of July, 1806, Ironsides won the Hunters' Stakes at Bickleigh, 12st, beating two others.—At Totness, carrying eleven pounds more than the second horse, Phoenix, he won the Hunters' Stakes—Ironsides 13st, Phoenix 12st 3lb.

At Exeter, he ran for the Five-guineas Stakes, twenty-nine Subscribers, against Bagatelle—this was his last performance—Bagatelle 11st 6lb, Ironsides 12st 2lb.—Won by half a length by Bagatelle.—An excellent race.

Ironsides is a short strong horse, nine years old, fourteen hands three inches high; he is allowed to be one of the best hunters in the county of Devon. He will be sold for one hundred guineas. Any gentleman in want of one of the best-bottomed horses in the kingdom, will find this horse answer his purpose. I remain,

Your humble servant,

Plymouth, Sept. 22.

H. WEIR.

The Unfortunate Ventriloquist.

A YOUNG man, named Comte, a native of Geneva, and who is celebrated for his talents as a Ventriloquist, being some time ago accidentally in the neighbourhood of Friburgh, went into a village public-house to dine. After he had finished his repast, he took a fancy to display his singular powers, and pitched his voice in a stair-case which led to the cellar. The landlady was greatly alarmed, believing

that a robber was concealed in the house. She called for help, and about a dozen men, armed with bludgeons, at different times went down to the cellar, vowing vengeance against the robber. They searched every corner, but to their great astonishment could find nobody. M. Comte, wishing to remove the terror which began to prevail among them, told them that he had caused the voice to resound from the cellar, and was proceeding to explain the matter to them, but the peasants interrupted him, and a stout fellow seizing him by the collar, said, "So, so, you know what it is; you shall come along then, and shew us this man who is below stairs, or we will put you to death." "Aye, kill him," exclaimed the rest, "he is a sorcerer." They immediately fell upon the poor Ventriloquist with their cudgels. He supplicated them on his knees to pause, and said he would explain every thing. Having obtained a moment's suspension of their fury, he thought that the best way to make them understand him would be to shew them that the same sounds might seem to proceed from another place; he therefore pitched his voice in a cupboard. This, however, was no sooner done, than he received a fresh shower of blows, while some of his assailants went to light some logs of wood in a field, in order to make a fire, at which they threatened to roast him for a wizard.—They would, without doubt, have put this threat in execution, had not some travellers happened to pass, who succeeded in rescuing M. Comte from his persecutors. He at last got safely to Friburgh, covered with blood and wounds, but vowing never more to exhibit his art among rustics.

HUMOROUS REMARKS

ON

THE NICK-NAME, JACK.

To the Rev. Mr. Banks, at Newport
Pagnet.

SIR,

THE occasion of my writing to you at present is to complain of the frequent affronts put upon the worthy name of JOHN by the vile and disagreeable nick-name of JACK; an appellation most ridiculous and absurd, as I shall endeavour to shew in the sequel hereof.

And what at present the rather induces me to take more particular notice of this offence is, that I call to mind when lately walking in Newport streets of a dark evening, musing and thinking no harm, I was accosted with "Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack."—And looking up immediately, I expected the voice came from some of the airy inhabitants of your church-steeple, when lo I beheld that it was your Reverend self who thus saluted me.

Now, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that from my very first remembrance in my infancy I always entertained a particular aversion to the nick-name of Jack. Whether it was innate, or through any singular antipathy I know not; but I was more especially confirmed in this dislike by the usage I frequently received from an old wide-mouthed Presbyterian aunt of mine, who had used to JACK me about continually, so that for several days together I would never make her any answer at all when thus invoked by her.

Nay, I remember well that I carried my prejudice so far that I would never make use of the word JACK myself upon any occasion,

though seemingly never so requisite; so that I would call upon the cook-maid when the meat stood still at the fire, to wind up the JOHN, and ask for the proper JOHN when I wanted to pull off my boots. When at play with my companions and a daw chanced to fly over our heads, I would say, "There flies a JOHN DAW; and if at Potton* Fair I chanced to see an ape, I informed them that I had seen a JOHN-ANAPES.

In my riper years, and upon more mature deliberation, I have observed that this word JACK is conjoined with, or applied to, many other appellations as foolish and odious as those already mentioned; to wit, JACK PUDDING, JACK ASS, JACK of all Trades, JACK on both sides, JACK at a Pinch, JACK with a Lanthorn, JACK to bowl at, JACK-a-Lent, JACKALL, JACK STRAW, JACK SPRATT, JACK-a-dandy, and JACK CATCH, *cum multis aliis quæ nunc præscribere longum est.*

I must own that nothing JACKISH with me is tolerable, unless it be a JACK or PIKE, well tied after Mr. Pomfret's manner, and an honest black leathern JACK tipped with silver, replete with good soft clear nut-brown ale, (not such as Mr. Davis drinks) but such as will make a man's heart merry in this holiday-time.

I acknowledge that it has been often urged on your behalf, and that too by men of sense and good observation, that I ought rather to take it as a favour from you to be used in such a good-natured familiar way, for that it is not every one you thus honour, but are pleased often to distinguish your respect for the worthy quality and gentlemen of the neighbourhood, (gentlemen of

* The place of his nativity.

very ancient families and of large estates) by the names of the JACKS, the TOMS, the DICKS, the HARRYS, the PLUMS, and the BUTTS.—I must own the assertion to be very true; and that when some impertinent people have found fault with this freedom, I am told they have been very justly answered—"It is my way," when they, poor silly people, have in an ill-natured manner remarked, that although it might be your way, yet it was not *ad bonos mores via*.

And, dear Sir, you must excuse me, if through prejudice—as is above observed—I cannot accept of this your favour; pray for the future, as I am a man now growing in years, let me be called plain JOHN, or if you like it better JAHN, or if it must be something JACKISH, let it be JOHANNICULE, the vocative case of JOHANNICULUS, which termination being somewhat soft and like the Italian, will be more agreeable to me.

But if you will oblige me most of all, I had much rather, for very good reasons best known to myself, that you would never speak of me at all, unless you would be pleased to make mention of me in your prayers; by which if I should be any ways benefitted, I shall always gratefully acknowledge the favour.

And now I am speaking of prayers, I must observe, that I am informed the affairs of my Lord . . . have lately met with ill success, at which I am not much surprised, considering that his chaplains would not be at the pains of praying for him; and it is well known that there is never a peer in the land stands in more need of being prayed for.—Perhaps it may not be too late yet, would they set about it in good earnest.

And now, that scoundrel poltroon JACK FROST has so benumbed my fingers, that I can proceed no farther than to wish you a merry Christmas—to which I hope this will contribute—and a happy new year. And to assure you, dear Sir, how much I am with the utmost respect, your most obedient humble servant to command,

Obey, Christmas, JOHN MASON.
1743.

PREMIUMS

Proposed by a fashionable Society,

FOR

THE PROMOTION OF VICE.

TO the lady who shall produce the most fashionable morning-dress, of the least weight—A silver medal.

To the lady who shall produce the most fashionable, the most transparent, and the lightest evening-dress—A gold medal.

To the lady who shall best succeed in out-staring a box-lobby loungee—A silver medal.

To the lady who can draw the greatest attention to a side box, by talking loudest in the midst of a soliloquy—A silver medal.

To the lady who, at three score years, can boast of more than three-score lovers—A silver medal.

To the lady who, after having attained her fifteenth year, can not be content with less than fifteen lovers—A gold medal.

To the lady who, with appropriate *sang froid*, can ride her donkey, *a la* Lady Godiva—A gold medal.

To every gentleman who can prove that he lives at the rate of a thousand a year, without any visible means of existence—A gold medal.

To

To every gentleman who perambulates Bond-street and the Steyne *in style*, and who is no where else visible—A silver medal.

To every gentleman whose mistress is thrice his own age—A gold medal.

To every gentleman whose wife will swear he is the worst man living—A silver medal. N. B. As this class will doubtless be very numerous, the medals are to be silver pennies.

To every gentleman who has seduced more than nine women—A silver medal.

To every gentleman who has fought more than one duel—A silver medal. N. B. If a clergyman then a gold medal.

To every gentlemen who brings the most money from Newmarket—A gold medal. N. B. Not to be allowed, if obtained by any *vulgar* method, such as a common bet without any *art* in it.

*Copy of an Inscription on a Plate, Urn, &c.
given by the Society.*

"This plate was presented to Lionel, Lord Leapfrog, as a testimony of his skill and agility in the most honourable and ancient science of *hop-skip-and-jump*, in which he excelled every competitor in the nineteenth century. His feats far surpassing what can be expressed in either ancient or modern language, were witnessed by princes, nobles, and ladies of high renown, some of whom acquired considerable riches by his exertions; since, such was the peculiar and magical spring of his leaps, that money would also leap from the pockets of one to another, though far removed from the whiff and wind of this rail-clearing wonder!"

DUEL AT BLACKHEATH.

THIS took place on Sunday morning the 21st instant, between General Baron Hompesch, who, during the Irish rebellion in 1794, commanded a regiment raised by himself on the Continent, under the Prince of Orange; and

Richardson, Esq. a gentleman residing near Colchester. It appears that on Friday last, about two o'clock, the cause of this unfortunate affair originated in a rencontre near Temple-bar. Mr. Richardson had a lady on each arm, when he was met by the General, who unintentionally ran against them, being very near-sighted, and as accidentally knocked off the hat of Mr. Richardson, who instantly knocked him down. On General Hompesch's regaining his legs, he requested Mr. Richardson to retire with him to an adjoining coffee-house, which being agreed to, the parties went to George's Coffee-house, in the Strand, where they exchanged cards. On Saturday, Baron Hompesch sent to George's Coffee-house, to inquire concerning the respectability of Mr. Richardson, who appeared to be known there. On being satisfied on that point, it is supposed that General Hompesch sent a challenge to Mr. Richardson, with an appointment to meet him at six o'clock the next morning, on Blackheath.

On Saturday evening, Lady Bellingbroke, sister to the General, it is understood, lodged an information at the Public Office, Bow-street, as did also some of Mr. Richardson's friends. The officers on this occasion were vigilant, and attentive to their duty. Mr. Richardson reached the ground before six o'clock, without being interrupted

interrupted.—Baron Hompesch escaped from town, notwithstanding great pains were taken to prevent him; but he and his friend did not arrive at Blackheath till a full hour after the time appointed for the meeting; the other parties were then on the point of leaving the field. The ground being measured, it was agreed to toss up for the first fire, and that Baron Hompesch should be permitted to fight in spectacles. Mr. Richardson, who fired first, wounded the General slightly in the thigh; the General fired and missed. A reconciliation was now proposed by the seconds, but could not be acceded to by Mr. Richardson, in consequence of a demand from General Hompesch to be permitted to lay a cane on his shoulders. The next case of pistols was discharged without effect; and after Mr. Richardson had discharged his third pistol, General Hompesch would have agreed to an accommodation upon his original terms, but they not being acceded to, the General fired his third pistol, the contents of which passed completely through the body of Mr. Richardson, who was taken off the field almost lifeless.

Mr. Richardson has since been conveyed to London, and is at the Parliament-street Coffee-house: he is a very young man, and has a wife and three children.

It does not appear to be ascertained whether Baron Hompesch had any second. He directed his servant to stand behind a wall that he might not witness what passed. All accounts agree that Mr. R. fired first; his shot passed between the Baron's legs. The report alarmed a gentleman who was in bed, who hastened to the spot, but was too late to prevent

the fatal consequences—the Baron had returned the fire; and, as before stated, the ball entered Mr. R's hip, passed thro' his body, and out at the opposite side. Immediately on his fall, the Baron and his servant absconded. Mr. R. was conducted to the Green Man, but his extremities had previously become paralised. He there gave a short detail of the circumstances, and was, notwithstanding his perilous situation, removed by his friends to town. Four or five persons witnessed the transaction, but no one interfered. Their depositions have been taken before a Magistrate.—Mr. Richardson is 26 years of age, an elegant figure, and of manly deportment; a native of Colchester.—Although Mr. R. is not perfectly out of danger, yet appearances are such as to justify a reasonable hope of his recovery.

DUEL IN IRELAND.

AT the late Trim Assizes, William Dyas, Esq. was arraigned before the Right Hon. Lord Norberry, on a charge of having, on the 18th of June, maliciously, wilfully, feloniously, and of his malice prepense, killed and murdered Anthony Brunton Tandy, Esq. by shooting at him, and giving him one mortal wound on the right side of the head, of which he instantly died.

Mr. M'Nally opened the cause for the prosecution. The deceased, he said, was the son of Mr. John Tandy, a respectable Magistrate for the County, and a man of fortune and respectability. Lieutenant Tandy had served in the West Indies with his regiment; but from wounds he received he returned home,

home, and resided at the town of Kells. The gentleman at the bar was an inhabitant of the same town. An intimacy took place. On the 17th of June, a quarrel took place on account of some trifling difference, when the deceased, heated by passion, called the prisoner "a swindler!" to which Mr. Dyas retorted, "you lie, you rascal." At this time they were drinking punch, and immediately the tumblers which stood on the table were mutually and at the same instant thrown by each at the other. They stood up—They grappled—and were separated by the persons present. Fortunate would it have been if they had been left to decide their contest by a trial of bodily strength. Mr. M'Nally then called

Benjamin Bradford, who stated the circumstances of the duel. It took place at Hertford Bridge. Before the arrival of the parties at this place, witness saw Mr. Tandy walking, and pursued him; ran, and got over a gate into the field, and then saw the Prisoner and deceased running alongside each other—saw them get over a large planted ditch. Mr. Tandy first, Mr. Dyas after him about ten yards. Mr. Molloy, a Magistrate, who had also pursued the parties, in the hope of preventing the duel, called to the witness to take to the left of the ditch, as they might run that way, which witness did. The parties were seen running up a hill—a man came to the top of the ditch, and pointed them out behind a bush and said they were loading their pistols. Witness ran fast—he saw one of them—witness immediately called out to them, "Stop, gentlemen!" M'Garvey, another witness, shouted out to them, upon which they ran to a gap. Mr.

Dyas continued at the left hand side of the deceased. They continued to run, and witness followed. When he got within eighty or ninety yards of the gap, which prevented him from seeing them, he heard a shot—the people called out to witness to run. Witness was 300 yards from the gap when he saw them go over it—witness ran to the gap, and when he got to the top he saw but one man standing, upon which he knew there was mischief done, and made a sign to that effect to Mr. Molloy by holding up his hands. Mr. Molloy called out to witness to seize the survivor—witness walked down towards Mr. Dyas, who was stooping over the body, which was lying on its belly, with the head on the left arm, a bullet having penetrated his right temple. Mr. Dyas stood to the right of the body: the feet were towards the gap. When witness came up, Mr. Dyas turned round and said, "I have shot poor Brunton!" Mr. Dyas had a hold of the deceased's right hand—Witness walked round the body to the left side—Mr. Dyas rubbed the head of the deceased, and told the witness that but one pistol went off, and pointed out "Brunton's," as he called him, and his own. Mr. Dyas's pistols were about three yards from the body—could not tell exactly where the pistol of the deceased was—Witness took up the pistol pointed out to him as belonging to the deceased—Mr. Molloy observed, "it is cocked."—Witness said he knew it, but wished to examine the pan." Upon examination there was no priming, only three or four grains that stuck to the pan, but had not the appearance of going off. On shutting the pan, he turned the pistol up, and observed a deal of blood on it, under the guard, and immediately

immediately about the trigger, upon close examination of the pistol, he observed a small white spot in the blood which he said was brains, and threw the pistol from him in disgust. The barrel of the pistol was open from the stock—there was not any blood on the hands of the deceased, but Mr. Dyas's right hand was bloody. Mr. Molloy told Mr. Dyas he had murdered the man, who replied there was no help for it—witness was not present when the prisoner made his escape.

Several other witnesses were examined, who corroborated the testimony of Bradford.

The Jury retired about a quarter of an hour, and then returned a Verdict of "Manslaughter at large."

Lord Norberry, after charging the Jury, sentenced the prisoner to be burnt in the hand and confined six months.

PORTRAIT OF A SPORTSMAN.

EQUESTRIUS was born to an easy fortune, of which he became possessed early in life. He had from his boyhood a strong propensity to riding and hunting, and considering the racer as the most beautiful animal in the creation, he made horsemanship his sole study, and soon arrived at so great a proficiency in the art, that he might have ranked with one of the most expert grooms in the kingdom; and so much honour does he pay the profession, that to this hour he has never dressed in any other character, and so well calculated are his person and general appearance to sustain the part, that he is never

taken for any thing else by strangers.

This disposition, though it did not put him to any great expence in dress, created many disbursements for hunters, racers, dogs, and grooms; not forgetting his losses on the turf, which were very considerable, in spite of all his knowledge of men and beasts. His fortune was by these means much impaired, when he met with a very amiable young lady with considerable possessions, which enabled him to continue his career in the chase, and upon the turf. Like many professed sportsmen, his horses and his dogs attracted all his attention: he considered his wife as a mere domestic animal, fit only to look after the servants and manage the household. Though he paid so little respect to his lady, who possessed almost every quality requisite to form an happy union, like some married men, he could find charms in a concubine which she did not possess, yet adulate them as if they were real.

The famous, or rather infamous Maria H——, had the art of making him a couvert to the sex, though not the most amiable part of it. He was for some years her avowed captive. Whilst she rioted in extravagance and debauchery at Equestrius's expence, his lady could scarcely obtain the conveniences of life. Though Maria failed not to drain his purse as much as his horses, yet her luxury was so unbounded, that she found the way to the King's Bench, and he went in pursuit of a new mistress. Many were soon at his command, and the number of his mortgages seemed to keep pace with that of his ladies. At length he was obliged to sell his stud, desert

sert his wh—s, abandon the turf, and quit the chase; but he still preserved the appearance of a knight of the stable. He had hitherto been the dupe of his follies, and the butt of his toad-eaters; though he had not the resolution of relinquishing the former, he was compelled to give up the latter, and turn parasite for maintenance. The task was not so easy as he at first imagined, as he could talk of nothing but dogs and horses, his company was not very entertaining; and as the jockies in general were too knowing to be preyed upon, he found the circle of his *useful* acquaintance very limited. Being however introduced to Squire B—n, he found the scale of the squire's intellects nearly upon a line with his own; and as the squire could converse upon nothing but wh—s and horses, they became very fond of each other's company. They were invariably together, and Equestrius found the benefit not only of his table, but his purse, by the help of a game at cards. He was, however, obliged to make himself useful as the squire's mercury, a capacity in which he acquitted himself much to B—n's satisfaction. But the squire's marriage having rendered his good offices unnecessary, and his lady not approving of the character of Equestrius, he was again thrown upon the world, and is now in search of a new patron.

J. J. B.

JOHN TALL; THE HUNTSMAN.

MR. EDITOR,

TO every true sportsman your Magazine is a constant and never failing source of entertainment—On reading the account you

have given of Robert Shaw, in August last, it brought most forcibly to my recollection a very extraordinary character, of the same description, which we have in this neighbourhood.

John Tall, aged 87 years, huntsman to the late Sir Frédéric Rogers, Bart. of Blatchford, Devon, was born in the parish of Cornwood, near Blatchford, in the year 1719, and very early in life evinced a great predilection in favour of hunting; so much so, that he would constantly give his parents the slip, in order to attend about the neighbouring kennels and stables, so as to get all the information he could on his favorite subjects of horses, hounds, and hunting: or, whenever he had an opportunity, he would go out with the hounds, and follow them, on foot, throughout many a long and hard day's sport. This strong and early propensity not only recommended him to the huntsman, but also attracted the notice of his master, W. Savery, Esq. of Slade, near Blatchford, and he took him into his service, where the following extraordinary circumstance occurred, in the course of a few years, to elevate him to the appointment of huntsman; a situation, which of any other in the world, he considered as the summit of all earthly happiness.

The accident which gave rise to his promotion, was this:—In the dead hour of the night, the hounds were extremely noisy, and Mr. Savery being at that time much indisposed, the huntsman, anxious that his master should not be disturbed, rose from his bed, and incautiously went into the kennel for the purpose of quieting them, without taking his whip or any other means of defence; and either from the hounds not knowing him, or

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finding

finding him to be unarmed, and consequently that it was in their power to be revenged for the many stripes and blows he had before given them; for he was a rigid canine disciplinarian, they all commenced a most ferocious attack upon him—got him down—tore him to pieces, and literally devoured a considerable part of him, before any discovery was made of his melancholy situation. This took place about the year 1740, in the kennel belonging to Slade, then in the possession of Mr. Savery, but now the property of John Spurrel Pode, Esq. who has rebuilt the house in a modern style, preserving only the centre part of the old edifice, which consists of a spacious lofty apartment, a large gallery in it, with a gothic arched roof of old English oak, very curiously carved; and no doubt can be entertained, from the construction of it altogether, but that it was originally a place of divine worship; most probably a chapel appertaining to the mansion. It is now converted into an entrance-hall, and a very handsome one it makes; from which, as well as its singularity and antiquity, the seat is in general called Slade Hall. Mr. Pode, the present owner of it, keeps an excellent pack of harriers: indeed few gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood are so well situated for the enjoyment of all the sports of the field.

But, to return to the subject of these memoirs—He remained about twenty-five years in the service of Mr. Savery, when the death of that gentleman occasioned him to be thrown out of employment, but the very excellent character he had acquired, both as a huntsman and a faithful servant, easily recommended him to the notice of the late Sir Frederic Rogers, Bart. who appointed

him his huntsman, in which situation he remained nearly forty years, when the death of his second master again deprived him of his place; for the present Sir John Rogers was then in his minority, and not having finished his studies at the university, the hounds at Blatchford were consequently discontinued, and the venerable old huntsman, with his careful and well-earned savings, amounting to a small competency, retired with a cheerful uncorrupted heart, and an unbroken constitution to enjoy the fruits of his faithful services in a small farm and a mill, which himself and his eldest son still carry on at a short distance from the seats of his late masters; where he exhibits the happy effects of a life spent in healthful exercise, cheerful service, and uniform temperance; for although now in his eighty-eighth year, yet he stands very upright, and is nearly six feet high, being scarcely bent down in the smallest degree by the heavy hand of time: his sight, his voice, and in short all his mental and corporeal faculties are but very little impaired, his complexion is as florid as that of a healthy man only forty or fifty years of age. He is capable of walking twenty or thirty miles a day with the greatest ease, as it is by no means uncommon for him to go on foot to Plymouth, 12 miles from his residence, dine with a son he has living there, and walk back again in the evening.

His passion for hunting still holds nearly the same power over him as it ever did, for if by chance the hounds come within his hearing, he cannot resist the temptation. The farm and the mill are left to the care of his son, and you will see him following the hounds on foot.

foot, with the activity of a man only forty or fifty years old. The writer of these memoirs was present, within this month, and saw him run the whole morning after the hounds when a leash of three hares were killed, and apparently he felt no fatigue, but enjoyed the sport with as much glee as any young man then present in the field.

Here let those who lead a life of riot and dissipation, who pervert the order of nature by consuming the night in debauchery, and wasting the greater part of the day in the relaxing indolence of a bed; here let them take a lesson from a healthy old sportsman of eighty-eight, and from the happy and salutary effects of a life spent in temperance, early hours, and in the invigorating sports of the field. Then, instead of suffering under all the baneful effects of gout and rheumatism, shattered nerves, and universal debility, they may exclaim, with the subject of these memoirs, and in the language of our immortal bard:

"Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty,

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

Ivy Bridge, Oct. 1.

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BOXING.

DUCKET AND LORD.

A PUGILISTIC contest took place on the 8th instant, at Bornham Meadows, near Bramford, Buckinghamshire, between Ducket, a farmer from Berkshire, and Lord, a miner, from below Birmingham, for 400 guineas. The match was made a fortnight previous, by a

gentleman who backed the miner. The combatants were about five feet ten inches in height, and well proportioned; and, though Ducket, was a known scientific man, his opponent, a noted ruffian, was the favourite.

At nine o'clock in the morning the competitors set to, in the presence of about a hundred spectators. Lord, on rushing in to make the first hit, was stopped, and knocked down by a severe blow under the right ear. Such was the violence of the blow, that it was thought the battle was ended; but the miner rose again in time, and gained strength by shifting, and making short rounds. In the fifth round he appeared to have recovered himself, and went in and exchanged many hard blows, and ultimately beat down his man. He stood to his man firmly after this, and had the best of the battle for half an hour, each being at that time hideously disfigured. Ducket fell several times, through loss of wind; and those who betted offered five to one against him. He, however, regained his wind, and about nine of the hardest rounds followed, that have ever been witnessed, the miner generally making the rally. After fighting fifty minutes, Lord had been so repeatedly hit on the right side of the head, that, although he was game to the last, he had but little chance. His opponent was a famous left-hand-hitter, and being a scientific man, he stopped the right-handed hits of Lord, and before he could come to his guard, he put one through the opening with his left. The fifty-first round finished the contest of one hour. In the last round Lord was hit in the same place as in the first, and he was obliged to be carried off the ground. Ducket was led away by his friends.

SPORTING

SPORTING ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

RIGHT HONOURABLE C. J. FOX.

THE older part of our readers need not be told that few men ever made a more distinguished figure on the turf, than did the late Mr. Fox, at one period of his life; but as it is now many years since he withdrew from its pleasures, the younger may probably be but imperfectly acquainted with him in the character of a sportsman. We are confident we shall afford gratification both to the one and the other by the following interesting delineation and anecdotes of Mr. Fox, in this character, extracted from an account of his life which has just made its appearance*.

"An orator from his infancy, and a sportsman by intuition, or the prevalence of fashion, it can create no surprise that we find him a blazing comet of the senate and a member of the jockey club, immediately after his emancipation from the dreary dictates of the more dreary drudgery of collegiate tyranny and scholastic subordination. In his initiation to the music of the bones, or the pleasures of the turf, eternal losses paved his way, as is the custom with all no-

viciates at their introduction. To depredations of the first magnitude he opposed the most unsullied honour, and sustained the injuries that were so lavishly heaped upon him with the greatest patience, as they unfolded a variety of the mysteries contained in the immense volume of human depravity. So great and diversified were the infinite resources of his genius and intellect, that, in the very zenith of his popular attraction, when surprising the senate with the utmost force and power of rhetorical fascination; and his patriotic exertions resounded through the remotest corners of the kingdom, he has been seen an invariable nocturnal devotee at the court of Comus, and been known to take in succession, the senate and the subscription house without the intervening assistance of the pillow for the renovation of either body or mind.

"Thus, possessed of such an immense store of mental energy and personal experience, it is natural to suppose that he was proof against every attack of the family. The reverse was, however, the case. The liberality of his mind—the openness of his heart, rendered him the unsuspecting and eternal dupe of their determined villany, in habitual subservience to which, a very considerable property became totally appropriate†.

* This work is entitled "Recollections of the Life of the late Right Honourable Charles James Fox, exhibiting a faithful narrative of the most remarkable events in his political career, and a delineation of his character as a statesman, senator, and man of fashion: comprehending numerous anecdotes of his public and private life, and an account of his Funeral at Westminster Abbey, on the 10th of October, 1806. By B. C. Walpole, Esq." Small octavo, 6s. Cundee, Ivy Lane.

† The elder brother of Mr. Fox was equally a dupe to the artifices of these black-legged gentry. On one occasion in particular he was cruelly fleeced at a receptacle for gamblers at the west end of the town. He entered with £13,000, and retired without a farthing. He was habitually somewhat

His engagements upon the turf were not the most numerous, but of the most honourable kind. His confederacy was with his intimate friend the late Lord Foley, and so strictly just and equitable were they in the most minute and trivial part of their concerns that neither envy, prejudice, nor the spirit of opposition, has ever presumed to arraign their conduct in any point of view.

"Upon the turf he was always accustomed to animadvert with jocularly upon his own losses, and repeatedly observed, "his horses had as much bottom as other people's, but they were such slow, good ones, they never went fast enough to tire themselves." He had, however, the gratification to experience some few exceptions to this imaginary rule, for in April 1772, he was so lucky at Newmarket, as to win nearly sixteen thousand pounds, the greater part of which he got by betting against the celebrated Pincher, who lost the match by only half a neck. The odds at starting were 6 to 4, and 2 to 1 on the losing horse. In the year 1790, his horse Seagull won the Oatlands' stakes at Ascot, of one hundred guineas each, (nineteen subscribers) beating the Prince of Wales's Escape, Serpent, and several of the very best horses of that year, to the great mortification of his Royal Highness, who immediately matched Magpie against him, to run four days afterwards; two miles for five hundred guineas. This

match, on which immense sums were depending, was won with ease by Seagull.

"In the same year Mr. Fox and his partner had thirty horses in training, the majority of which were of no great celebrity; but the winnings of Seagull, in stakes only, amounted to no less than fifteen hundred and twenty guineas, and as sportsmen it is natural to conclude that the common field-betting must have exceeded the principal.

"The death, in July 1793, of Lord Foley, the friend in whose judgment Mr. Fox most confided, relaxed his ardour in a pursuit that seems in more respects than one, to be deprived of the former fervency of fashion. His Lordship entered upon the turf with a clear estate of £1800 a year, and £100,000 in ready money. He left it without ready money, with an encumbered estate, and with a constitution injured by the labours and care of a business unsuitable to the benevolent character of his mind.

"Mr. Fox was ever at the head of every thing in which he was engaged. He ranked with the first players, and excelled most at whist, quinze, and all the fashionable games of skill. But horse-racing was his darling amusement, until, from prudential motives, he quitted the turf and all other play. He played at other games with indifference, and would throw for a thousand guineas with as much sang froid as he would play at tétotum for a shilling*. But when his horse

somewhat lethargic, but that evening more so than usual, which created considerable diversion among his companions, who every now and then disturbed him by a pull of the sleeve, and—"Stephen, you owe me two thousand pounds—Stephen, you gave me but five hundred; one thousand is the money." In this manner they proceeded till he was entirely stripped.

* The Duke of Devonshire, who, much to his honour, made a point of never touching a card, went one day out of curiosity to the Thatched House.

run, he was all eagerness and anxiety. He always placed himself where the animal was to make a push, or where the race was to be most strongly contested. From this spot he eyed the horses advancing with the most immovable look; he breathed quicker as they accelerated their pace; and when they came opposite to him, he rode in with them at full speed, whipping, spurring, and blowing, as if he would have infused his whole soul into the courage, speed, and perseverance of his favourite racer. But when the race was over, whether he won or lost, seemed to be a matter of perfect indifference to him, and he immediately directed his conversation to the next race, whether he had a horse to run or not.

"Individuals may differ in their ideas concerning the integrity of Mr. Fox as a patriot, but of his principles as a man there is but one opinion, which, while it candidly admits his extravagance, ascribes them to an innate frankness and generosity of disposition. From this, amidst all his misfortunes, public as well as private, and of both few men in high life have experienced a greater share, he was never known to swerve.

"An anecdote, for the truth of which however it is impossible to vouch, is thus related concerning Mr. Fox and Mrs. Crewe:

"At one period of his life he was fond of ranking among her admirers. A gentleman, who had lost a considerable sum to her at play, knowing Mr. Fox's acquaintance

with the lady, and being obliged to leave town suddenly, gave him the money to pay her, and begged he would apologize to the lady for his not having paid the debt of honour in person. Mr. Fox, whose necessities were always very pressing, apprehended that he might trespass a little on the good-nature of the lady, and accordingly, instead of waiting on her with the money, appropriated it to his own uses; or, in other words, actually lost every shilling of it before morning. Mrs. Crewe often met her supposed debtor in public afterwards, and was astonished that he took no notice of the sum she had won from him: at length, when a considerable space had elapsed, she hinted the matter delicately to him. "Bless me," said he, with surprise, "I paid the money to Mr. F. three months ago."—"Oh, you did Sir!" replied Mrs. Crewe, who was not more remarkable for beauty and sense than good-nature, "then probably he has paid me, and I have forgotten it; but I shall speak to him; for either his memory or mine must be very treacherous on this occasion." When he was taxed with the matter, he owned the truth, but swore he could not have taken so much liberty with any woman on earth but herself, begged she would give him a little time; but whether he ever paid her, was much doubted by many well-informed sceptics about St. James's."

"Mr. Fox was never at any pains to conceal his vices and his foibles from the public, and it can-

not be. After some time, finding himself awkward at being the only person in the apartments disengaged, he proposed a bet of fifty pounds on the odd-trick to Charles Fox.—"You'll excuse me, my Lord Duke," replied Charles, "I never play for peace." "I assure you, Sir," answered his Grace, "you do, as often as I play for fifty pounds."

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not therefore appear surprising, if he occasionally received a gentle hint on that subject. At a masquerade at the Pantheon, in March 1778, a newspaper was distributed among the company, entitled the *American Gazette*, published by order of Congress. One of these was put into the hands of Mr. Fox, who turned his eye first to the following paragraph of resolutions, passed by that assembly—"That no plan of reconciliation will be regarded, unless Lord Chatham is made premier; Lord Camden lord-chancellor; the Rev. John Horne lord chief justice; the Hon. Charles Fox, archbishop of Canterbury, and collector of the duties on *cards and dice*."

"His antipathy to the Jews was so notorious, that, on the publication of *Mademoiselle d'Eon's* poetical Epistle to Lord Mansfield, which, at first, appeared without any name, it was ascribed by many to Mr. Fox, on account of the severity with which the children of Israel were treated in it. His own countenance, it was at the same time observed, was so strongly Jewish, that, had a stranger been asked at his Jerusalem levee which of the chosen race present had most of the blood of Jacob in his veins, Mr. Fox would have been pointed out as the man.

"Just after the prorogation of parliament, in 1778, Mr. Fox being one morning at Almack's, after losing all his money, and a short slumber, he started up and sent for his valet:—"Egad," said he, "I shall be too late—my motion is to come on to day." Almack set him right, and told him that he need not be in such a perturbation of spirits, as the parliament was prorogued. "Well, that may be," replied Charles, "I must raise my

supplies then without the committee of ways and means."

"On coming into office, with Lord North in 1783, Mr. Fox sold his horses, and erased his name from the books of the several clubs of which he was a member, and received the praise due to such a laudable sacrifice of his private propensities to his public duties. It was not long, however, before he again purchased horses, and in October 1783, he attended the meeting at Newmarket. The King's messenger was obliged to appear on the Course to seek one of the ministers of England among the horsemen on the turf, to deliver him dispatches, on which, perhaps, the fate of the country might have depended. The messenger was observed, as if part of the shame was his, to be seen at such a place, with the *greyhound under cover*, and all the marks of office studiously concealed.

"Previous to the meeting of parliament after Mr. Fox's dismission from office, at the conclusion of 1783, the following *jeu d'esprit* made its appearance:

"*Intelligence Extraordinary.*

"On Monday, for the entertainment of British sportsmen, a noble hunting match will take place upon St. Stephen's common, in consequence of a remarkably fine *Fox* having been lately turned out of the King's park. The attention of the public has been uncommonly attracted upon this occasion; and the odds are six to four that Reynard will not be run down.

"Though the hunters are well mounted, many experienced jockies are of opinion, that they will not be able to keep their *seats*, and others think that the puppies of

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pack are not sufficiently staunch or entirely at command. It is whispered also, that what the enemies of reynard cannot accomplish by a fair chase, they mean to effect by way of fraud, a very capacious PIT being in his way; though it is generally imagined that instead of falling into it, the animal, from his known sagacity, will either run round, or leap over it; and that upon the whole, instead of a *Fox-hunt*, it is not improbable the day's sport will end in a *wild-geese-chase*!"

"Mr. Fox still continued to retain his predilection for the turf. At the Newmarket meeting in April 1788, he and the Duke of Bedford were the principal winners; they both betted on the same side, and shared eight thousand guineas. In the course of these races, Mr. Fox and Lord Barrymore had a match, when the horses came in so equally that the judges not being able to determine the winner, the bets were withdrawn.

"On one of the days of the same meeting, probably in the early part of it, Mr. Fox, being on the ground, missed his pocket-book containing notes to the amount of several thousands of pounds, on which he gave the alarm, and a suspicious character being observed riding off at full speed, Mr. Wyndham and Sir T. Stepney galloped after him, and brought him back. Before they proceeded to search him, Mr. Weatherby rode up with the book, which he found lying on the table of the coffee-room. Mr. Fox gave the man five guineas, and was highly pleased at recovering the book, observing jocosely that it prevented his *levanting*, (running away) which he must have done, having laid several bets that had proved to be on the wrong side.

"For several succeeding years Mr. Fox was a considerable gainer

on the turf. At the spring meeting at Newmarket 1789, he is said to have won not less than fifty thousand pounds; and at the October meeting at the same place, the following year, he sold two of his horses, Seagull and Chanticleer, for four thousand four hundred guineas."

These extracts evince that the work from which they are taken is something more than a mere dry detail of political events. The happy manner in which these are blended with lighter subjects, and the interesting anecdotes with which the book abounds, render it equally calculated to afford information to the statesman and politician, and amusement to the loungeur and the man of pleasure.

SINGLE-STICK PLAYING.

A Match at single-stick was played at Salisbury, on Wednesday September 24, for a prize of twenty guineas and a gold-laced hat. Great expectations had been excited on this match, but these were almost wholly disappointed. The champions of this county were met by a few only from Somerset, and those few appeared to be jaded, and wholly out of condition for active play; the consequence was, they were easily defeated by the Wiltshire men, without gaining a single head, in the following succession:—James Tutton and William Higgins, by David Hamilton; William Redman and James Bunn, by James Lyne; Isaac Bunn and James Talbot, by John Blackford; George Ceasly, by Robert Humphries. No other player came forward against Humphries.—Two other Wiltshire men, Ellis and Jeffries, then mounted the stage, but

no one would meet them. The six Wiltshire men were consequently declared victors; and as there was an implied understanding that the players were not to play against men of their own county, there was no trial of skill with the ties, between whom the best play was of course to be expected, and thus the intention of the subscribers was wholly frustrated; but this will doubtless be guarded against in any future subscription.

There were afterwards some byematches, which produced good play, particularly between Robert Lyne, a Wiltshire lad of 18, and Butt, a Hampshire man, who had so many bouts without either gaining the advantage, that the prize, a small subscription by the gentlemen present, was at last given by a toss-up.

A prize of ten guineas, and several small prizes, were played for on Thursday, but none of these were very closely contested.

ALLONBY PISCATORIAL MEETING.

A NUMEROUS meeting of the Gentlemen and Fishermen of Allonby, and its neighbourhood, was held at the Ship Inn, of that place, on Monday the 6th instant, when a very liberal subscription was made and proper resolutions entered into, for the purpose of encouraging the herring fishery, &c.

It was proposed and unanimously resolved, that premiums should be given to such fishermen as should, before the next annual meeting, take along that coast the greatest number of herrings, and also then produce the largest and best grown rock cod, herring, flat fish, and shrimp. The entertainment prepared on the occasion, by Mr. Coulthard, was the

most sumptuous ever known at Allonby; the wines were of the most choice kinds; many loyal toasts were drank, and the day was spent in the greatest conviviality. The company were much gratified with the great variety of fish which had been procured for the table. The Stewards and Managers were presented with a gold medal, value 20 guineas, with this motto, "*Messis ab alto.*"

Early the next morning the gentlemen assembled to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. The hounds cast off at Mutton-dale-Hall; and after a most excellent day's sport, the company again met at the Ship Inn, were entertained in the same agreeable manner as on the preceding day, and then separated, anticipating the pleasures of the next meeting.

CRIM. CON. AND FALSE IMPRISONMENT.

Marlborough Street Office, Oct. 13.

MR. Noaks, a non-commissioned officer of the Royal Artillery, charged a Mr. Mosgrove, a tradesman in St. James's, with debauching his wife, and also with an assault and false imprisonment.

It appeared that the wife of the complainant had apartments at the house of a Mr. Sutton, in the neighbourhood of Whitcomb-street, and the husband having heard a something, not altogether congenial to his feelings, he repaired to town, and found the defendant seated in the apartment of his wife. This situation was such as warranted a suspicion; and after considerable altercation had taken place, the husband succeeded in getting away his *frail* rib from the house. The defendant followed them along the

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street, insisting that the wife should not go to Woolwich with her husband; and, on meeting two soldiers, he charged the husband with being a deserter, and he was instantly dragged away to confinement, in which situation he was kept nearly two days, when an officer from his regiment released him.

The defendant by this stratagem again got possession of his prize, and he conducted her again to her apartments, where the husband, on being released, found her locked in the arms of her *caro sposo*. The lady refused to go with him a second time, she having formed an attachment for another, and the husband was thus bereft of his frail fair one.

The lady, in the office, gave vent to a flood of tears, when the magistrate ordered the defendant to find bail for his conduct. The landlord of the house was also held to bail for an assault on the husband, when he went a second time to demand his wife, for the discovery of whom he had advertised.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

THE construction of the bridge at Chepstow in Monmouthshire is extremely curious; as the planks that form the floor rise with the tide, which at certain times, is said to attain the height of seventy feet.

This floor of the bridge, about twenty-four years since, it was found necessary to remove, which was accordingly done, and only one or two of the planks remained for the convenience of foot passengers. This way was well lighted, and a man placed at the end to warn those that approached of their danger. But it so happened, that one

dreadful stormy night the lamps blew out, and the monitor supposing that no one would in such a hurricane attempt to pass, wisely retired to shelter.

After midnight a traveller knocked at the door of an inn at Chepstow.

"Who is there?" said the landlord, who had long retired to rest, and was now called out of bed.

The traveller mentioned his name, which was well known.

"How the devil did you come?" said the landlord.

"How did I come? Why over the bridge to be sure!"

"What! on horseback?"

"Yes."

"No!" said the landlord, "that is impossible! however as you are here I'll let you in."

The host, when the traveller repeated his assertion, was staggered. He was certain that he must have come over the bridge, because there was no other way; but also knowing the state in which the passage was, he could only attribute the escape of the traveller to witchcraft. He however said nothing to him that night; but the next morning took him to the bridge, and showed him the plank that his horse must have passed over, at the same time that he pointed to the raging torrent beneath.

Struck with this circumstance, the traveller, it is said, was seized with an illness from which he did not speedily recover.

SILVER TAIL.

An Engraving.

WE are promised some account of this horse for our next month's Magazine.

SPORTING



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SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Observations on the various Races run at the last Doncaster Meeting.

MONDAY, September 22.—For the Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, Cleveland took the lead and kept it for near a mile and a half; Milo waited for that distance; he then gained his ground, took the lead, and won easy. Miss Hornpipe Teazle and Snap were beat several lengths.

Two-year Olds' Stakes.—Sir T. Gascoigne's filly, by Timothy, took the lead; but when they had about two distances to run, the Sister to Sir Paul came up; some excellent running then took place, and the race was well contested to the Ending-Post, and won with some difficulty.

Match for 200gs.—Sir Paul took the lead of Drum-Major, was never headed, and won easy.

King's Plate.—Sir Paul took the lead, made his own play, was never headed, and won easy.—Milo beat Sir Andrew about a length and a half.—Milo appeared to be lame.

Match for 50gs.—Ragged-and-Tough took the lead, and kept it for about three miles and three quarters; when Cock-a-Hoop came up, passed, and won easy.

TUESDAY.—St. Leger Stakes.—They all went off at very little better than a canter rate, and were all nearly together at the Distance-Post, except Mr. Harrison's Trumpator colt, who was beat about a distance; after which some smart

running took place; but Mr. Clifton's Fyldener appeared to win easy at the end by a clear length.—On the whole it was a very indifferent race, and they were a long while in running it.

The Corporation Plate.—The first heat was smartly contested between Off-she-goes and Josephina, and won with the greatest difficulty by the former.—The second and third heats were won by Flighty from Young Chariot tolerably easy.

WEDNESDAY.—The Doncaster Stakes.—Vesta went off at score in her usual style; but when she had run and kept the lead for about a mile and three quarters, Streatlam-Lass ran up to her and made severe running, and at the time they passed the Distance-Post, the first time round, it was a most beautiful race between Vesta and Streatlam-Lass, they then running head and head; but when they were within a few lengths of the Judge's Stand (two miles) Streatlam-Lass headed Vesta against her will about a length, and kept the lead for the third mile; in running of which, and for near one-half of the fourth mile, Trafalgar ran about a length behind Vesta; he was hard held, and from his long stride kept his ground, and won at his own rate with great ease.—Vesta beat Streatlam-Lass about a length; and Lord Strathmore's colt made very indifferent running, and was beat about a distance, which plainly proves that there was bad running for the St. Leger Stakes on

on Tuesday. It was reported that Vesta was lame in running, but no such thing; the truth is, that she was far from being in that high condition as she was in the last York August Meeting.

The Gold Cup.—Luck's-All and Mr. Peirse's filly, by Beningbrough, appeared to run away with the boys who rode them, and at the end of the first mile and a half were several lengths before the others; but it was a severe and true-run race between Sir Paul, Trafalgar, and Mr. Garforth's grey colt, by Hambletonian, and won with much difficulty by the latter, who was rode by John Granger, a boy in Mr. Garforth's stables, a very promising rider, and not by John Tate, as before stated. The winner was severely flogged and spurred, and ran as true as the best aged horse that ever started. When Sir Paul's rider found him beat, he pulled, and gave up the contest; Warrior made but little running, had no chance to win, nor could he run with his antagonists in any part of the race, and was beat very easy, as were also the other four.

THURSDAY.—The Filly Stakes. Lord Strathmore's brown filly, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Heroine, took the lead, and was never headed; it was notwithstanding a good race between her and Pipylina at the end.

Hunters' Stakes.—Stop-Thief made play until the last distance, when Prince Bangradion came up, passed his antagonist, and won by three parts of a length.—Sportsmistress was beat two lengths and a half.

The £100 Plate.—For the first beat, Mr Peirse's bay filly, by Beningbrough, took the lead for rather better than half a mile; after which, Fyldener took the lead, and conti-

nued it until near the end; but after some excellent running the heat was won by Mr. Peirse's filly by about a neck. For the second heat Fyldener took the lead, made good play, and continued leading until the last distance, when Mr. Garforth's grey colt, by Hambletonian, came up and took the lead; Fyldener then pulled, and Hipswell-Lass passed him, and ran second in; but the grey colt won the heat easy.—For the third heat, Fyldener again took the lead, and continued it for rather more than a mile and a half, when Mr. Garforth's colt and Mr. Peirse's filly came up and passed Fyldener, and after some pretty smart running, the heat was won by the grey colt by half a length. He was rode by John Tate.

For the Match.—Baronet took the lead, was never headed, and won easy.—He was rode by J. Jackson.

It is allowed by judges, that Mr. Garforth's grey colt, by Hambletonian, is the best bottomed three years old lately tried; and by his running at Doncaster proved himself the best racer at that Meeting. It is said, that Mr. Garforth refused 1500gs for him.

LATELY, Mr. Mellish purchased Mr. C. Wilson's bay colt, Smuggler, by Hambletonian, out of Maria, (Surprise's dam) by Highflyer. At Newmarket on Monday, Sept. 29, Smuggler won a Sweepstakes of 100gs each, nine Subscribers, beating easy Paris, Tudor, and Podargus. He is at present engaged at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, 1807, Smuggler, 8st. 11lb. against Mr. F. Neale's Regulator, 8st. 7lb. Ditch-in, 100gs, h. ft.—Also in the York August Meeting, 1807, in a Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. eleven Subscribers, 8st. 4lb. each, three miles; in which is also named Delville,

Delville, Fyldener, Paris, Well-enough, Smasher, Taurus, &c.

At Pontefract Meeting, Mr. Mellish purchased Mr. Dent's bay colt, by a Brother to Eagle, out of Lavinia, by King Fergus.—He has since been called Young Eagle.

At Doncaster Meeting, Mr. Watt purchased Nostell, by Delpini, of Mr. R. Wardell; and Mr. Phillips sold Miss Cheesecake, by Ormond, out of St. Anne, by Delpini, to Mr. Kirby, who shipped her at Hull on the 4th instant, with Sir Bertrand, the Brother to Strap, the Brother to Imma, all by Beningbrough, and a great many others, for Russia.

At Newmarket First October Meeting, Mr. C. Wilson purchased Trafalgar, by Gohanna, of Mr. Mellish, for a large sum. Mr. Mellish also sold Hedley, by Gohanna, out of Catherine, sister to Colibri, to Mr. Howorth, for a large sum; and Mr. Shakespear sold Currycomb to Mr. Blachford.

THE HEN. M. Hawke has purchased of Mr. Batty, near Easingwold, Yorkshire, the famous hunting mare, called Hambleton-Lass, by Screveton.

The following Match is made to be run on Wednesday in the next Malton Coursing Meeting:—The Hon. Martin Hawke's br. gelding, Prince Bangradion; 10st. 7lb. agst Mr. Treather's br. gelding, Canterbury, 11st. two miles, 200gs each, p. p.

The following Match is made to be run on the last day of Pontefract Races, 1807:—Mr. Duncombe's b. c. by Expectation, out of a Dragon Mare, 8st. 3lb. agst Mr. E. L. Hodgson's b. f. by Patriot, out of Miss Muston, 8st. two miles, 100gs each, h. ft.—And on the first day

of the Races, 1809, Lord Pollington's c. by Stamford, out of Jemima, 8st. 6lb. against Mr. E. L. Hodgson's f. by Hambletonian out of Eustatia, 8st. two miles, 100gs each, h. ft.—And on the last day, Mr. E. L. Hodgson's f. by Hambletonian, out of Eustatia, against Mr. T. Duncombe's, f. by Chance, out of a sister to Maid of All-Work, 8st. each, two miles, 100gs, h. ft.

THE following Match is to be run at Doncaster on Monday in the Race-Week, 1807:—Lord Darlington's Trafalgar, agst Mr. Mellish's Staveley, 8st. 3lb. each, four miles, 500gs, h. ft.

At the last Doncaster Meeting, two additional Stakes were made to be run for in 1807, viz.—On Tuesday—The Prince's Stakes of 25gs each, for four years old colts 8st. 7lb. fillies 8st. 4lb. (the winner of the Produce Stakes, or the Subscription Purse on Friday, at York, to carry 7lb. extra) four miles:—To close on the first day of January next, and to be named on the Saturday before running.—The present Subscribers are, His R. H. the Prince of Wales, His R. H. the D. of Clarence, the Duke of Leeds, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Darlington, Lord Dundas, Lord Milton, Sir M. M. Sykes, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Brandling, Mr. Clifton, Mr. Mellish, Mr. Clowes, Mr. S. Duncombe, Mr. Burton, and Mr. Stapleton.—And the Fitzwilliam Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for two-yr olds and upwards; to run the last mile and half. To close on Thursday before running, and the horses, &c. to be named on the Saturday following; to be the first race in the Meeting; and the horses, &c. to be rode by boys. The present Subscribers are, His R. H. the P.
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of Wales, the Duke of Leeds, Lord Darlington, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Milton, Sir M. M. Sykes, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Mellish, and Mr. Clowes.

THE Doncaster St. Leger Stakes, (on the usual conditions) will be run for next year on Monday.—The present Subscribers are, His R. H. the Prince of Wales, His R. H. the Duke of Clarence, the Duke of Leeds, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Darlington, Lord Dundas, Lord Milton, Sir George Armytage, Sir M. M. Sykes, Mr. Clifton, Mr. Hewett, Mr. Clowes, Mr. S. Duncombe, Mr. W. Championnet, Mr. Burton, and Mr. Mellish, who has two Subscriptions.—There is also a Stakes for two-year olds; a filly Stakes for three-yr olds; a North Welter Stakes; and a Hunters' Stakes;—besides the Doncaster Stakes, a Produce Match, and the Plates as usual.

AT Black Hambleton, on Wednesday, Oct. 15, Mr. Smith's grey poney, by Weathercock, beat Mr. Walker's grey horse, by Ruler, out of Silverheel's dam, 9st each, four miles. Mr. Smith staked 50gs to 40gs.—Won cleverly.

THE Duke of Montrose, Lord Viscount Primrose, Thomas Graham, Esq. of Airth, and James Stirling, Esq. of Keir, are appointed Stewards for the Races at Stirling next year.

THE dispute respecting the weight carried by Mr. Butterfield's Richmond-Lass, (late Gratitude) for the King's Plate at Lincoln, is settled by the Stewards in her favour.—The decision respecting the bets for the Welter Stakes at Bibury, is not settled.

ON Monday, September 22—The annual Cup, at Redcar, was won by Mr. Theakstone's chesnut

horse, Now-or-Never, by Walnut—5 and 6 to 4 on Now-or-Never. There was much company, especially the lads and lassies from out of the dales.

THE descendants of Hambletonian are at length proving themselves worthy of so exalted a sire. There is no doubt of his now becoming one of the most approved stallions.

MR. Mellish's favourite Sancho who broke down when running against Pavilion at Lewes, on the 24th of July last, we are sorry to state, again broke down when running against Orville, at Newmarket, on Monday, the 13th instant; and it is thought he will not be got sound to race any more.

HUGO MEYNELL.—This accomplished fox-hunter, who not only governed a pack of fox-hounds in the best style, but what was much more difficult—a pack of unruly young men of high blood and saucy pretensions, for many years, is now in a very infirm state of health. What successor with his abilities is ever likely to present himself for the Leicestershire Hunt? He must have affable manners, continued good humour, and a commanding superiority of judgment.

THE Dukes of York and Cambridge have been on a shooting party at Lord Rendlesham's estate, near Ipswich.—On the first of October the following game was shot, viz. by the Duke of York, eighteen brace of pheasants; the Duke of Cambridge, seventeen ditto; Ld Paget, twenty-five brace of partridges; Lord Rendlesham, ten brace of pheasants. Ten brace of each were sent as a present to His Majesty, at the request of the Duke of York.

PARTRIDGES

PARTRIDGES were never known to have been more plentiful in the counties of Warwick and Northampton, than at the commencement of the present season. Mr. J. Shaddick, the celebrated sportsman, who has left the county of Devon, has been sporting near Aynhoe, Drayton, and Alcester, and has committed an incredible havoc. The peasantry, to whom he has bestowed the produce of every day's spoil, have been highly gratified with the presence of their sporting host.—Mr. S. and a distinguished party of young noblemen, in sailors' habits, have been at sea for the last week, and have now returned for a sporting excursion to Beverley, in Yorkshire. This liberal, unassuming, and accomplished gentleman, upon his return to London, will have visited every city, borough, and market-town, and their adjoining villages, throughout Great Britain.

ANECDOTE.—Many years ago, Mr. Fox being at Newmarket was very hard run for about £1,800.—He had tried various ways to raise the money, but without success; his friend O'Bryen at last made application to Mr. Charles Carpenter; he had it not, but readily consented to join Mr. Fox in the security, to which Mr. C. added a freehold estate. The money was immediately procured, and to the honour of Mr. Fox, he never suffered Mr. C. to be the least inconvenienced by the transaction.—It is scarcely necessary to add, when a certain subscription took place this debt was discharged, and Mr. Adam handed over to C. his deeds, with Mr. Fox's thankful acknowledgments.

A FOOT-RACE against time, twenty miles in two hours and a quarter, was lately run on the Brighton Course by the celebrated pedestrian

Wood. He performed his task with great facility in two hours, five minutes, and a few seconds. The odds at starting were greatly against him; but after running the first ten miles in an hour and one minute, they turned in his favour. The money staked was 100 guineas to 60 guineas. A few days after, the above unparalleled pedestrian undertook, for a wager of 40 guineas, to run a quarter of a mile in a minute, and performed it with apparent ease, about a second within the time.

A PERSON from Horsham, of no-celebrity as a runner, beat the famous Brighton shepherd, on the race-ground, on Tuesday, the 14th instant. They ran the distance of 100 yards. Great odds were betted in favour of the Brighton shepherd; and the knowing ones were deeply taken in, their favourite losing by about half a yard. The winner is now matched to start against the famous boot-closer, on the Prince's cricketing ground, on the 10th of next month. The odds are at present, three to two in his favour.

ON Saturday, the 11th instant, a man of the name of Fielding, in the 70th year of his age, undertook, for a wager of five guineas, to go on foot from London Bridge to Welling in Kent, and back, in four hours. He started at twelve o'clock at noon, reached Welling at forty minutes after one, where he stopped ten minutes to refresh, and returned back to the place from whence he started, which he completed in ten minutes less than the time allowed, the distance being twenty-two miles. A great many bets were depending upon the issue.

A WAGER has been laid in Dublin, by Mr. Battersby with Mr.

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Gore,

Gore, for the sum of 150 guineas, that Collier, the pedestrian, who accomplished some time since, a remarkable journey from Athlone to Dublin, shall run on the Carragh next April, 100 English miles in nineteen successive hours.

THE running-match, which has been spoken of a length of time, between Messrs. Salter and Beaumont, took place on Saturday morning, on Hampton Common. The competitors were to run three measured miles on turf, and the above spot was fixed by one of the umpires, who caused flag-posts to be fixed as a boundary. Salter was the favourite, and led his opponent for the first mile, at which distance he was twenty-five yards ahead; he slackened his pace, and Beaumont came up with him; they kept together at an easy pace until within half a mile of the running-post, when Beaumont made play, and to all appearance had the best of the match; but when within three hundred yards of the decisive spot, Salter passed his adversary with ease, and arrived thither, twenty yards ahead.—The match was for 100 guineas.

PEDESTRIAN wager.—In a respectable company at Leeds, a few days ago, the conversation turned on this subject, and a wager was offered by one gentleman, that he would run one hundred yards, while another of the party ran fifty with a person on his shoulders weighing fourteen stone six pounds. The race afforded some sport, but was won by him who had the shorter distance, the other having sixteen yards to run when the winner reached the goal.

On Saturday the 18th instant, a man about fifty years of age, for a wager of a guinea drew a town cart

with five sacks of flour in it, from Beech-street, Barbican, to St. Martin's-le-Grand. The flour, without the cart, weighed 12 cwt. The distance is half a mile, and the feat was considered as an astonishing effort of human exertion.

On Tuesday September 23, a poney was engaged to trot fourteen miles within the hour, for 30 guineas, staked by Mr. Harding, the owner, with some amateurs of the sport; also thirteen miles within the second hour, for the same sum. On the Friday following the match took place, from Hounslow to the 24th mile stone at Two-mile-Brook, near Maidenhead, which distance the poney performed in 56 minutes. After being well rubbed down, he started again to perform the thirteen miles, which he accomplished in 58 minutes. After which Mr. Harding refused 30 guineas for the poney: it is not above thirteen hands high, and has run daily in a baker's cart.

A TROTTING match, on which bets to a very considerable amount were pending, took place the 24th instant, from the 11th to the 13th mile stone on the Bath road, between a bay gelding the property of a Mr. Neville, and a galloway, the property of a stable-keeper in Oxford-street. It being known that the gelding could trot a mile within three minutes and a half, six to four was ventured against the galloway. The gelding had the best at starting, and made play for nearly a mile, followed closely by the galloway, when he broke into a canter, and was, agreeable to the articles, obliged to pull up and turn round. The galloway had now a fair opportunity of winning the race, and the rider took the advantage of it, by pushing him with all possible

possible speed, and he won by fifty yards. The two miles were performed in seven minutes and a quarter.

THE report of a pugilistic contest between Gulley and the Game Chicken is again revived, and it is said the match is on the point of being made for a considerable sum. The Game Chicken keeps a public house in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and is said to be in good condition. Another contest is also spoken of, between Young Belcher and Dutch Sam.

SEVERAL amateurs of the pugilistic art arrived in town for the purpose of taking leave of their dear companion Burke, who set out on his travels to Botany Bay on Monday the 20th instant.

USEFUL hint to qualified and unqualified sportsmen.—By a late determination no person, except qualified in his own right, or a menial servant and taxed as such, shall be protected from any pains or penalties, by being in company with a qualified person, while coursing or beating for game.

A MATCH of Pigeon Shooting took place at Woodford Grove, near Seven-Oaks, on Monday the 13th instant, for a silver subscription cup amongst the candidates; and the dexterity exhibited on this occasion was such as not frequently to be heard of. Four gentlemen shot at 21 birds each, and two of them killed 18, one 17, and the other 15. Messrs. Barnet and Healing, who were the victors, had to shoot off the ties; the former had missed his 1st, 3d, and 6th bird, and the 15 following he killed.—Mr. H. missed his 2d, 4th, and 10th bird. The competitors then shot at eight birds each more, before the cup was won. Mr. Bar-

net missed his 8th bird, and lost the match, after having killed 22 times successively. The winner killed nineteen birds without an intervening miss.

BULL baiting.—The Bachelors of Windsor having raised, by subscription, a sum of money to purchase a game bull, for the purpose of being baited for the exercising their right to a piece of ground of a very ancient grant from the Crown to the Bachelors of the town of Windsor, for their amusements, and the spot of ground has ever since been called Bachelors' Acre; the Bachelors fixed on Monday morning the 20th for the bull to be baited. The owner of the best dog was to be rewarded with a guinea, and the second best with half-a-guinea. The Bachelors in consequence baited their bull on the above day. The bull, however, proved so very game, that no dog could pin him.

On Saturday the 11th instant, a curious exhibition took place on the Thames: a young man, a carpenter, who undertook for a small wager to row in a *washing tub* from Milbank to London Bridge, seated himself in the tub, and had a scull in each hand, with which he balanced himself, and rowed down the river, in the presence of several thousand spectators. As he passed through the different bridges, the tub was twirled round by the current, whilst he sang some favourite song. The spectators often started with the dread of seeing him drowned, while he sat unconcerned; and, although the tide was very rapid, and on its ebb, he effected his purpose in safety, and won his wager.

A VERY curious deer was sent in the ship that brought the dis-

patches from Buenos Ayres, as a present to Earl Fitzwilliam. The noble Earl gave directions, upon its arrival, to be conveyed to his seat at Milton, near Peterborough; and, whilst it was conveying thither in a covered cart, it forced its way through the strong canvass covering, as the cart was passing over Bushy Heath, about three miles from Watford. The driver used every possible means to secure the animal. He was knocked down, and bruised in several parts of his body in so shocking a manner as to be now confined to a bed at Watford in consequence. The deer resembles an ass about the head; the body about a yard long; the legs about three feet six inches long; a very small tail; the upper jaw is longer than the under; and it makes a noise much like a cow.

THE disease called the glanders, has been very destructive for some time past, among the horses belonging to the corps of Commissaries at Ringmer. Scarcely a day passes without one being led to slaughter. This disease, we have heard professional gentlemen say, is generated and disseminated in a great measure, among army horses, from so many of those valuable animals being kept together, breathing the same contaminated air in a crowded stable. If this be the fact, and we think it very probable, we have no doubt but the present wise administration will soon have the grievance remedied; as it would be much easier, on the score of expence only, to build a well ventilated separate stable, for every two or three horses, than to be perpetually called upon to supply the deficiency thus frequently occasioned by so fatal a contagion.

ON Saturday the 11th instant, were committed to Hereford house of correction, as rogues and vagabonds, John Price and Edw. Probert, two poachers, belonging to a gang who have infested the neighbourhood of Leominster for some years past, being found about two o'clock in the morning of the preceding Wednesday, in Croft Park, belonging to Somerset Davies, Esq. and having at that time with them two dogs, one gate net, and sixteen purse nets, and killed and destroyed two hares; they had also with them large sticks or bludgeons, with which they violently assaulted, and beat Mr. Davies's game-keeper and his assistants, who secured them after a very violent contest. Thomas Price, one of the gang, who is now in custody, had his ear nearly severed from his head in the struggle, and was otherwise so much bruised before he would surrender, that he was unable to attend before the magistrates, with his two associates, to be examined.

AN accident of a very melancholy nature happened lately at Killorgilim, in the county of Kerry.—A mad dog ran into the house of a farmer in that neighbourhood, and bit his wife, four children, the servant maid, and afterwards twenty cows on the farm. The apprehension and horror of this unfortunate family can be better conceived than expressed.

A HARE was shot a few days ago by Mr. Parkinson, of Garstang.—On opening the animal, three young ones were found alive; they were put under the nurture of a cat, that had just been deprived of her kittens, and are at the present time in a fair way of being brought up to maturity.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE CHAIN AND COLLAR.

MR. EDITOR,

Presuming the following lines might not be thought undeserving a place in that miscellany, which may be justly said, in the words of Otway, to be "a friend to dogs;" I have ventured to offer them for that purpose.

A WEALTHY farmer, I aver,
But say not where to find him,
Was guarded by a faithful cur,
Who often jogg'd behind him.

No fox prowl'd near the feather'd brood,
No thief assail'd the door;
Such foes ne'er on the farm intrude,
Though bribeless Tray was poor.

But who can trace the ways of man,
Or who presume his sense to guide;
Or say why 'Tray's disgrace began,
For want of that which nature had denied?

Dear Phillis only hears the storm,
While on the hearth-rug stretch'd at ease,

And gifted with a winning form,
Can range the pantry if she please.

The farmer speaks, the servant flies,
And fav'rite Phil caresses;
"Let her regale on remnant pies,
And Marg'ry, comb her silken tresses."

Neglected Tray would fain have said,
In very piteous, plaintive moan,
"Dear master, when I ask for bread,
Why at thy servant hurl a stone?"

It chanc'd, a neighb'ring gipsy horde,
As bold invaders long traduc'd;
Whose feats the farmers all deplor'd,
And mourn'd in vain their pillag'd roost.

To share this farmer's hoarded pence,
E'en over Alpine mounds they vaulted,
They leap'd the hedge and scal'd the fence,
But at the brook they halted.

The mastiff flies where danger's found,
The stranger's menace Tray defies;
And hark! the neighb'ring hills resound,
While fear pervades the farmer's eyes.

Alas! what ills the great dismay!
The great, not always grateful;
Who risks his life for those to day,
To-morrow may be hateful.

"I fear," says he, "my gather'd store,
My full-ear'd sheaves, may feed the fire;
But hark! my dog defends the shore,
And see, the vagrant foe retire!"

The faithful beast with ardour burns,
His wounds are but his glory;
With joy and clamour he returns;
But mark the sequel of the story.

"That ill-bred cur, for noise renown'd,
Affrights alike my friend or foe;
His filthy form that trails the ground,
Shall not on me its gambols show.

"To keep that dog within the yard,
And aid the scheme I have in view,
A saving plan, as times are hard,
His one-day's fare must now serve two.

"So Marg'ry, as the team you follow,
To-morrow, when the town you gain,
Bring Phillis down a silver collar,
And buy old Tray an iron chain."

Oct. 9, 1806. John Morris Flindall.
SCOTS

SCOTS POETRY IN THE REIGN OF
QUEEN MARY.

WITH hunts-up with hunts-up,
It is now perfect day;
Jesus our king is gone a hunting,
Who likes to speed, they may.

Ane cursed fox, lay hid in rocks,
This long and many a day,
Devouring sheep while he might sleep,
None might him shape away.

It did him good to lap the blood
Of young and tender lambs;
None could him miss, for all was his,
The young ones with their dams.

The hunter is Christ that hunts in haste,
The hounds are Peter and Paul;
The pope is the fox, Rome is the rocks,
That rubs us on the gall.

That cruel beast, he never ceas'd,
By his usurped power,
Under dispense, to get our pence,
Our souls for to devour.

Who could devise such merchandise,
As he had there to sell,
Unless it were proud Lucifer,
The great master of hell.

He had to sell, the tanticorn bell,
And pardons therein was;
Remission of sins in old sheep-skins,
Our souls to bring from grace.

With bulls of lead, white wax and red,
And other whiles with green;
Clos'd in a box—this us'd the fox,
Such poultry ne'er was seen.

EPITAPH ON ROBIN.

Late Huntsman to the Leicester Hunt.

IF field diversions, reader, thou dost
prize,
Revere this sod where honest Robin lies;
Oft with the cry of hounds and cheerful
horn,
The lark preventing, he has hail'd the
morn.
His eye, sagacious, was the first to find,
When loud tait-ta-swell'd the list'ning
wind;

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor gate of fearful
height,
Could Robin's dauntless spirit e'er af-
fright.
In private life an active part he play'd,
By cheerful manners giving virtue aid.
Whoe'er thou art, on such a life reflect;
Go hence—and imitate—and gain re-
spect.

ADDRESS TO THE SPORTSMAN.

HARK away hunter! the morn is
arisen,
Fair lie the fields and the forests to
view:
Safely the fox we have barr'd from his
prison,
Rise from your bed, and with ardour
pursue.

In vain let the cold and the comfortless
morning;
Loudly give notice to keep within
door;
Lavish of health, in contempt of the
warning,
Call for your horse, though the tem-
pest may roar.

Hardily brave it, all danger despising,
Great is the soul which no peril can
fear;
And the merry-ton'd horn, and the sun
when uprising,
The cold and the comfortless morning
will cheer.

Yet hear me, gay hunter! if ever reflec-
tion
Should steal through your heart when
the day is o'erpast,
Ah! then let the force of one moral
conviction,
Remind you each morning may rise as
your last.

And when your prey, near exhausted, is
flying,
Remember—your breath is as fleeting
as his;
And while on the ground he lies throb-
bing and dying,
Ask—When comes the moment that
brings me to this.

October 2.

J. J. B.

THE BOASTING MULE.

A FABLE.

AN upstart mule, high bred and vain,
For brutes are just like mortal
men,
To other beasts was bragging,
That "how his father was a horse,
And always first upon the course,
Nor ever did come lag in.

"He ne'er was us'd to drop behind;
Whene'er he ran 'twas like the wind;
For speed, he ne'er did lack it:
I've seen him start against the field,
When e'en Eclipse was forc'd to yield,
As well as Whistle-Jacket.

"And though I say it, who should not,
I differ from him not a jot,
Except in size and main."
But turning round—he saw an ass,
Which accidentally did pass,
And knew his son again.

This made his muleship drop his ears,
To hear the neighbours' haunting jeers,
About his noble birth;
And glad he was to quit the place,
Asham'd to own his low-bred race,
And leave them to their mirth.
Oct. 3. J. J. B.

THE SCHOOL BOY.

A Parody on Mr. Pope's Ode to Solitude.

HAPPY the boy whose wish and
cheer
A little bread and butter serves,
Content at meals to drink small beer,
And eat preserves.
Whose top and marbles give him plea-
sure;
Who's happy with his paper kite;
Whose pennies shine a mighty treasure,
To charm his sight!
Blest, who can every morning find
Some idle lads with him to play;
When in the fields he hath a mind
From school to stay.

Nor ferule fears, nor birch more dire,
But plays all day and sleeps all night;
Some other boys his cash will hire,
His task to write.

Thus let me live, thus life enjoy,
Until to manhood I attain;
Thus like me almost every boy,
Will do again.

LAPLAND SONG.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED.

LET Nepat listen to the praises of her
lovers;
But let Nepat listen with caution.
One praises you because you fly in your
sledge like
A new-born sun-beam on the wings of
the morning!
Another, because you scarce leave the
print of your feet
On the virgin snow:
A third, because your hair flows in the
air, like the shadow
Of a waving tree on the Lake of Terna:
A fourth, because your lips are like the
flowery banks of
A slender stream:
A fifth, because your nails are polished
as pebbles:
A sixth, because your voice is sweet as
the voice of
A dying gale in the vallies.
But the sledge will cease to fly;
The snow will melt;
The waving tree will sink into the lake;
The flowery banks will fade;
The pebbles will glide away in the tor-
rent;
And your voice will lose its chorus.
Who will praise you then?
Yes, I will praise you, if you smile on
me:
I will treasure up those smiles;
They will cheer the long night of win-
ter:
You will always be beautiful in my eyes.
Even though another Nepat should a-
rise:
But that can never be;
For Nature has exhausted all her charms
on you.

THE

THE LEVERET.

..... Oh! had I come one moment sooner!
It bleds to death!—his gentle heart bleeds with it.
STERN.

THE lark had hail'd the morning dawn,
While o'er the dew-bespangled lawn
The cautious hare had mark'd the round
Would baffle the quick-scented hound:
The timid young remain'd behind,
In sleeping innocence confin'd.
The whistling ploughman nearer drew,
As Sol's meridian splendour grew;
And turning round his steady pair,
O'erturn'd the ambush of the hare.
Affrighted terror seiz'd the young,
Withscamp'ring boundaway they sprung:
But nought in speed or cunning sly
Could well escape the hedger's eye:
The first he seiz'd—and quick as air,
The present to the sisters bear.
The charming girls now view the prize,
With all affection in their eyes;
And long to prove their tender care,
And rear to strength this little hare.
Affection on affection grew,
Sweet innocence had charms anew!
But care and freedom jealous now,
Brought on disease—I can't tell how:
It pines—grows faint—with languid eyes,
Convuls'd with pain, poor Lev'et dies.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this cistus, frail and gay,
Lies promis'd hope—the child of day;
Escap'd from being, and its cares,
The troubles of still riper years!—
The hound, the huntsman, and the snare,
Will ne'er disturb your ashes there.
Impart thy virtues to that tree,
Its annual charms shall fade for thee.

Woodham Walter.

SORORES.

EPIGRAM.

MADAM Crab, like an alderman's
lady grown fine,
Thus address'd her fat daughter—"To-
day with us dine
Cousin Lobster, who mourns for the loss
of his mother,
And Cray-fish, in black too, his little
half-brother;

I expect Perriwinkle, and Cockle, and
Muscle,
And Oyster, who wags not, though all's
in a bustle:
Then hold up your head, child, and turn
out your toes,
And don't waddle sideways before such
smart beaux."
The pert saucy daughter this answer re-
turn'd—
"By example much more than by pre-
cept is learn'd:
So if you would have me the graces dis-
play,
In walking and dancing, first shew me
the way;
For, believe me, I'm not quite so silly an
elf,
As to mind what you say, while you
waddle yourself!"

SONG.

WHEN the morning peeps forth,
and the zephyr's cool gale
Carries fragrance and health over moun-
tain and dale,
Up, ye nymphs and ye swains, and toge-
ther we'll rove,
Up hill and down valley, by thicket and
grove;
Then follow with me, where the welkia
resounds
With the notes of the horn and the cry
of the hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition
and wealth,
All the blessings I ask is the blessing of
health;
So shall innocence self give a warrant to
joys,
No envy disturbs, no dependance de-
stroys.
Then follow, &c.

O'er hill, dale, and woodlands, with rap-
tures we roam,
Yet returning still find the dear plea-
sures at home;
Where the cheerful good humour gives
honesty grace,
And the heart speaks content in the
smiles of the face.
Then follow, &c.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1806.

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Embellished with, I. A beautiful Engraving of Evening, or the Sportsman's Return.

II. View of Thornville Park.—An Engraving.

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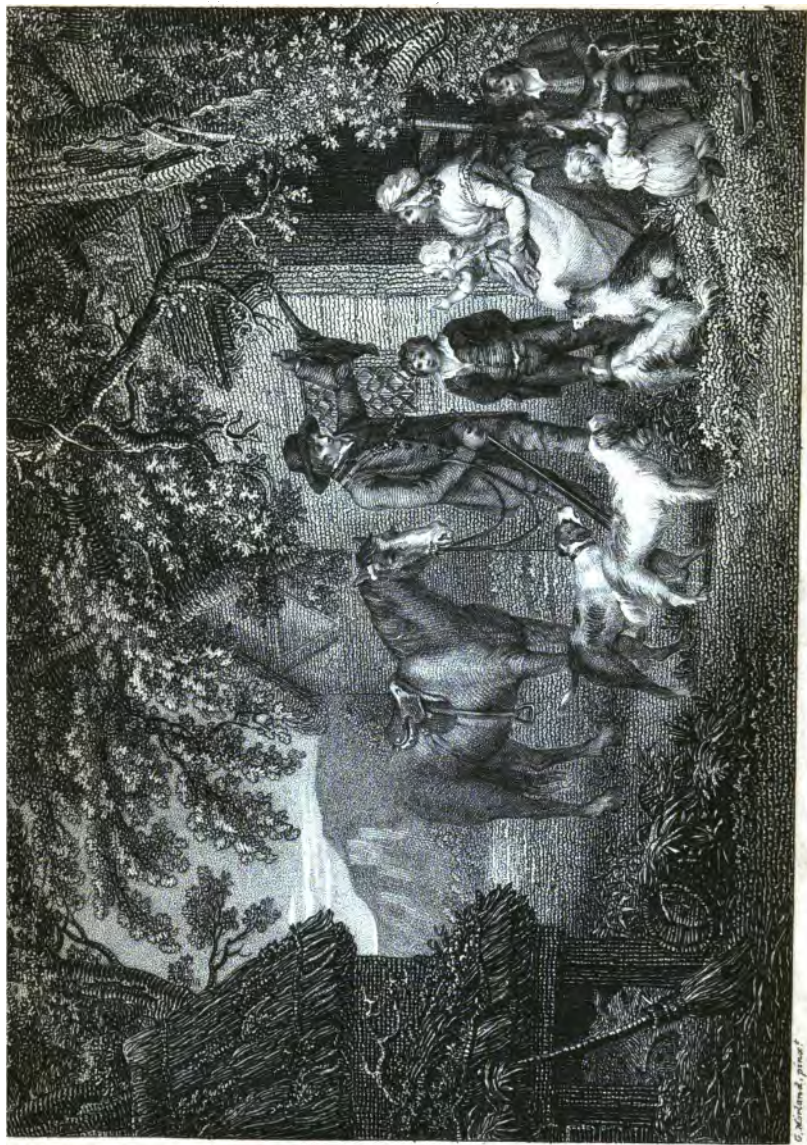
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT List of Winning Horses, with several other Communications, are come to hand, which shall be duly attended to in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

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Evening, on the Sportsman's Return?

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR NOVEMBER, 1806.

EVENING, OR THE SPORTSMAN'S RETURN.

*Engraved by that ingenious and improving
young Artist. Mr. W. Nichol.*

From an original Painting by Morland.

THE following short extract from Hassel's Life of Morland, we give as an explanation of this plate.

"Thus fares it with the sportsman: should he chance to flush a woodcock, or spring a pheasant, in a country seldom known to produce one, the keen shot will never retire from the field without his object. With a look of exultation, the game-keeper is here exhibiting a cock pheasant, the pride of his day's sport. This print is made up of the inhabitants of the cottage, which are the family of the game-keeper, with his shooting poney and his sporting dogs. The animals are all well painted."

THE BERKELEY HOUNDS.

THESE hounds began their season with the greatest merit due to that unequalled huntsman, Tom Oldaker, as having hunted them in such superior style. They have been to cover only sixteen times in Gloucestershire, and killed, to the astonishment of every one, twenty-one foxes.

They arrived at Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, their kennel, on the first instant; were to hunt Black Park on Monday the third instant; and at Ryslip, and kennel on Wednesday. On Saturday, the eighth instant, they were to be at Croxley Green.

The above hounds will be kept this season in the greatest style imaginable, as they have numbers of fresh subscribers.

MALTON COURSING MEETING.

THIS Meeting, which was to have taken place on the first whole week of November, was deferred till the 17th instant.

The meeting was then numerous, both as to members, and of gentlemen who honoured the meeting with their company,

TUESDAY, the first public coursing day, was a continued rain: the Prize Cup, however, was run for by six dogs, and won as under, the first course for it being undecided:

Sir T. Slingsby's b. b. Serpent...	1
Sir M. M. Sykes's white dog...	2
Mr. Best's black dog.....	3
Major Topham's black dog....	4
Mr Torre's dog, (slipped too soon, and disqualified.....	0

The course was very short, the hares not being able to stand before the dogs. The weather proved so unfavourable, that not above ten

F 2

matches

matches were run. The hares were plentiful, but could not run well.

WEDNESDAY.—The fox-hounds threw off at Housholm Wood, but no fox was found there.

This day, Mr. Treacher's br. g. Canterbury, 11st. beat the Hon. Martin Hawke's br. g. Prince Bangradion, 10st. 7lb.—Two miles, 200gs each.—Mr. Tatton Sykes rode Canterbury.

THURSDAY.—Many matches were run on the higher part of the Wharram Grounds, where the hares ran very stoutly, and afforded some long courses.

On this day, Young Snowdrop and Thunder, (who beat the winner of the cup) were purchased by Mr. Watt, of Major Topham, both got by Old Snowball.

AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS

OF

THE DEVONSHIRE MISER.

I BELIEVE there have been few, if any anecdotes of this very extraordinary character ever published, although in many instances, they far surpass the eccentricities of Mr. Elwes, Mr. Daniel Dancer, or any other miser who has gone before him.

Mr. R—— is nearly 80 years of age, and possesses a handsome independent fortune, yet the house in which he resides is a small wretched cottage at the extreme end of the Town of M——y, which, even if it was in good repair, would scarcely be fit for a mechanic to live in; and as Mr. R—— has neither called in the aid of a carpenter or a mason for many years, the greater part of the roof is fallen in, and he is consequently compelled to sleep on

the ground floor. The windows are all broken, not a single pane of glass remaining, and the vacancies are partly filled up with pieces of old board, sheepskins, &c. &c. His bed is a large old chest, in which he lays himself down on some wool, covering himself over with the same, for he has neither sheets, blankets, or quilt; not has he for nearly fifty years past, ever been known to wear either a shirt, stockings, coat, or waistcoat, but wraps himself up in any miserable remnants of old tattered blankets, carpets, sacks, bed-curtains, or any other wretched things of that sort, *which cost him nothing*; nor has he (for he considers it an unnecessary trouble and expence) suffered a razor to pass over his chin for many years. When his beard becomes so long round the mouth as to inconvenience him in eating, he contrives to shorten it by the help of an old pair of scissars he keeps for that purpose.

What renders the conduct of this very singular character still more extraordinary, is, that although he keeps part of his estates in hand, and may have many fat bullocks, and fat sheep, grazing on his own lands, yet he will deny himself the use of a single ounce of either beef, or mutton, unless he can obtain it *without parting with his money*. In fact he is never known to purchase a joint of meat for his own consumption, but if he can get information where there is a sheep or lamb which have died by accident, he will walk any distance to obtain it, take it home, dress it himself (for he has no person whatever living in the house with him) and devour it with an excellent appetite from the circumstance, as he himself declares, of its *not having cost him any thing*. To such an extreme did he carry this passion for feed-
ing

ing on meat so obtained, that, some time since, it nearly cost him his life, by eating a large quantity of it in a state bordering on putridity, although at the same time he possessed many head of fat cattle on his own estate, and had wool to a very considerable amount rotting in his house, because, as he expressly declared, the *dealers* would not give him so much BY A FARTHING PER POUND, as he supposed it to be worth; a point on which he feels extremely tenacious, for rather than sell any produce of his estate for one penny under what he conceives to be the value of it, he will keep it by him until he sustains a very considerable loss by so doing.

One anecdote, amidst a variety of others which are recited of this extraordinary man, will strongly evince his great passion for money, and that he is a miser eclipsing all his predecessors. Some years ago he resided by himself in a house standing alone in the country, and as it was generally understood that he kept a great number of *guineas* (for he always objects to taking bank notes) secreted in his house, some villains broke into it in the dead of night, seized the old gentleman, and threatened instantly to murder him unless he confessed to them where his money was concealed; but all their menaces were in vain, for he most obstinately persisted in refusing to disclose where his *treasure* was concealed: in consequence of which they bound him fast down to the floor, and covering him with wood, straw, &c. they actually set it on fire in order to extort a confession from him; but it was all to no effect, for although very much burnt, he still resolutely persisted in declaring, amidst all his tortures, that "*he would much rather be*

burnt to death than that they should have his money." However, to prevent a circumstance of the kind from occurring again, he quitted his country-house, and took up his present residence in the Town of M——y.

From Mr. R——'s wretched appearance, it is no uncommon thing for strangers passing through the town to offer him something for charity, which, however, he uniformly declines, at the same time feelingly pointing out to them some poor people who are his near neighbours, and on whom their good intentions may be well bestowed; although, in point of dress and appearance, they are much superior to Mr. R——. His renunciation of the world, and "*all its pomps and vanities*" (to use his own words) took place so many years ago, that it would be difficult to trace or ascertain the exact causes of it: the most probable one, is *disappointed love*, to which many of his oldest neighbours agree in attributing it, as well as in representing him to have been, in the early part of his life, "*a handsome well-dressed young man.*"—Mr. R—— has many relatives in the neighbourhood of his residence, who are respectably circumstanced and situated in life, and they have used every possible exertion to reconcile him again to the world, and to induce him to dress, and live in that stile, and with those comforts about him, which his fortune would so fully admit of: but all their endeavours are fruitless; he still persists in his old habits, from which no considerations or persuasions whatever can induce him to deviate in the smallest degree.—At particular times he is very conversant, and anxious to obtain the news of the day, so much so, that nothing

can

can oblige him more than to read a newspaper to him. Nay, so great is his passion for political intelligence that he has been known to give a penny for a paper, on the second or third day, although he has never failed to condemn it as "*an unwarrantable piece of extravagance.*" On politics he discourses freely, and uniformly reprobates the too lavish expenditure of the public money: in short, rigid eco-

nomy, or rather parsimony, is the leading feature, the constant, the never-failing theme of all his conversation; and evidently the great object to which all his attention is directed, whether as relating to his own concerns, or the concerns of the nation.—The authenticity of these anecdotes you may rely on.

I am your's, &c.

AN OBSERVER,

M—y, Nov. 1806.

LIST OF LORD FOLEY'S HOUNDS, AT QUORNDON, LEICESTERSHIRE.

THESE Hounds, (says the worthy correspondent who has favoured us with the list of them,) are going to loose their present master, and will not, I am afraid, very soon find another equal to him.

Age.	Names.	Sires.	Dams.
10	Guzman	German	Music
	Dorcas	Gayman	Dolly
	Ranter	Ranter	Sopha
9	Chanticleer	German	Caroline
	Sultan	Stormer	Harmless
	Vestal	Ditto	Gaddy
	Winsom	Gayman	Watchful
	Pastime	Pillager	Go-by
	Vanquisher	Ranter	Charlotte
	Vaunter		
	Vengeance		
	Nathan	From the Duke of Grafton's	
8	Archer	Sparkler	Aimable
	Harmony	Maltster	Harpy
	Damsel	Champion	Doxy
7	Columbine	German	Caroline
	Skilful	Stormer	Pastime
	Ransom	Guardian	Charlotte
	Granville	Guzman	Modesty
	Garland		
	Prosper		
	Priestess	Pillager	Clio
	Vanity	Nathan	Virgin
	Dexterous	Ld Spencer's Dancer.	Wishful
6	Bravery	Guardian	Blowsy
	Bonnybell		
	Gracious	Guzman	Melody

6 Prudence

<i>Age.</i>	<i>Names.</i>	<i>Sires.</i>	<i>Dams.</i>
6	Prudence	Pontiff	Winsom
5	Jackimo	Guardian	Hoyden
	Ravager	Guzman	Rarity
	Rival		
	Remnant		
	Roundelay		
	Lashwood	Guzman	Damsel
	Saladine	Sultan	Spiteful
	Syren		
	Sprightly		
	Tarquin	Tantrum	Desperate
	Flourish	Ranter	Cora
	Hermit	Nathan	Hasty
4	Grandison	Guardian	Myrtle
	Reveller	Guzman	Rosamond
	Rapture		
	Joyful	Challenger	Jollity
	Jealousy		
	Gamestress		
	Courtier	Coroner	Ardent
	Cheerful		
	Chantress	Coroner	Audry
	Auditor		
	Royal	Ranter	Blameless
	Regent		
	Rampant		
	Restless		
	Rosamond	Ranter	Cora
	Rally		
	Fury		
	Fatal		
	Fearless	Marksman	Priestess
3	Manager	Guzman	Vicious
	Vocal	Challenger	Guileful
	Gaiety	Ditto	Lapwing
	Libertine	Sultan	Rosaline
	Senator	Cruizer	Resolute
	Courtesy	Judgment	Harmony
	Harlequin		
	Hotspur		
	Heedless		
	Helen	Ranter	Cora
	Chancellor		
	Caliban		
	Censor		
	Chloris	Ranter	Bonnybell
	Celia		
	Baffer		
	Bauble		

<i>Age.</i>	<i>Names.</i>	<i>Sires.</i>	<i>Dams.</i>
8	Rhapsody.....	Ranter.....	Blameless.....
	Ruin.....		
	Hero.....	Nathan.....	Hasty.....
	Hostess.....		
2	Niobe.....	Ranter.....	Notable.....
	Matchless.....	Tantrum.....	Milliner.....
	Facer.....	Guzman.....	Fallacy.....
	Fair-maid.....		
	Friendship.....		
	Baronet.....		
	Bounty.....	Ranter.....	Bonnybell.....
	Chaser.....		
	Chariot.....	Ranter.....	Cora.....
	Lilliput.....		
	Lazarus.....	Tamerlane.....	Courtesy.....
	Liberty.....		
	Halbert.....	Nathan.....	Hasty.....
	Foreman.....	From the Duke of Grafton's.....	
	Falstaff.....	Bacchus.....	Fury.....
	Filer.....		
	Faithless.....		
	Folly.....		
1	Cerberus.....	Guzman.....	Courtesy.....
	Cymbaline.....		
	Frantic.....	Guzman.....	Fatal.....
	Satellite.....		
	Scota.....	Guzman.....	Selina.....
	Spinster.....		
	Dædalus.....		
	Denmark.....		
	Dairymaid.....	Guzman.....	Damsel.....
	Comedy.....		
	Beatrice.....	Ranter.....	Cora.....
	Butterfly.....		
	Rosebud.....	Chanticleer.....	Rapture.....
	Rantipole.....		
	Relish.....	Sultan.....	Pastime.....
	Polydore.....		
	Portia.....	Tantrum.....	Dexterous.....
	Driver.....		
	Commodore.....	Hermit.....	Courtesy.....
	Corporal.....		
	Ceres.....	Hermit.....	Desperate.....
	Domini.....		
	Daffodil.....	Harlequin.....	Conquest.....
	Centinel.....		
	Cynthia.....	Sultan.....	Blameless.....
	Babylon.....		

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

THE FISH-WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

He that with injury is griev'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is sillier than a sordid chouse,
Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to cunning men,
To help him to his goods agen;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain. HUD.

SCENE.—*The front of a Police-office.*

WELL Bet! how did you come on? how have you settled it?

"O! you never see such a place in your life as it is, Sall; there is that pock-fretted fellow with a flower in his mouth, that stands at the door there, he threatened just now to have me lock'd up for my impudence: says I, 'If you can find me a better lodging than I have now, I shall be much obliged to you, for I can assure you,' says I, 'mine is but a poor one at present; just so.'—And because I could'nt treat the rascal with brandy, as the other did, he told the justice as how I was a common nuisance.—O, you never see such a place in your life as it is!

"Says I, 'your worship, this publican, lives in Dark-house lane; and because I would'nt pay him twice over for my gin, he beat me about the head with a pewter pot, and push'd me out of doors into the mud; just so,' says I.—Says the Justice, says he, 'where is your witnesses?' Says I, 'my wounds and bruises are my witnesses, your worship, for I can't afford to bring any others here, your worship,' says I, just so, as I may say to

you, Sall. And the publican said, as how I palted mud at him, and as how, I slapt his chops with a stinking mackrel, he did.

"So," says the Justice, says he, "though this man is the *publican*, I believe you are the *sinner*!" and then he laughed at me, he did, and told me to "go and discharge the warrant." "Then," says I, "is nobody to give me satisfaction for the assault, and the loss of my bonnet," says I, "but I see plain enough, that justice is bought and sold here, as well as sprats is at Billingsgate; just so," says I.—O! you never see such a place in your life, as it is, Sall!"

John Morris Flindall.

THE IRISHMAN AND LANTHORN.

By the same.

IN the dark reign of midnight Pat. knock'd at his door,

All elated, to find he'd escap'd through the moor.

"My terrors have left me!" in tears said his bride,

"But what's that I see dangles close by your side?"

"Why, this bright silver guide, got me safe through the flood,

But my hat and my shoes are both left in the mud."

"Ah! honey, your wisdom shall live in renown,

For 'tis better to buy a new lanthorn than drown."

But," says she, "you're bespatter'd in pitiful plight,

Did the wind or the water, Pat, put out your light?"

"The light! by St. Patrick, that bitch of block tin,

When this lanthorn he made, never put the light in!"

G

THE

THE RECONCILIATION.

As Robin came whistling down the green hill,

Fair Anna, his darling, came tripping in view;

He kiss'd, but she cried, and press'd on to the mill,

" Begone from my presence; ah! do, Robin, do!"

" There's Peggy and Patty partake of your care;

Your promise is faithless, your heart is untrue;

With the girl of your choice you was seen at the fair;

Begone from my presence, now do, Robin, do."

He kiss'd her again, and the ring he display'd,

Says he—" The dear token, I vow, is for you;

Next Sunday to church will I lead you, dear maid."

She blush'd, as she falter'd, " ah! do, Robin, do!"

THE late splendid capture of five of the enemy's best frigates being the topic of conversation, an Irish gentleman quaintly observed, " By —, it is no wonder that the English should sweep the seas, when they get all their brooms ready made."

AT a public dinner a few days ago, at Plymouth, the Right Worshipful the Mayor gave the following sentiment:—" May the hides of Buenos Ayres be speedily tanned in England." The company being numerous, before it reached the bottom of the table, the words degenerated into—" May the hide of Buonaparte be speedily tanned in England."

A LITTLE man who went once to see O'Brien, the Irish giant, was very impertinent in his questions; which, however, were answered with

civility; but as the little son of Æsculapius was leaving the room, the giant followed him, and desired the money-receiver to return him his shilling, adding, " that he had been as much entertained with his littleness as that gentleman could have been with his greatness."

OLD Musty had married a modish young flirt,

Who calling one holiday morn for her shirt,

" Why, how now," quoth Musty, " what say you," quoth he,

" What, do you wear a shirt, Moll?"—" Be sure, Sir," quoth she,

" All women wear shirts."—" Nay," quoth he, " then, I trow,

What has long been a riddle is plain enough, now;

For, when women wear shirts, it can lack no great gifts,

To discern why their husbands are put to their shifts.

REPARTEE in a sand-cart.—A sand-merchant a few mornings ago was bawling out " red sand!" so forcibly as to awaken a *bagman*, who, popping his head from an inn window, passionately exclaimed:—" What the D——! does the fellow mean by disturbing people with his noise?"—When the sandman, who was waiting for his boy, then carrying out an order, coolly answered—" I'm only waiting for my—traveller."

A POOR cobbler was lately charged with heel-tapping a shoe for a customer on a Sunday. He acknowledged the charge, but said that if he did not sometimes break the Sabbath, the Sabbath would break him.

MR. Sheridan is as facetious as ever. Last week, passing through Pall Mall, he called in at Kelly's, the singer and composer. In the course

course of conversation, Mr. Kelly, who it seems is accused by his enemies of being a great plagiarist from the musical productions of foreign countries, intimated his intention of commencing wine-merchant, an occupation which the extensiveness of his acquaintance would necessarily render lucrative; but he observed that he did not know how to reconcile the practice of two employments so dissimilar. "Oh," exclaimed Mr. Sheridan, "I'll tell you how to obviate that difficulty:—Put up a large board, with these words painted on it—"*Music imported, and wines composed, by Michael Kelly!*"

Mr. Sheridan being asked whether he thought Mr. O'Brien was right in his assertion, that many thousands of the electors of Westminster would vote for the Duke of Northumberland's *Porter*, were he put up, coolly replied—"No; my friend O'Brien is wrong; but they might for Mr. Whitbread's *porter!*"

THE pun accidental.—An Irish bricklayer, a few days ago, in Manchester, while at work, making an arch in an upper room, talking of his ability as a workman, exclaimed—"I would'nt give a spalpeen for a man that couldn't go quickly through his work!" At that moment the arch failed, and the honest fellow literally went *through his work*, we are happy to add, unhurt.

A CERTAIN medical gentleman, to whom a celebrated treatise on the art of *dissecting a goose* is generally attributed, was discoursing lately on the subject of the Vaccine Inoculation; and conceiving his auditory might be ignorant of the etymology of the word "*Vaccine*," informed them with all the

seeming dignity of a scholar, that it was derived from "*Vaccus*," which in Latin was a *cow*. "Excuse me, Sir," interrupted a gentleman present, "that is certainly a *bull!*"

THE following is an extract from an advertisement in the Belfast News Letter.—"*Suffy O'Neil, otherwise Suffy Cormican, my wife hath done evil, in that she hath withdrawn herself from me. However, since it is so, she may now do as she pleases; I will take care of myself. And I hereby caution the public that I will not pay any debts she may contract, of course they had better not trust her any thing.—Given under my hand.*"

Henry O'Neil, ✕ his mark.

OUR shop-keepers seem to have very different views of what articles may be wanted at Buenos Ayres; one advertises complete *barrel organs*, while his opposite neighbour recommends excellent *barrelled oysters*.

A MAHOMETAN writer, speaking of the different sects of his religion, says—"All sectaries are different, because they spring from men; but morality is the same throughout, because *it flows from God*."

A MODERN fabulist has introduced a dialogue between a magpie and a goose. The former reproaches the latter with stupidity—"It is true," said the goose, "I don't *chatter* so much as you, mistress Mag, but I write more."

MARIA Anne Victoire, of Bavaria, the Dauphiness of France, was a woman of wit. Louis XIV. said to her one day—"You never told me, Madam, that you had a sister,

the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, who is very beautiful." "It is true, Sire," answered the Dauphiness, I have a sister who is the *handsomest* of the family, but I am the *happiest* of it."

EXTRAORDINARY ACTOR.

LO! here is a player of uncommon merit—

He always plays best when he plays *without spirit*.

BONAPARTE TO THE JEWS.

YOUR *promis'd land* to you I'll give,
Bring me your goods and money;
Lo! *France* shall be your *Palestine*,
My words your *milk and honey*!

THE Green Man.—Brighton, October 18.—The general ridicule which the extravagant manners and costume of Mr. Coape, distinguished as the Green Man, excited here, is changed to pity; as his eccentricities have now been proved to have originated in mental derangement. About six o'clock yesterday morning Mr. Coape, for such, I believe, is his name, was perceived lying on the summit of the wall built at the base of the Cliff to prevent the encroachments of the water there, opposite to his lodgings, No. 11, Marine Parade. A person soon after descended to him, and found that he was much hurt, as he had obviously let himself down from the margin of the cliff, a depth of many feet, to the place where he was discovered. On being conveyed to his lodgings, on examination, it was found that he had received a deep wound on the head, many severe bruises about the body, and broke one of the small bones of his foot. His having escaped with life is considered as almost a miracle, as it is supposed that ere he took the leap from the margin of the cliff

he had previously sprung from his one-pair of stairs drawing-room window into the road, though at what precise hour has not been ascertained. The unfortunate gentleman has been quite delirious since yesterday morning, though I do not learn that any apprehensions are entertained for his life. Every body speaks in the most feeling manner of his misfortune; and the shafts of ridicule will never, in this quarter, be levelled at him again.

A WILD DOG.

MR. EDITOR,—As I had heard frequent complaints from the neighbouring farmers of a strange dog, which had done much damage to their flocks, I was induced to go out in pursuit of him. I accordingly on Monday October the 6th went out with my gun in my hand to some woods about four miles and a half from Pomfret, and having walked about for near two hours, I saw a black and white dog come up to me about as big as a large fox-hound, I waited for him, and stayed till he had smelt all round me, and walked off from me a little way to a cart, which was going to Pomfret market with a load of butchers' meat; I then followed him, when I saw him with great ferocity leap into the cart, and return with a leg of mutton, which he laid down, and then leaped up again and brought a leg of pork towards me and descended a place, which only appeared like common ground, being covered with furze, he then returned to look for the mutton, which I had removed and which when he missed, he foamed at the mouth, seemed very angry, but returned to his cavern, where he stayed for about ten minutes, all which time I was attentively watching

watching his coming up, with the muzzle of my gun close to the hole where he descended, and as I heard him coming up, I discharged my piece, which struck him on the breast and killed him. When I and some friends went the next day to this place, we found it about six feet long and three feet high, where we found several skins and the bones of dead sheep, which this surprising animal had lived on some time. Your's, &c.

A. SMITHSON.

Pontefract, Oct. 15th.

LOTTERY, DREAMS, &c.

MR. EDITOR,—I am sure if you are as knowing a one as I take you to be, you will be able to inform me, how I may be certain of success in chusing a number in the Lottery to *buy* or to *insure* upon.

For these many years I have been accustomed to purchase every year an *eight* in the lottery, and to do a little in the way of insuring, during the whole time while the tickets were drawing, I was careful to choose those which were reckoned the *luckiest numbers*. I attended to all my *dreams* and never failed to take the opinion of my neighbours in regard to their meaning: if I dreamed of a leg of mutton I considered it as the figure 6 or 9, and insured accordingly; if I dreamed of a coach and six, a pound of candles, a dozen bottles of gin, a house and garden at Pimlico, a red nose, a gouty limb, a dish of sprats, or a gooseberry tart, I used still to find out from the subjects of my dream some number that would make me mistress of twenty thousand pounds. I once consulted that great astrologer Dr. Sybil; and since, more than one or

two cunning women. If ever a neighbour in whom I could have confidence advised me to *insure upon this or that number* as a fortunate one, I gladly followed their advice.

After all this, Sir, would you believe it? I have never gained even a ten thousand pound prize; in insuring I have been strangely unlucky, just after I had given up a particular number, that number has been drawn a capital prize, so that if I had but persevered it would have made my fortune; when I have for many days, renewed my insurance for a prodigious great sum upon a number, the number has to my bitter disappointment, been drawn a blank or a prize directly contrary to the terms of my insurance.

But after all, Sir, I am convinced that if I had interpreted my dreams truly, if my neighbours had been as skilful as they pretended, if the cunning women had not imposed upon me, and the astrologer had not been an old woman, I could not but have been successful. Jane the journeyman shoemaker's wife, pawned every rag she had, to procure money to purchase a sixteenth of a number she had dreamed of, and actually got above a thousand pounds. Many a ten thousand has been got by the skilful choice of a lottery ticket, therefore I wish to be informed by you or some of your correspondents what *number* I must purchase to get a twenty thousand, and how to understand my dreams so as to be rightly directed by them in my insurance. In complying with this request you will exceedingly oblige, Sir,

Your humble servant,

LETITIA LUCKLESS.

Whitechapel, Nov. 3.

PEDIGREE

PEDIGREE of a Poet's Horse.—Young Pegasus was got by Orontophitus, belonging to the tutelary saint of England, on which he slew the fiery dragon; his dam, Pansophia, that beat the famous *Veni, vidi, vici*, Mare, of Julius Cæsar; his grandsire Bucephalus, his master Alexander of Macedon, who with him beat the globe, and at his death built the city Bucephala, near Hydraspes, to his memory; his grandam Laïs, that won immense sums at Corinth; his great grand sire Bellerophonisibus, which Bellerophon run against the Chimæra, and beat hollow; his great grand dam Semiramis, that distanced the Persian Cyrus on the plains of Persepolis; his great great grand sire Bosphorus run against time in the *Via Lactis*, but Jupiter betting considerably against him, sent a gad-fly to sting him, and threw his rider; his great great grand dam after winning many plates, was the principal hunter in Actæon's stables; his great, great, great, grand sire the off-stallion in Phæton's car; his great, great, great, grand dam Avis, that won a flying match against Priam of Troy; his great, great, great, great grand sire Pegasus Volatus, generated from the blood of Medusa, and for his swiftness was made a constellation.—*Pegasus æthere summo agit pinnas et sidere gaudet.*

A FOREIGNER, who had lately travelled through England, observed on his return, that he had met with few castles in his tour—"No," said an Englishman who was present, "our finest castles are on the sea."

A GENTLEMAN, whose lady produced a fine boy six months after marriage, applied to a physician to

account for this expedition. "Make yourself easy," answered the doctor, "this very often happens in the case of the *first child*—but never afterwards."

THE Cardinal Aquaviva complained to Pope Leo X. that Michael Angelo, in his fine picture of the *last day*, had placed him in *hell*: "If the painter," said his Holiness, "had placed your Eminence in *purgatory*, I could have released you; but as to *hell*, my power does not extend so far."

COMIC PUN.—A gentleman was conversing with Mr. Blanchard, in Bow-street, yesterday; at the moment a Mr. Spring passed and bowed.—"Pray," said the Comedian, "is that the new box office keeper of Drury-lane?" "*Ecce homo*," was the reply; "there's Bow-street Latin for you." "Oh, no!" rejoins the son of Thespis, placing his finger and thumb under his left ear—"Exit *homo* is Bow-street Latin."

THE Retort appropriate.—A gentleman in the Rules of the King's Bench was lately subpoenaed in a cause as a witness; when the first address of a *pert* Counsel to him was—"I believe, Sir, you are in the Rules of the King's Bench?" To which the witness replied:—"You, Sir, I know to be out of the Rules of Decency, by your question, as not being relative to what I am come to answer."

SPORTING Phrases affected in a religious Controversy.—The author of a pamphlet lately addressed to a preacher named M'Culla begins as follows:

"You will easily perceive by the following letter, that our acquaintance had scarcely commenced, when

an old and frequently-run fox, attempted to break the same, by creeping into my little fold, to commit his nocturnal depredations.— But as the sheep-cot is strongly guarded with gins, traps, nooses, pits, snares, and nets of various construction, with other weapons wielded by valiant defenders, because of fear in the night, Cant. iii. 8, old Reynard happened to be taken.— His stench being as that of a pole-cat, or of a he-goat, he was so nauseous, that the young lambs began to bleat for the mother's protection, and the old sheep to stamp with their feet, &c. &c."

It is not less singular that this versatile declaimer, in the conclusion of his pamphlet, adopts a seaman's stile, and tells his antagonist that as he, the latter, "appears to be fore-ordained to steer among these ingulphing quicksands, he, foreseeing the evil that awaits, shall hard-a-weather, and sheer off."

ELECTIONEERING Intelligence extraordinary.—At a meeting of the inhabitants of an Eastern District, at the Puss-in-Boots, White-cross-street, Gilbert Ironside, Esq. in the chair.

It was unanimously resolved— That Dr. Packwood should be requested to represent the County of Leather.

Dr. Packwood, in a neat speech, thanked the gentlemen for the honour intended, and observed that his principles were independent. He wished to promote health and long life; and, by his improvements in manufacturing *shoes and boots* he had attained that end. He then appealed to the Chairman, (an athletic man) whether the vigour of his constitution had not been preserved by wearing his impenetrable

Boots and Shoes; and, added he, you will scarcely find a representative more interested in your corporeal welfare than I shall be. This speech was received with loud applause and the meeting adjourned.

UNMARRIED Ladies.—The delicate and restrained condition that custom has long imposed upon females, subjects them to great disadvantages; a lady of extensive connections offers to obviate these impediments; she is enabled to unite those she deems worthy of her assistance to suitable persons; and pledges herself to a confidence and secrecy so inviolate, that the parties may be affianced without discovering by what means the marriage was affected. Apply or address to Mrs. M. &c. &c. &c.

THE KING.

A GOOD subject to treat,
You're at no loss to meet,
In England, which millions displays:
There's our King—you'll say he
No subject can be,
Unless its a subject for praise.

Agricultural aids
Proves our King of Spades;
Britain's wealth, King of Diamonds im-
parts;
To our foes, sorry scrubs,
He'll prove King of Clubs;
But at home always prove King of
Hearts.

These four honours in hand,
His game sure to stand,
Though our foes to bravade him don't
stick;
But his volunteer guards
Are so many trump cards,
To shew Bonaparte the odd trick.

A FEW days ago, a coach came in contact with the wheels of a cart loaded with brooms. The collision took place at Charing Cross,

Cross, and the carter making no effort to extricate his cart from the wheels of the hackneyman, the coachman became enraged, and swore he would draw the cart to the Parliament-house. "Do," says the carter, "the brooms will be of some use there, for it is a d—d dirty place."

A RICH citizen lately deceased, left each of his two daughters, as their fortunes, their weight in £1 Bank notes; and on being put into the scale, the eldest weighed seven stone 2lb, and the youngest eight stone. The eldest, in consequence, became possessed of a fortune amounting to £51,200; and the youngest, being the heaviest, to £57,344.—It was ascertained on the following scale:—Thirty-two Bank notes, of £1 each, weigh an ounce avordupois; 512 notes will therefore weigh a pound; 51,200 notes will weigh seven stone two pounds, or a hundred pounds; and 57,344 notes will weigh 112 pounds, or eight stone.

CRUELTY TO BRUTES.

A MAN of kindness, to his beast is kind;
But brutal actions shew a brutal mind.
Remember—He who made thee made thy brute;
Who gave thee speech and reason, form'd him mute.
He can't complain; but God's omniscient eye
Beholds thy cruelty—He hears his cry.
He was design'd thy servant and thy drudge;
But know—that his Creator is thy Judge!

DUEL Extraordinary!—At Alnwick, some days ago, a duel was intended to be fought between a *puerile* son of Esculapius and a *lean* carcase butcher, both eminent competitors for the prize of liber-

tinism.—This wonderful instance of courage originated at one of their nightly meetings of drunkenness and debauchery, about the natural and acquired powers of one of their inseparable associates, a *terrier dog*. Neither of our opponents being skilled in argument, and one of them disputing the natural powers of their *common friend*, a blow was the consequence. Our *heroes* materially differing in point of size, it was thought fit, and *heroically* fixed on, not to end the quarrel on any consideration, but with the loss of life: nay, they were so *resolutely determined* to die, that on the night previous to the duel, they went about proclaiming that their resolution was irrevocable! We accordingly find them in the morning, accompanied by their seconds, proceeding to the place of intended bloodshed. After the usual business preceding such awful determinations, the *inflexible heroes* took their places, and prepared to precipitate each other into eternity, when, on a sudden, their bodies were shaken, their limbs distorted, and their very natures appeared changed; in fine, the heroes were converted into *cowards*, and the contents that were designed to send them to *heaven*, were amicably *discharged into the air!!!*

AN honest publican in a village on the banks of the Thames, having re-opened a house known by the sign of the East-India-House, has thought proper to have the following words, "*The East-India-House reformed*," painted over his door in large letters. Nothing beyond a little petty plundering, or some insignificant squabbles among a few women of the town, could have given rise to the *reform* thus announced; which does not by any means al-

lude

lude to another Public House whose owners the great Earl of Chatham, who must have been a poor shallow-brained politician, compared with his son, called, "the lofty plunderers in Leadenhall-street.

— A BRACE OF FASHIONABLES.

MOUNTED aloft, the wonder of his age,
With hackney-coachmen furious war to wage;

Six swandown waistcoats swathe him in-
to shape,

His legs all buckskin, and his coat all
cape;

With manners, looks, and language such,
you'd swear

His tutor had been Piccadilly's Bear.

When most contemptible most hoping
praise,

And only envious of the groom he pays;
Four dappled greys in front, behind, three

men,
Down Bond-street dashing, to dash up

again;
Then only in his height and pomp of
pride,

When girl or gambler's seated by his
side;

Driving by day, dicing by night his
passion,

Such is the modern man of high-flown
fashion!

Such are the scions sprung from Runnymede!

The richest soil that bears the rankest
weed!

Potatoe-like, the sprouts are worthless
found,

And all that's good of them is under
ground.

Of pride one single sketch in crayons
more.

Behold her torch! hark! thunder strikes
the door;

The carriage stops; the footmen make a
lane,

The feathers stoop, and enter Lady Jane;
Perfect in how d'ye do, drop, bob, and

bow,

Curtseys, my friends, are out of fashion
now.

First to his Grace, next to the next of
birth,

She none forgets—save genius, wit, and
worth;

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Whom if she marks, 'tis with a modish
stare,

To ask who knows them; or how came
they there?

Now at the Bank, in anti-chamber kept,
Where Pharaoh's host twelve tedious

hours had slept,
She seats herself, like palpitating lover

Eager the last night's losses to recover.
No sense of virtue, dignity, or shame,

Her greatest pride, her knowledge of the
game;

That pride most piqu'd, most mortified
to see,

A Nabob's wife stake larger sums than
she;

And now three anxious hours have slept
away,

Three hundreds have been lost in pid-
ling play.

No luck for her! Aloud fresh cards she
calls,

Her passions rising, as her pocket falls;
She punts; again she loses, and again!

Oaths quiver on her lip! she names the
ten.

Stung to the soul, a desperate set she
makes,

Till e'en the winning banker deals and
quakes.

Ghastly she pants; with horror in her
eye,

To be the first the fatal card to spy;
The fatal card is turn'd, and ends the

reign
Of fashion, folly, pride, and Lady Jane.

Nov. 1806. J. J. B.

AN Odd Fellow.—The crowds who assembled at Doncaster during the races, which have just finished, were very much amused by an eccentric character, who appeared upon the course in a carriage of his own construction, tied together with thongs, drawn by mules, and in every respect so contrived as to elude taxation. It is far from being an inelegant vehicle, and an artist at Doncaster has made a sketch of it, which might be valuable to a speculating coachmaker.—This odd fellow was originally a tanner, and boasts of having tanned the hide of a late Duke, who was hung for the

H

the

the murder of his female servant. Among other whimsicalities he has made a will, in which he orders, that, on his death, his body shall be attended to the grave by twelve *old maids (if so many can be found)*, who shall have reached the age of seventy; and who can swear to their being *true virgins!* to each of these a small legacy is allotted.

THE following is a literal copy of an order to the governor of a Workhouse to admit a pauper:—
“Sir, you will please to admit the “Barer which is *unseen*.”—It may be necessary to say, that the latter word is meant for *insane*.

WE must insert one more of the “miseries of human life,” and pray observe the quotation:—

“As you are walking with your charmer—meeting a drunken sailor, who, as he staggers by you, ejects his reserve of tobacco against the lady’s drapery.”

This is too much, the *scholar* replies, and adds—

“Ne Quid nigh miss!”

THE Monotroche,—A most curious sort of gig, called a *Mono-troché*, from its having only one wheel, was exhibited in Bond Street, the 24th inst. where it attracted an immense crowd of spectators. The wheel consists of one nave, with two rims, upon a three-foot axletree, the spokes inserted from the nave alternately into each rim. From the shortness of the axle-tree, the carriage is evidently exposed to the danger of over-setting; but to guard against any accident of this kind, there is at each extremity of the axle-tree, an

iron scythe, within three inches of the ground, to answer as a *fulcrum*, in case of any great inclination to either side. This carriage thus armed with a *scythe*, is, probably, intended for the use of that class of physicians, described by Addison, in the following line:—

“Some *slay* in chariots, some on foot.”

BAKER rob Baker.—Very lately, as a journeyman baker left his basket before a gentleman’s house in Rotherhithe, while serving some customers, one of his own fraternity left an empty basket, and took away that which was full of bread. This sort of exchange created a deal of confusion in the place, the man running in every direction for the recovery of his master’s property, when a boy directed him to pursue a man, who was running fast towards the water side; the latter, however, took boat, by which he eluded detection. The loss to the journeyman was upwards of 50s. besides his accounts, which were of more considerable value, as there were a great number of *dead men* among the *iotas*.

An accident of rather a ludicrous nature having occurred to that able and constitutional lawyer, T. Kendal Bushe, Esq. Solicitor General in Ireland, the floor of a necessary having given way under him, Mr. Curran, in a few days afterwards addressed a note to him, directed—“To the Right Honourable T. K. Bushe.” Mr. Bushe, on meeting Mr. Curran, asked him why he had directed his note as above.—“Why,” replied Mr. Curran, “I heard you had been made a *privy* counsellor.”

PARISIAN

PARISIAN EQUESTRIANISM.

THE horse-races lately at the Champ de Mars, (see an account of them in our last Number, page 4,) has inspired the favourites of the French Amazons with a taste for riding; all are ambitious of riding by their side as knowingly as Franconi. They are all anxious to ride in the English mode; but not knowing how to seize the motion of the horse, they fatigue themselves, and make the spectators laugh, by their convulsive springs; the Bois de Bologne is their Olympic career. Some years since, foolish jockies used to shear off the ears of their horses; at present it is the mane they shave; they put shining wax on their hoofs; they will soon powder them.

It is difficult to know whether the young men are more anxious to make a parade of their *nags* or their *belles*, but they seem most pleased with their horses, from the pleasure with which they appear to caress them, and the attention they pay them.

This reminds us of a *petite-maitre*, who was very fond of horse-racing and actresses' suppers. He was asked which he idolized most, girls or horses? After a moment's pause, he answered—"I love women best, but I have most esteem for horses."

It is said that the greater part of these cavaliers ride on borrowed horses; and that all those elegant horsemen cut the air with the swiftness of an arrow, in order to ride away the debauch of the evening. The lacquey, who often belongs no more to the cavalier than the horse, follows with sad countenance, his master, in the morning, and waits impatient for the end of the course. On the whole, there

are few fiery coursers; a species of English short tail, and short ears, worn out with age and famine, make up a great part of their Anglomaniacs. They fancy themselves good horsemen, take their stiff positions for graces, and admire their own dexterity in the midst of their courses; but whether they walk, trot, canter, or gallop, they have always an awkward appearance.

But what is most singular is, that the women and young men stop suddenly in the very midst of their course; and when the sun has hours to run, quit the exercise and pure air, for heated saloons, where they go to hear music, not with the intention of listening, but anxious to find some one to whom they may talk of their riding, which is the greatest pleasure the rider receives from it.

EQUESTRIAN TOURNAMENT

OR

DUEL ON HORSE-BACK

A SHORT time since some people were highly entertained on the Prescott road, with an equestrian tournament, or duel on horse-back, between two young gentlemen of Liverpool. Their weapons were not lances, agreeable to the ancient mode of tilting, but whips, which they exercised with admirable dexterity, till rendering cut for cut, one of them gave up the contest, seemingly perfectly content with the share of satisfaction he had received.

The above kind of duelling we recommend to all men of honour, in preference to pistoling, fencing, or boxing; and wish to establish it as a law, that all duellists and pugillists, agreeing to fight for pro-

figures, I soon became a skilful calculator, knew all the odds, when an advantage offered, and, on the contrary, how to hedge off a bet; so that I was the most successful player in the club. Absorbed in the idea of accumulating wealth, I did not chuse to lay out sixpence on any other amusement but the hazard table. Anxiety, however, when I was there, prevented my being amused at it; it was avarice solely that possessed me. One of our party, whose name was Beetham, sent me one day a card of invitation, to drink tea that afternoon at his chambers in the Temple. I went, and found him with a couple of very agreeable ladies. He took me out, and told me that they were a couple of high girls in great keeping, who could only now and then steal out for an hour; that they visited him for a frolic; had a mind to be jolly that evening, and keep it up; and that he had sent for me to make one of the party. I thanked him for the favour, and we returned to the ladies. I had lost all wish for women, my whole desire being absorbed in a box and dice: but the wine flew about briskly, the women were in high spirits, talked lively, sung prettily, and were in person so charming, that I became really enamoured of one of them, and we agreed to make an excursion together for three or four days. Things of this sort are not more eagerly proposed than embraced: post-chaises were hired, and we all four set out for Windsor. This excursion lost my lady her keeper. That loss, however, sat very lightly upon her; she snapped her fingers when she received the letter, called him scrub, and swore she would live with me upon bread and water.

I now began to dislike my master's; was seldom at home; had letters out of the country filled with remonstrances, all of which, however, I never condescended to answer.

Had our meetings at hazard continued, I don't in the least doubt but that I should have made my fortune; for there were among the members of the club, some very rich young men, and who had a very strong itch for play; but an unfortunate quarrel dissolved it.—A dispute arose between my master's son and one of the company, about a bet. Words grew very high, and, unknown to the rest of the members, after the quarrel was seemingly made up, these two adjourned to a tavern, when about four o'clock, my friend was brought home to his father's speechless, shot through the body, and expired in half an hour afterwards. The agony of the family is not to be described. My master ordered me to be told, so soon as I came home, that as he had lost his only son by a quarrel at a gaming table, and at which he was assured I was a principal, and that I also kept a common woman, he did not think it consistent either with his reputation or interest, to entertain me any longer in his house. I did not think it worth while, to reply to this message, but immediately ordered a coach, packed up my things, and drove to my girl's lodgings.

I now associated with professed gamblers. I soon knew as much as they did. They dressed well, lived gay, and kept the best company; so did I. Every thing went on glibly; I could play with the most noted gamesters.

To be continued.

THE

THE
LONG TAILED SHARK, OR
THRESHER.

Squalus Vulpes of Linnæus.

IN the evening of the 16th of June, 1805, the mackrel-fishers near Christchurch were surprised on hawling one of their nets, to find in it an animal so large and powerful, that, till it was completely landed, they could not believe it to be any other than a porpoise. It however proved to be a long-tailed shark, which measured in extreme length eleven feet and a half, and in its greatest girth, which was just before the dorsal fin, three feet and a half. It weighed very nearly two hundred pounds.

The muzzle was short, and somewhat pointed; and the mouth, which was by no means large, was situated quite under the head. The teeth were so small, that the largest of the whole scarcely exceeded a quarter of an inch in length. They were triangular, and ranged in three rows in front of the upper, and in four rows in front of the lower jaw. At the sides of the mouth, both above and below, there were only two rows. The lower teeth were much sharper than the others, and their points had an inclination towards the snout. The tongue was remarkably hard. The nostrils were somewhat in the shape of an *Italic S*; they were about half an inch asunder, situated in front of the mouth, and about two inches from the eyes. The eyes were within four inches of the extremity of the muzzle. On each side of the body, and situated near the base of the pectoral fins, were the five branchiæ or breathing apertures. The fins were hard, cartilaginous,

and smooth. The first dorsal fin was nearly equi-distant betwixt the nose and the origin of the tail. It was an amazingly firm and strong fin, of a triangular shape, and nearly equilateral: it stood perfectly upright, and could not be closed upon the back like the dorsal fins of most other fish. The second dorsal fin was situated near the origin of the tail: it was very small, and sharp-pointed, but not spinous. The anal fin was situated immediately under this, and was about the same size. The ventral fins were almost united at their base, and they extended backward in a direction parallel to each other. The tail was extremely remarkable: its upper lobe had much the shape of a sabre, and was six or seven times the length of the lower lobe. The former, in the individual that I am describing, was not more than two inches in depth, and one-third of an inch at the extremity. Its lower edge was thin, and every part of it had a surprising degree of strength, firmness, and elasticity. To the touch it was nearly as hard as the stoutest leather, but it was much more elastic. The skin of the body was very smooth when the hand was passed along it in a direction from the head to the tail; but when it was rubbed the contrary way, a slight degree of roughness was to be felt. The lateral line was straight, and extended from the head to within a little distance of the end of the tail.

All the upper parts of the body were of a cinereous blue colour, which, when the animal was first taken out of the water, had some resemblance to the bloom on a fresh gathered plumb. The under parts were white, but spotted here and there with patches of ash-colour.

On pressing the body with the fingers,

fingers, the flesh felt soft and elastic, almost as if there had been blubber immediately beneath the skin.

The above animal was one of three which had followed the same shoal of mackrel. It had been entangled in one of the mackrel nets a few evenings before it was caught, but it broke its way through and escaped.

When this creature was a second time entangled, it did not struggle much till the net grounded; but it then beat about the water and sand in the most violent manner imaginable. As soon as the men were able to approach near enough, they stunned it by beating it about the head with pieces of wood; but in spite of all their efforts, I saw it alive the next morning, and the marks of their blows were not then visible.

There has not, in the memory of man, been seen on this coast any shark of the present species so large as this.

Some years ago a few individuals were caught, but none of them were bigger than a tolerable-sized salmon. They generally follow the shoals of mackrel and herrings, on which they chiefly feed, and among which they sometimes commit such havoc, as entirely to drive them away from the shores they had approached. The fishermen consequently hold them in great detestation.

The mouth and the teeth of the long-tailed shark are so small, that I know not how to credit the general notion that it will frequently attack, overcome, and devour, that strong and active animal the grampus. Several seamen, however, at different times, have asserted to me that they have seen the two animals engaged in combat. If this is fact,

there can be little doubt that the grampus has been the offender, and that the shark has merely acted on the defensive. It has certainly sufficient power to defend itself against the onset of the grampus, since a stroke of its tail must be very violent, and this is the weapon it always employs against its foes. I have heard sailors declare, that a blow from this weapon may sometimes be heard in a still and calm night to the distance of nearly a league.

It has been generally said that the long-tailed shark is very unpleasant to approach on account of the fetid odour which issues from its body. In the individual above-mentioned there was not, however, any unpleasant smell whatever. Even when the body was opened the smell was not more offensive than what might be supposed to issue from the opening of any large animal. The flesh was firm and white, and, as I was informed, by no means bad eating.

The heart was triangular, and small. The liver consisted of two unequal lobes, of which the longest was about two feet and a half in length: it appeared to contain a very considerable quantity of oil. The œsophagus was wide, and the stomach small, but peculiarly muscular. On the interior coat of the stomach there were numerous small and whitish globules. The intestines were short. The gall bladder was large, and situated at the division of the lobes of the liver. The diaphragm was triangular, and the kidneys were blackish. The five branchiæ on each side the body were long, and attached to seven strong cartilages, which were very visible through the skin.

The following were the exact dimensions of this animal.

From

From the extremity of the muzzle to the end of the tail	11	6
Greatest girth, which was in front of the first dorsal fin	3	6
From the extremity of the muzzle to the base of the first dorsal fin	2	6
From the extremity of the muzzle to the base of the second dorsal fin ..	4	8
From the extremity of the muzzle to the upper part of the origin of the tail.	5	9
From the extremity of the muzzle to the base of the pectoral fins	1	5
From the extremity of the muzzle to the base of the ventral fins	3	7
From the extremity of the muzzle to the origin of the tail, beneath	5	6
Length of the base of the first dorsal fin	0	9
Height of this fin	1	0
Length of the pectoral fins	1	7
Length of the ventral fins	0	8
Girth of the body near the tail	1	3½
Length of the tail	5	10
From the point of the lower lobe perpendicularly to the upper part of the tail	1	2

WM. BINGLEY.

Christchurch, Hants, 1806.

HOW TO LEAP FROM A CARRIAGE.

AS so many accidents continually happen from the destructive expedient of leaping from the side of an open carriage while the horses are running away with it,

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Mr. Conant, in a letter dated Great Marlborough, September 17, attempts to determine how far it may be safe, in such cases, to leap from the back of the vehicle:—

“In the following calculation, setting aside the resistance of the air, I suppose a young man, for it is a young practice to put an unruly horse to a carriage, able to spring two feet perpendicularly against the force of gravity; but in falling one second, he, in common with all bodies, would acquire a velocity of thirty-two feet per second, and have fallen through a space of sixteen feet: and the spaces described being as the squares of the velocities, a man, in falling two feet, acquires a velocity of eleven feet per second, and this equals the velocity with which he first springs from the ground.

“Suppose the carriage is moving at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and a man springs from the back of it at an angle of about 40° from the horizon, with a force as above, equal to about eleven feet per second; this force, estimated horizontally, will be about nine feet per second; and the effort of the air, so far from resisting, will be in favour of the horizontal projection: this nine feet per second, or six miles per hour, deducted from the twelve miles, leaves six miles per hour for the actual horizontal velocity of the man after his leap, which the force of the air will somewhat lessen; and this, with the accelerating force of gravity, will carry him downward in the projectile curve; and whatever may be the height of the vehicle, he will come to the ground with nearly the same force as if he had leaped from it while he was standing still, only that he will fall in an opposite direction, and must take care to

I throw

throw himself in such a position, that he does not fall backwards when he touches the ground.

"From the result of this calculation, a person run away with in an open carriage, may judge how far this mode of escaping will be preferable as to safety. For instance, if a gig be hung so low as to be an easy leap when standing still, he will probably receive little injury by leaping out of it when it is going at the rate of fifteen, or perhaps even sixteen miles an hour, but not more. If he venture to jump out at the side, the violence with which he would fall to the ground, would be almost double, although the height might not be so great."

THE TRIAL

OF

JOHN O'DONNELL, SAM. CARTER,
AND JOHN GORE.

At the Old Bailey Sessions.

From the Sessions Paper.

THE above-named persons were indicted for burglariously breaking and entering the dwelling house of Jonathan Kendall, about the hour of nine at night, on the 29th of August, with intent to steal; and burglariously stealing therein, a bank note, value £20; a bank note, value £10; ten bank notes, value £2 each; and ten other bank notes, value £1 each; the property of the said Jonathan Kendall.

Second count.—For the like offence; only stating the house to be the dwelling house of Walter Shepherd.

The case was stated by Mr. Glead.

Martha Woodfaine sworn.—Examined by Mr. Glead.—You live, I believe, with Mr. Jonathan Kendall. A. Yes, he keeps the Worcester coffee house tap.

Q. In what parish is it?—A. St. James's, I believe.

Q. What part of this house does Mr. Kendall inhabit?—A. The cellar: Mr. Walter Shepherd inhabits the upper part of the house.

Q. Is there any communication between that part which Mr. Kendall inhabits, and that part which Mr. Shepherd inhabits?—A. None that I know of.

Q. In order to get into that part which Mr. Kendall inhabits, you go down some steps, which bring you into the lower part.—A. Yes.

Q. When you first come down the steps, what room do you come into?—A. The tap room.

Q. On the left-hand side of the tap room there is a little parlour, which you call the bar?—A. Yes.

Q. Where do you go to on the right?—A. Into a small parlour; there is a door-way which separates the passage from the parlour.

Q. When you are in the parlour, there is a door leading into the bed room?—A. Yes; and the parlour is separated from the bed room by a wainscot.

Q. Is there any door in the wainscot, which separates the one from the other?—A. There is a door leading from the parlour into the bed room.

Q. Has that door got a lock?—A. Yes.

Q. In the bed room, is there a bureau?—A. Yes.

Q. What use does the prosecutor make of that bureau?—A. He puts papers, receipts, and money in it.

Q. You, I believe, have access to that bureau?—A. Yes.

Q. You manage Mr. Kendall's business for him?—Yes.

Q. You

Q. You live with him in point of fact?—A. Yes, I am his house-keeper.

Q. On the 29th of August last, had you occasion to go to that bureau?—A. Yes, about six o'clock in the morning, to the best of my recollection, I went there, I saw the notes; I did not count them over.

Court:—Were there any particular notes?—A. I cannot say to the number; there was a twenty-pound note, a ten-pound note, and a five-pound note, and some one's and two's.

Mr. Gleed.—Do you know the persons of the prisoners at the bar?—A. I know John Gore and John O'Donnell.

Q. Did you see O'Donnell and Gore there on the 29th of August?

—A. Yes, Gore I had seen two or three times in the day.

Q. At what time of the day had you seen Gore first?—A. To the best of my recollection, he was there about ten o'clock in the morning; he came again in the afternoon, but I cannot tell what time. Cuddiford was with him in the morning and in the afternoon. In the evening, I saw Gore and O'Donnell there, about nine o'clock; when O'Donnell came down, Gore was there.

Q. What part of the room did they sit in?—A. Sometimes they sat in the parlour, and sometimes in the tap room; they were drinking together.

Q. Was Cuddiford there?—A. He was drinking with them.

Q. Where were they drinking together?—A. In the tap room.

Q. Which of the three; or all of them, of these names you have mentioned, were in the parlour; was O'Donnell in the parlour?—A. He did go in; he came out directly; Gore went into the parlour; and Cuddiford was in and out of the parlour.

Court.—And Gore the same?—A. Yes.

Mr. Gleed.—Did you or did you not see the other prisoner, Carter, there?—A. No, I did not; I did not know him; he might be there for any thing I know.

Q. You in point of fact did not see him there?—A. No.

Q. Was there any thing particular in the conduct of O'Donnell; if there was, describe it?—A. When he came down stairs, he came singing, laughing, and dancing.

Q. Where was Gore at this time?—A. Gore was sitting there, to the best of my recollection; he was sitting on a chair by the door-way.

Q. You have told us there was a door that led from the parlour into the bed room?—A. Yes.

Q. Did you fasten that door; and at what time?—A. I fastened it when Mr. Kendall went to lie down, about four o'clock, to rest himself. about six o'clock in the afternoon, I locked the door again myself; I am sure I left it fastened; I put my hand against it and tried it; I hung the key up in the bar.

Q. What time did you retire to rest that night?—A. About ten minutes after eleven. I took the key out of the bar, and went to unlock the bed room door, as there was no latch to the door. I found the door open.

Q. It was in a different state to what you had left it, at a quarter after six o'clock?—A. Yes; I went to the bureau, I found it had been forced open.

One of the Jury.—When you first looked at the lock of the bureau, was it sticking up?—A. The bolt was shut, as if it was locked.

Mr. Gleed.—How was the shot of the lock?—A. It was completely up. I opened the little drawers where the notes were; I found they were gone.

Q. Who

Q. Who is Cuddiford?—A. I had seen him frequently at the house, ever since Mr. Kendall has been there.

Q. Was Cuddiford a person that Mr. Kendall ever employed?—A. No.

Q. Then you cannot, of your own knowledge, tell me how Cuddiford was employed in the day?—A. No.

Cross-examined by Mr. Knapp. Q. I understand you to say, that the last time you saw the notes was at six o'clock in the morning; that was quite day light?—A. Yes.

Q. O'Donnell was not in the house till the evening of that day?—A. No.

Q. Cuddiford was there the greatest part of the day, frequently going backwards and forwards from the tap to the parlour?—A. Yes; he had been used to the house for a great length of time before we came there.

Q. So that he knew every room in the house, and every place there?—A. I do not know that.

Q. I mean as far as from the parlour to the tap room and the bed room?—A. Yes.

Q. He knew the house better than these persons that were dancing and drinking there?—A. It was the first time I saw O'Donnell there myself.

Q. And this honest Mr. Cuddiford, that had known the house a great while, he was there a great while in the day-time, and O'Donnell was not there till the evening?—A. No.

Q. You never saw your notes after six o'clock in the morning; Cuddiford was there a great many times in the course of the day; and he was in the bar?—A. I did not see him in the bar.

Q. He had an opportunity of doing it if he had seen fit?—A. Yes.

Q. O'Donnell came in the evening; might not the notes have been lost in the morning, while Mr. Cuddiford was going backwards and forwards, as well as in the evening?—A. I cannot say.

Q. Therefore, for any thing you know, they might have been lost in the morning, when any body was going backwards and forwards, as well as in the evening.—A. Yes.

Q. Therefore, O'Donnell not being there till the evening, the notes might be taken away in the morning by any body disposed so to do, for any thing you know.—A. Yes; but I cannot say.

Q. Mr. Cuddiford, you say, you do not know a great deal of?—A. No.

Q. Do you know any good of him; I am speaking in plain English; do not you know, of your own knowledge, that he is as big a thief as there is in London at this time?—A. I cannot say that; his character is quite a stranger to me.

Mr. Gurney.—How long have you lived there?—A. about three months, to the best of my recollection.

Q. How many rooms are there?—A. A tap room, bar, small parlour, and a bed room.

Mr. Knapp.—Only one bed room?—A. No.

Q. Gore is the son of a respectable baker?—A. I am told so.

Q. You said, that before this robbery took place, he frequented your house for refreshment, as workmen do who frequent your house, as he lived with his father, as you knew before?—A. Yes.

Q. You described some extraordinary singing and dancing in your cellar; did that never happen before?—A. No.

Q. A drunken man dancing and singing! that never happened since you have been under the Worcester coffee

coffee-house; have not you always been of the opinion that O'Donnell was very noisy; have not you always said so?—A. No; I saw him come down the stairs singing, dancing, and smiling.

Q. He made no noise after he came down stairs?—A. No.

Mr. Gleed.—Who kept the key of the bureau?—A. I kept it in my pocket, it was in my possession the whole of the time till I went to bed that night.

Q. You had not parted with it?—A. No.

Q. Who did you see in the tap-room with Gore on other days; who has been his companion?—A. I did not know that he had any companion in particular.

Q. Have you seen him in the tap room with Cuddiford, drinking together?—A. Yes, and I have seen him drinking with any other person that was there.

Jonathan Kendall sworn.—Examined by Mr. Gleed.—You occupy the lower part of the Worcester coffee house in Oxford Road?—A. Yes.

Q. Do you know the persons of the three prisoners at the bar?—A. I do.

Q. Have you seen either of them, and which, on the 29th of August last?—A. They were all three there between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, to the best of my knowledge.

Q. Had you been to your bureau in the course of the day.—A. I had not.

Q. There is no communication between that part of the house you occupy and the part above?—A. No, only down stairs.

Q. Is there any way from that part which you occupy into the coffee room, without going into the street?—A. None.

Court.—There is no communi-

cation between the tap room and the coffee house, but by going into the street?—A. No.

Mr. Gleed.—Therefore you can tell me at what time the door was fastened that leads from the parlour into your bed room.—A. At six o'clock at night.

Q. Did you see it fastened?—A. I did, by Mary Woodfaine, my housekeeper.

Q. As you were in your bed room, did you observe your bed room before you left your bed room?—A. I did not take notice of it.

Q. When had you last taken notice of the bureau?—A. Not since the morning about eight o'clock.

Q. You know Cuddiford very well, how does he get his livelihood?—A. By attending coaches when they come to the warehouse, as a porter.

Q. Did he us'd to wait about there?—A. Yes, he did, he was not employed by any particular person.

Thomas Cuddiford sworn.—Examined by Mr. Gleed.—Q. Where do you live?—A. No. 4, King-street.

Q. How long have you known the prisoner Gore?—A. I have known him these two years or more.

Q. What is Gore?—A. He lives with his father; his father is a baker in Bond-street.

Q. On the 29th of August last did you see him?—A. I did, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning.

Q. Where did you see him on the day before, on the 28th?—A. I met him at the top of the cellar, he was going for some yeast for his father.

Q. Tell me, did any thing pass between Gore and you; and what?—A. He asked me if I would go along

along with him, I told him I would. As we were walking along, I told him that there was some money I thought we might get at; he asked me if I thought so; I told him I did.

Q. Did you give him any reason why you thought so?—A. The people that lived there before Kendall, I had seen them pass in and out to get change there.

Q. Did you tell Gore that?—A. No, he said if I thought so we would try; he thought it would be a good thing for us if we could get it. He asked me if he should see me or meet me the next morning, which day was the 29th of August; he came in the morning, he asked me if I thought any thing more of what we were speaking of yesterday, I told him yes, I thought there was money in the bureau which stood in the bed room, and the key hung up in the bar; he went away and said he would soon come back; he came back about noon, and asked for something to drink at the cellar.

Q. Were you down in the cellar when he came down.—A. I was; he had something to drink, we had some gin and bitters, and so had Kendall and his wife, (she went by the name of Mrs. Kendall.) Soon after that, he asked me for the key of the bed room; I unhooked it, and gave it him.

Q. Where was the key hanging at that time.—A. Inside of the bar; he took the key, he went towards the door, and he brought me back the key again, I hung up the key where I took it from; he was absent with the key about half a minute. After he gave me the key, and I hung it up, he said the door was open; and he said he thought he could do it; he went in, and tried to open the bureau; I heard him say that he had broke

the top of the scissors in the lock, and that he could not open it.—He brought out a cloak, or a black silk handkerchief, I did not know which.

Q. What was done with that?—A. I do not know.

Q. Was it left with you?—A. No, it was never in my hands.

Q. Did any thing further pass between you and Gore at that time?—A. Nothing.

Q. When did you see Gore again. He came down to me at the top of the stairs in the evening, and said that he would go and look for John O'Donnell, I think it was between seven and eight o'clock then; he went away, and I went into Tottenham-court Road with a trunk: when I came back, I went down into the cellar, to get something to eat.

Q. When you were down first in the cellar, at what time did you first see Gore.—A. I think it must be nine, or between nine and ten; he came down just before the other men.

Q. Did you at that time know the persons of the other men.—A. A very slight acquaintance; I never saw but one of them before in my life.

Q. After Gore came, how soon did you see the other prisoners.—A. They came down directly.

Q. That is Carter and O'Donnell.—A. Yes: Sam Carter came down very quick; he went towards the bed room, and John O'Donnell began to jump about the place, and kick up a noise; he sang a song, and broke a pipe; I joined with him, and many more at that time.

Q. Was Carter in the tap room.—A. No, he was in the bed room; I believe Gore was in the doorway, between the tap room and the bed room.

Q. How

Q. How long might this continue?—A. It might be ten minutes or more.

Q. Gore, you said, stood in the door-way between the tap room and the bed room. How long was he gone.—A. He was gone for more than ten minutes.

Q. How long was Carter gone?—A. It might be a quarter of an hour.

Q. You did not see Carter for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour?—A. No.

Q. Where was Mr. Kendall and Mrs. Woodfaine.—A. I cannot say where Mrs. Woodfaine was, Mr. Kendall was sitting by the side of me on a box in the tap room: Sam Carter came into the room, passed very quick through, and ran up stairs, John O'Donnell ran after him, and John Gore ran after him.

Q. What became of you?—A. I was sitting where I was.

Q. How long did you continue sitting where you was?—A. It might be eight or ten minutes; after the eight or ten minutes, John Gore came down stairs, and beckoned me to come up stairs. I went up stairs to him; he told me to come along; I did. Walking down King-street, he told me that they had forty pounds; we were to meet them here, that was the word spoken; we went on, and met them in Carnaby-street, or thereabouts.

Q. Who did you meet in Carnaby-street?—A. Sam Carter and John O'Donnell. When Gore and I met them there, I heard John O'Donnell say that he would go and try to change the twenty pound note; he went away by himself, he was gone for some minutes, he came back, and said he could not change it; we went from there, and called at a public house going along, there we had a pot of por-

ter, some we drank and some we left; after that we went to St. Martin's-street, to a public house there, the sign of the Horse and Dolphin; we all four together went into a room there called the parlour.

Q. Did you have any thing there?—A. Yes, three bottles of wine.

Q. Do you recollect who brought you the wine.—A. I cannot positively say, but I believe it was the landlord; we went from that room to the tap room, and called there for a pot of porter, where they put me down seven guineas, in way of share.

Q. Who put you down the seven guineas?—A. I cannot say whether it was Sam Carter or John O'Donnell. I put it into my pocket.

Q. Before you got the seven guineas, do you know how they were supplied with it?—A. They changed a ten-pound note, and a two-pound note. I believe the landlord brought the change.

Q. Do you know what the landlord brought by way of change?—A. I believe part of it was gold, but I cannot say it was all gold. I believe Sam Carter gave the ten-pound note to John O'Donnell, and John O'Donnell gave it to the landlord.

Q. Who gave the two-pound note.—A. That I do not know.

Q. Did you see more than one note pass.—A. Yes; of what value the other was I do not know.

Q. What time of the night was this?—A. I think it must be between ten and eleven o'clock.—After they gave me the seven guineas, I saw them put down to John Gore seven pound more to him in notes.

Q. Who put that down?—A. It was either Sam Carter or O'Donnell.

nell. I got up, and went out and in at the door twice after that; and the next time I got up, I went away and left them all three there; that is all I saw that evening.

Q. On the next day were you at the cellar?—A. I was, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. I have more to tell. John Gore came to me in the morning of the next day, and asked me if I had been yonder; I was at the Green Man in Bond-street; he asked me if I had been in the cellar, I told him no, I had not; he said he thought it very odd, as I used to go there generally every morning; I told him, I was so very ill, that I did not know I could be any where at all; he said, you mean to be there in the evening, do not you; I told him I would call in the evening if I could, I thought I should call.

Q. Did you call?—A. I did.—When I went down, I saw John Gore; he was in the tap room, and I went into the parlour; I called for four-penny worth of brandy and water: there was a great many people there, but I did not know any other than John Gore. Instead of their bringing me the brandy and water, they brought me four-penny worth of gin and water; after that I saw Gore brought back by the Marlborough-street officers; Foy, and others of the officers, said they wanted Toney and myself. I heard John Gore say, I suppose you want me too. When they were taking us from there, as I was going out of the tap room, I saw Gore's brother, I slid the seven guineas into his hand.

Q. Did Gore's brother take them?—A. Yes, and we were all taken to the public house, the corner of Marlborough-street.

Cross-examined by Mr. Knapp.

Q. When you were brought be-

fore the magistrate you were not set at liberty, I hope?—A. I was not.

Q. You told me that when Sam Carter went into the inner room, Mr. Kendall was sitting close by the side of you?—A. Yes.

Q. Then he must see Carter go into the room?—A. He was sitting at the other end of the room, when he went towards the bed room,

Q. Kendall must see him go towards the room, must he not; he had not lost the use of his eyes?—A. No, I cannot say whether he saw or no.

Q. However, he had an opportunity of doing it. You said they were gone above ten minutes, Kendall sitting by you all the time?—A. Yes.

Q. Seven guineas out of forty pounds was a poor share to you, was it not?—A. It is the first thing of the sort that ever happened to me.

Q. It is not the first time I put this question to you; you know seven guineas is not a share of forty pounds?—A. That is all I had.

Q. It is not a share of forty pounds; you know it to be improper.—A. That was what was given me.

Q. You ought to have had ten pounds.—A. That is all I had.

Q. And that you slipped into Gore's brother's hand afterwards. Before you was taken into custody, you did not tell this story to Mr. Kendall or any body else.—A. I told the officer.

Q. After you was taken up.—A. Yes.

Q. You thought then, man, you were likely to be hanged yourself; did you not; you thought you were in danger yourself?—A. I never did any such a thing before.

Q. Was

Q. Was not that the reason that induced you to tell the story?—A. I told the story voluntarily.

Q. Then you had no fear or any alarm about yourself being tried for this offence? Do you not hear me?—A. Yes.

Q. Am I to understand that you had no fear or alarm upon your mind of being tried for it?—A. No.

Q. Then, you think a man that had been committing an offence of this sort, and having been taken up for it, would not be likely to be tried for it? Upon your oath, did you say a word about it, but what you have said here to day, but to save yourself from being tried, and to save your own life?—A. No.

Court.—What, then, induced you to make this discovery?—A. I made a discovery, as far as this, for the good of my country.

John Whistler sworn.—Examined by Mr. Gleed.—You keep the Horse and Dolphin, in St. Martin's street?—A. I do.

Q. Do you know the persons of the prisoners at the bar?—A. I do, I know one.

Q. Which is the one that you know?—A. O'Donnell, I have seen him about four times.

Q. On the 29th of August last was O'Donnell at your house?—A. He was.

Q. Who was with him?—A. There were three others; I never saw them before.

Q. Have you seen them since at Marlborough-street?—A. I have.

Q. Are those the persons that you saw at Marlborough-street with Cuddiford; are they the persons that were at your house in St. Martin's-street?—A. Yes, I believe they are.

Q. You saw them the next day

at the office?—A. Yes, the next day but one.

Q. Had you any doubt, when you saw them on the Monday, of their being the persons that were at your house on the Saturday evening?—A. I had none.

Q. What time in the evening did they come there?—A. It was after ten o'clock.

Q. What had they?—A. They had three bottles of wine.

Q. After ten o'clock at night, did you serve them with three bottles of wine?—A. They had two in the first instance; then they had another bottle in another room mixed with negus.

Q. Which of the three prisoners partook of the last two bottles that were made into negus?—A. I believe they were all together.

Q. Did either of the prisoners make application to you to do any thing?—A. O'Donnell applied to me for change of a ten-pound note; I gave him change for it, deducting for the two bottles of wine.

Q. Did you change any other notes?—A. I did; a two and a one. I do not know who that was to; it was for the negus; they were in company together; it was for one of them. I gave them nine guineas and two shillings in change for the ten-pound note, deducting for two bottles of wine. I do not recollect what I gave them in change for the two and the one.

Q. In what part of the house were they sitting?—A. In the common coffee room.

Q. Did you go in and out?—A. Yes, frequently; I had twenty people in the house at the time.

Q. You say you delivered them in change nine guineas and two shillings; did you observe what was done with the money?—A. No more than

than I put them down to O'Donnell; O'Donnell counted it, and it was right.

Q. Did you see any other notes in the possession of the prisoner?—

A. I did not.

Q. Did you observe what was done with the money; did you see any money pass from one to another?—A. I did not.

Q. What was done with the money that was laid on the table?—A. O'Donnell took it up.

Q. Did you see any thing further pass between the prisoners at that time?—A. I did not.

Q. Did you see O'Donnell the next day?—A. I did; he came and had a lamb chop. He asked me if it was convenient to me to give him change for a twenty-pound note. I told him it was not; he never offered it.

Q. Was it convenient for you so to do?—A. No. That is all that I saw.

James Bridgell sworn.—Examined by Mr. Glead.—I attended with the officers, Mr. Lovett, Mr. Foy, and Mr. Petherick.

Q. In consequence of some information that you received, you went to the house of Mr. Kendall?

—A. Yes, I went about nine o'clock in the evening; I think it was the 29th of August or the 30th, I cannot be positive, it was on Saturday evening; when we got to the corner of Oxford-street in Swallow street, Gore was then going to cross the road, Mr. Lovett went immediately up to him and laid hold of him, and told him that there was a warrant out against him; we then went down into the cellar, Mr. Kendall's tap, taking him with us; we found Cuddiford there, we apprehended him; Mr. Petherick had him in custody, and Gore's brother was walking by the

side of him; I saw Cuddiford put his hand into his pocket, and give John Gore's brother some guineas.

Q. That you saw done?—A. I did; it was done as we were going up the steps with Petherick; he put his hand out, and held out some guineas to him; Gore's brother held out his hand; he gave him the guineas into his hand; Gore's brother put them into his right hand coat pocket.

Q. Did you know John Gore, that was in custody, and his brother?—A. Yes; I knew them both. I said to Gore's brother, Thomas, you had better come down to the Marlborough Head, and see what becomes of your brother. He followed us down to the Marlborough Head, and we went into the parlour. I came out of the parlour, leaving the officers in care of the prisoners; I wrote a note.

Q. Did you take the money from Gore's brother?—A. Yes, at the Marlborough Head. We took seven guineas from his right hand coat pocket.

Cross examined by Mr. Knapp. At this time I understand you are speaking of, Gore and Cuddiford were apprehended; you had not apprehended O'Donnell and Carter?—A. No.

Q. And the only information that you had of them was through the information of what Cuddiford said.—A. Yes.

Q. Therefore it depends upon what Cuddiford told you. Now, what are you?—A. By profession I am a tailor.

Q. You are bringing up to be an officer?—A. I suppose so.

Q. I suppose you have learned there are three forty-pound rewards in case these people are convicted?—A. Certainly so.

Q. That

Q. That is the first thing you learn?—A. No.

Q. Had you a warrant on purpose to apprehend them?—A. No, their names were not upon the warrant.

Richard Lovett sworn.—Examined by Mr. Gleed.—In consequence of some information that you received, did you go to apprehend the prisoners?—A. I did, I apprehended Gore and Cuddiford.

Q. In consequence of some information that you received from Bridgell, did you search the brother of Gore?—A. I did, I found upon him seven guineas in his right hand coat pocket.

Court.—Where did you search him?—A. At the public house close to the office; the office was shut up; I produce the seven guineas. About two o'clock on Sunday morning I apprehended O'Donnell in Spur-street, Leicester Fields.

Mr. Gurney.—You searched Gore, you found nothing upon him?—A. Nothing upon him.

John Foy sworn, examined by Mr. Gleed.—You are an officer?—A. Yes, I apprehended O'Donnell at a public house in Spur-street, Leicester Fields, on Sunday morning at two o'clock; I found on him seven pounds in notes, this watch, two guineas in gold, and twenty shillings in silver.

Q. How many notes?—A. Five; two's and one's.

O'Donnell's defence.—I am innocent of it; the ten-pound note that I changed at Mr. Whistler's was my own; and as for the seven guineas that Gore had was my own.

Carter's defence.—I have nothing to say about it.

Gore's defence.—I know nothing about it.

Gore called eleven witnesses, who gave him a good character.

JOHN O'DONNELL, Guilty—Death, aged 22.

SAMUEL CARTER, Guilty—Death, aged 24.

JOHN GORE, Guilty—Death, aged 24.

The prisoners were recommended to mercy by the Jury, on account of their being led into it by their accomplice.

ANECDOTES

OF

WESTMINSTER ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN your last number you presented your readers with some curious sporting anecdotes of the late Charles Fox, extracted from Walpole's Life of that statesman. Such was the pleasure I received from them, that I immediately purchased the work, and have had no reason to regret the application of my money, or of the time employed in the perusal of it. The numerous anecdotes concerning Mr. Fox's hard fought contests for the representation of Westminster, proved particularly interesting to me just at this time, when the whole kingdom is in a kind of agitation in consequence of the present general election. I amused myself with transcribing some of them, and have no doubt that their insertion in your publication would afford considerable pleasure to many of your readers, as they have already done to

Your's, &c.

SELECTOR.

London, Nov. 15, 1806.

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"THE

"THE active part taken by Mr. Fox," says this author, "at the meetings of the electors of Westminster acquired him great popularity, and he received the most flattering assurances of support if he chose to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of that city. Encouraged by these promises, Mr. Fox suffered himself to be proposed at the general election in 1780. Notwithstanding the powerful opposition he experienced from the Newcastle family, the *Man of the People*, as he began about this time to be styled, secured his election.

Such was the animosity which prevailed on this occasion, that a few days afterwards it was currently reported that Mr. Fox had been killed in a duel by Lord Lincoln, the rival candidate. An immense concourse of people immediately assembled round Mr. Fox's house to inquire the truth. A wag passing by at the time advised them not to make themselves uneasy, "for," says he, "you may depend upon it there is no truth in it, otherwise the Tower guns would certainly have been fired on the occasion." This observation struck many of them so forcibly, that they immediately departed perfectly satisfied.

A scrutiny was expected to have taken place, but when all the necessary forms had been gone through previous to commencing it, Lord Lincoln declined giving any farther trouble, as his friends had discovered that a legal majority of the electors were in favour of Sir G. Rodney and Mr. Fox.

At the general election, in 1784, a most extraordinary contest took place for Westminster. The

candidates for the representation of this city, besides Mr. Fox, were Lord Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, who, though formerly his colleague, was now supported by a formidable party, disgusted by the late coalition. The poll commenced on the first of April, and for some days Mr. Fox maintained the superiority; but on the eighth, ninth, and tenth, the tide of popular favour began to turn, and on the twelfth, the baronet, who was second in point of numbers, had a majority of three hundred and eighteen over his former friend. Ten thousand electors had now polled, and the contest had continued a fortnight. It was even supposed, judging from the example of former times, that as the votes were exhausted, the books must have been closed.

It is not improbable that Mr. Fox would have been defeated in this memorable contest, had it not been for the irresistible exertions of his female auxiliaries. Several of the most beautiful and accomplished women of the age, were zealously engaged in canvassing in his behalf, and with such success as to turn the popular tide in his favour. It was observed, that if Mr. Fox was no longer the man of the *people*, it could not be denied, from the number of females who attended to give him their support, that he was at least the man for the *ladies*. In their rage for Mr. Fox they even adopted a dress in compliment to him composed of garter-blue and buff.

Not the least serviceable of these lovely supporters, was the late Duchess of Devonshire, then in the zenith of her beauty*. It was said of her, and her no less amiable sister,

* The impression which the beauty of this accomplished female was calculated to make on every one who beheld her, cannot be more forcibly illustrated than by the following fact: When the Duchess made her first

ter, Lady Duncannon, now Countess of Besborough, while they were soliciting votes in favour of Mr. Fox, that they were the most lovely *portraits* that ever appeared upon a *canvas*.

The following lines were written on the former of these ladies, who in her zeal to gain her favourite point, permitted a butcher to kiss her:

Condemn not, prudes, fair Devon's plan
In giving Steel a kiss;
In such a cause, for such a man
She could not do amiss.

The following epigram was likewise composed on the same occasion:

Array'd in matchless beauty Devon's fair
In Fox's favour takes a zealous part:
But oh! where'er the pilferer comes
beware,
She supplicates a vote and steals a heart.

It is said, that even the highest personages in the kingdom did not disdain to take a part in this election.

When his Majesty first heard that the Prince of Wales interested himself for the success of Mr. Fox, he deputed one of the lords of the bed-chamber to wait upon his Royal Highness, and remonstrate with him on the impropriety of his behaviour. "His Majesty," said the lordly messenger, "is surprised that the heir apparent should take an active part on the subject of an election."—"Be so good as to present my humble duty to the king," replied the Prince, and say, "it does not appear half so strange that the heir to majesty, as that

majesty itself should take an active part on such an occasion. I never employed Weltje till his Majesty had first employed the Earl of Sandwich; and if there was any difference between us, it was only that I had employed the more respectable messenger."

A very zealous partizan of Mr. Fox's during this election was the well-known Sam House. He did not long survive it, but carried his passion with him till his death. On the last day of his life he expressed to his physician, Sir John Elliott, his earnest desire to see Mr. Fox, adding, that he should then die contented. Sir John communicated the anxiety of his patient to Mr. Fox, who instantly waited upon him, and sat by his bed-side for some time. From that moment the poor man declared himself to be perfectly resigned, and died in a few hours without a pang.

The unexampled violence of party spirit which prevailed during this election, produced frequent disputes between the adherents of the rival candidates. On the 1st of May, there were the whole day strong indications of a disposition to riot. On the hustings much low abuse passed on either side; and on the close of the poll several of Mr. Fox's friends, and particularly Colonel Fitzpatrick, were treated with very unbecoming indignity. In the evening the butchers were in Covent-garden with their marrow-bones and cleavers, conducting Mr. Fox's friends to their carriages. As they came opposite Wood's Hotel, they were stopped, and were told that they must

appearance at Derby races, after her marriage, an honest rustic, on her grace being pointed out to him, exclaimed in rapturous astonishment, "that were he God Almighty, he would make her Queen of Heaven."

must not sound their execrable music there. To this they replied with a general shout of "Fox for ever!" and a battle instantly commenced. For a time apprehensions of fatal consequences were entertained; for Sir Cecil Wray's party retreating into Wood's, they were pursued by the other, who pressed into the house, and committed many acts of outrage and disturbance. Several of the officers drew their swords, and a blunderbuss was fired to intimidate them: this, however, had but little effect; and it was only by the approach of a party of the guards that an end was put to the contest, fortunately without the loss of any lives.—Towards the close of the poll one of the constables was actually killed in the discharge of his duty, in an affray near the hustings.

This election was productive of some whimsical circumstances. One evening, a young man of gentlemanly appearance, and a physiognomy expressive of good-humour, hilarity, and an honest heart, reeled, smiling, into the lower boxes of Covent-garden Theatre, "hot with the Tuscan grape and high in blood." A gentleman soon afterwards appearing with Mr. Fox's favors in his hat, the disciple of Bacchus vociferated—"Fox for ever!" A phlegmatic politician in the opposite interest immediately took up the matter gravely,—"Sir," said he, do you consider the place you are in?"—"Fox for ever!" exclaimed the buck.—"Sir, the audience must not be disturbed," rejoined the other.—"Fox for ever!" was the reply.—"Sir, you are intoxicated," said the grave man.—"Fox for ever!" reiterated the buck. The grave man now began to be irritated: "d—n me," said

he, "but I wish you were at Calais."—"I am half seas over, already," replied the other. The grave man now rose with an air of the utmost self-importance:—"Sir," said he, "you have offended the ladies and gentlemen round me, and I insist on your asking pardon."—"Ladies and gentlemen round me," said the buck, with a bright effusion of good-humour emanating from his eyes, "if I have offended you, I ask pardon; but as for this vinegar-faced curmudgeon, (looking at the grave man with ineffable contempt) remember I make no apology to him—so, Fox for ever! and let me see if he will follow me out." Having said this, he withdrew; but the grave man little expecting such a rebuff, chose rather to stay quietly till the conclusion of the piece, than to accompany his antagonist out of the house.

Mr. Fox, in his canvas, having accosted a blunt tradesman, whom he solicited for his vote, the man answered, "I cannot give you my support; I admire your abilities, but d—n your principles."—Mr. Fox replied, "My friend, I applaud you for your sincerity, but d—n your manners."

One day towards the conclusion of the poll, a quaker who stepped forward to the hustings, being asked the usual question: whom do you poll for? replied: "for the man who calleth himself Lord Hood, and also for the man who calleth himself Sir Cecil Wray." Another friend soon afterwards voted: "For the man who is called the Man of the People."

When the ferment occasioned by this election was at its greatest height, a carpenter in Petty France, who had been greatly emaciated by a nervous fever, was attended by a
physician

physician well known for his strenuous exertions on the side of the ministerial party. During the doctor's visits, the patient's wife, not knowing the attachments of that gentleman, often expressed her regret that her husband could not get up to vote for Mr. Fox. Toward the latter end of the poll, when every method was employed on both sides to procure suffrages, the doctor calling one morning on his patient, to his great astonishment found him up, and almost dressed with the assistance of the nurse. "Hey-day! what is the cause of this?" exclaimed the doctor. "Why would you get out of bed without my leave?"—"Dear Sir," replied the carpenter in broken accents, "I am going to poll."—"To poll!" rejoined the doctor with great warmth, supposing him of the same opinion as his spouse, "going to the devil, you mean; do you know that the cold air would infallibly destroy you? Get to bed, man, get to bed, as fast as you can, or immediate death may ensue."—"If that is the case, Sir," returned the patient, "to be sure I must do as you advise me; but I thought, while my wife was out, to take the opportunity to go to the hustings and vote for my friend Sir Cecil Wray." "How! what! for Sir Cecil!"—"Yes, Sir, I have some reasons to wish him well."—"Have you?" cried the medical politician. "Hold, nurse, don't pull off his stockings yet. Let me feel his pulse.—Very well!—a good firm stroke.—Egad this will do. You took the pills I ordered you last night?" "Yes, Sir, but they made me very sick."—"Aye, so much the better. How did your master sleep, nurse?"—"Oh charmingly, Sir."—"Did he?"—"Well, if his mind be uneasy about the election,

he must be indulged. The body when diseased is prodigiously effected by uneasiness of the mind. Come; 'tis a fine day; throw a great coat about him, and the sooner he goes the better. Here, lift him up, a ride will do him good, and so—he shall go to the hustings in my chariot." The doctor was obeyed; the carpenter voted for Sir Cecil, and actually gave up the ghost two hours after his medical friend had left him at his own house.

Towards the close of this memorable contest the hustings resembled the stand at Newmarket, "An even bett that he comes in second,"—and "five to four on this day's poll," being the language continually vociferated from every part of the building. By dint of extraordinary exertions the poll was continued till the seventeenth of May, and after a lapse of forty-seven days, it concluded with a majority of 235 in favour of Mr. Fox.

At the final close of the poll the numbers were:

For Lord Hood..... 6694
For Mr. Fox..... 6233
For Sir Cecil Wray... 5998

On the day of Mr. Fox's triumph, there was a cabinet dinner, during which the persons present conversed about the splendid procession which took place when he was chaired, and one of the company expressed his wonder where the people had procured such an immense number of foxes' tails. "That is by no means to be wondered at," replied Mr. Pitt, "this has been a good sporting year, and more foxes have been destroyed than in any former season. I think upon an average there has been at least one *Fox* run down in every borough in the kingdom."

ADRIAN

ADRIAN AND ORRILLA;
OR,
A MOTHER'S VENGEANCE.

Covent Garden Theatre, Nov. 15.

THIS play is the avowed production of Mr. Dimond. It is a Drama of the mixed kind, agreeably interspersed with music.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prince of Altenburgh	Mr. Cooke.
Count of Rosenheim	Mr. Munden.
Adrian	Mr. C. Kemble.
Michael	Mr. Liston.
Friedbert	Mr. Denman.
Anselm	Mr. Waddy.
Leopold	Mr. Chapman.
Haufroy, a Minstrel	Mr. Bellamy
Lothaire, a Page	Mrs. C. Kemble.
Orrilla of Rosenheim	Miss Branton.
Matilda of Clarmont	Miss Smith.
Githa	Mrs. Mattocks.
Minna	Miss Tyrer.
Ida	Miss Waddy.

The following is an outline of the Fable:—The scene lies at the castle of Count Rosenheim, in Saxony, whose daughter Orrilla had been bred up during his absence at the Court of Dresden; Adrian, the supposed son of Madame Clermont, during his childhood, being frequently invited to Rosenheim Castle, as he advanced to manhood became deeply enamoured of Orrilla. Prince Altenburgh, the patron and friend of Count Rosenheim, proposes for the hand of Orrilla, and arrives with the Count at his castle to celebrate his nuptials. His arrival baffles the hopes of the young lovers.—Madame Clermont, terrified at the Prince's presence, prevails on Adrian to quit the territories of Saxony, and the Count, suspecting the real state of his daughter's affections, forbids A-

drian's presence at the Castle. Lothaire, page to Altenburgh, contrives a meeting between the young lovers at the house of his sister Minna; and while Adrian is on his way to Minna's cottage, he accidentally preserves the life of Altenburgh, and refuses to tell who he is. The prince receives intimation from Lothaire, and waits upon Madame Clermont to thank her for his deliverance, but is disdainfully received. During this, a meeting having taken place between the lovers, Orrilla consents to elope with Adrian.—They are intercepted in their flight, and brought back to the castle. Madame Clermont, hearing of the situation of Adrian, whose life is become forfeited by the laws of Saxony, for endeavouring to run away with the heiress of a noble family, hastens to the castle, gets admission to the Count's presence, and in vain pleads for her son. Hearing the voice of Altenburgh, she hides her face with her veil. The Prince enters, leading in Adrian, his deliverer, whose pardon he obtains. Madame Clermont kneels to the Prince, unveils, and discovers to be Matilda Carlstein, whom the Prince had seduced; and in the relation which she gives of the occurrences of her life, Adrian is discovered to be the legitimate son of Altenburgh, by which all difficulties in his marriage with Orrilla are removed; the Count consents to their union, and the Prince receives Matilda as his wife.

From this sketch of the fable, it is easy to form an idea of the materials of which this drama is built, and of the moral it inculcates. It is evidently borrowed from the German school, which is notoriously defective in that essential,

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View in Thornville Park.

Engraved by J. Wallis, 1850, with Square.

sential point, and closely resembles the play of "Lovers Vows." The incidents follow each other in regular and natural succession, and many of them are highly interesting, especially in the pathetic scenes; there is too much of declamation and description for the action to animate them, and the performance of course often lingers; particularly in the first act, which is drawn out to an enormous length. The language is boldly figurative, often exuberating into luxuriance, and sometimes bordering on bombast; but the pathos of the sentiments prevails over the blemishes of the language. The addition of some sweet and happily varied music, chiefly composed by Kelly and Atwood, relieves the *tedium* we complain of, which, with judicious compression, may, however, be easily corrected. We have seldom seen a new piece more uniformly applauded. The performers exerted themselves with great effect, particularly Miss Smith, who is the heroine, and who displayed an uncommon degree of energy in the last scenes. Cooke, Munden, and Charles Kemble, exerted themselves with great success, as did Miss Brunton, Mrs. C. Kemble, and Mrs. Mattocks. The prologue, written by Mr. Skeffington, is a neat classical production; but its effect was much injured by Mr. Brunton being so imperfect in the delivery of it. The Epilogue, from the pen of Mr. Walsh Porter, abounded in pointed and happy allusions to the present election scenes, and the conduct and language of the candidates on such occasions.—It was admirably delivered by Mrs. Mattocks and Miss Brunton. So strong indeed was its effect, that it was universally encored.

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The play was given out for a second representation with considerable applause, and continues to bring credit to the managers, and a crowded house.

VIEW OF THORNVILLE PARK.

An Engraving.

WE have been told that this plate conveys a true picture of Thornville Park, late the property and residence of Colonel Thornton. Of the excellence of this gentleman's fox-hunting establishment, we are best informed from the appendix to his Sporting Tour through France, which says,—“As to fox-hunting, no country in England is equal to that round Thornville; if it be possible to alledge any objection, it must be on this score, that it is intersected by rivers, which are not in general fordable. The foxes however, are so game, that you are always sure to have a good run: Of this the following anecdote affords a most convincing proof:—Being once among a company of sporting friends, who were speaking of the superior excellence of the Easingwold foxes, the author proposed an annual match of twenty guineas that he would find a fox which would run twenty miles, in the month of February, in eleven successive years; a day was accordingly appointed, the fox was viewed off and ran twenty-three miles in a most glorious style, before he was killed. This first essay put an end to the engagement, and was the cause of producing the celebrated picture of the death of the fox, painted by Gilpin, and exhibited some few years since at the Royal Academy.

L SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

BLICKLING Races.—These races, which commenced on Tuesday, October, 21, were most numerous attended:—First day, Sweepstakes of 50gs for horses, &c. bred in the county of Norfolk, was won by Colonel Harbord's, b. f. Czarina, by Saxe Cobourgh; beating Mr. Doughty's ch. f. by Wonder; and Mr. Gunton's gr. f. Allegranti:—Also a Sweepstakes of 50 guineas, was won by Mr. G. Windham's b. g. Blickling, aged; beating Colonel Harbord's b. c. Viscount, 3 yrs old, and another.—Second day, Sweepstakes of 50gs was won by Mr. Emden's b. g. Pantaloon, by Buzzard, beating three others:—Mr. Bacon's br. m. beat Mr. Mott's Englishman; and Mr. Mott's Nimrod beat Colonel Woodhouse's Grassini, one mile, 50gs.—There were several poney, donkey, and foot races; also other rural sports, which afforded much diversion.

A report being in circulation that Mr. Garforth's favourite grey mare, *Vesta*, was dead, in consequence of an accident she received in running at Doncaster, we are happy to state from authority, that she is alive and at Wigginthorpe. *Vesta* has been very lame by being let down in one of her hind-quarters, which she got after running at Doncaster:—She is now so far recovered as to walk about, and is quite out of danger.—*Vesta* is intended to be put to the horse next

season, and we hope, from her being so well bred, that she will become a very valuable brood-mare.

TRAFALGAR, by Gohanna, who was lately purchased at Newmarket by Mr. C. Wilson, of Mr. Mellish, for His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for 1800gs, with his engagements, arrived at Mr. Joseph Acred's Stables, near Malton, Yorkshire, on Monday the 10th instant, to be trained for the two following matches in the York Spring Meeting, 1807, viz. —Entering day, Trafalgar, 8st. 7lb. against Mr. Watt's Shittcock, by Schedoni, 8st. the last mile and a half, 1000gs, h. ft.—And on the last day of the meeting, Trafalgar, 8st. 7lb. against Sir W. Gerard's Julius Cæsar, by Alexander, 8st. the last mile and a half, 500gs.

LORD Egremont has lately sold the following stallions, viz. **YOUNG WOODPECKER** to Mr. Claridge, of Jervaux Abbey, near Middleham; **GOLUMPUS** to Mr. William Horsley, of Low-Catton, near Kexby Bridge; and **DRIVER** to Mr. William Lee, of Leconfield, near Beverley, Yorkshire, at which places all the above horses covered the last season; and will cover at the same places the ensuing season. Lord Egremont parted with the above stallions purposely that his Lordship's tenants, and others in the

the neighbourhood of his Lordship's estates, may have an opportunity of improving their breed of horses, which is an instance, amongst several others, of his Lordship's kind attention towards the welfare of his tenants. For the Pedigrees of the above stallions, see our Magazine for March last, pages 276, 289, and 290.

RACING Match.—On Tuesday, the 4th instant, Mr. Weatherley's chesnut horse, Sir Hugh, by Jupiter, 12st. 7lb. (rode by Mr. Barstow) beat Mr. Clarke's brown horse, by Crop, 12st. (rode by Mr. Tweddle) four miles over the Town Moor, near Newcastle, for 100gs. At starting, 3 and 4 to 1 on Sir Hugh, 2 to 1 he was never headed, and even betting he won by a distance. Sir Hugh took the lead, was never headed, and beat his antagonist by a distance and a half. Sir Hugh ran the four miles in nine minutes and 30 seconds, in a style, considering the heavy state of the ground, and the weight he carried, that would not have disgraced the famous Marcia. At Newcastle, on the 17th ult. Sir Hugh won the Annual Hunters' Cup, carrying 13st. 2lb. four miles, beating seven others in a canter.

TROTTING Match.—On the 5th instant, Mr. Pearson's chesnut gelding Snap, and Mr. Tennant's grey gelding, Wrangler, trotted ten miles on the Wilmstow road, near Manchester, for 50gs, which was won very easy by the former.

On Thursday, the 20th instant, a match was run three miles over Pontefract course, between Lieut. Cole's (of the 7th Dragoon Guards) chesnut mare, and Mr. Jackson's (Adjutant of the second battalion of the Leeds Volunteers) chesnut horse, for 50gs each, rode by the

owners. At starting, the betting was in favour of the horse. Mr. Jackson took the lead, and went off at speed; Lieut. Cole kept his mare back until he passed the first mile, when he took the lead with great ease; and before they arrived at the second mile-post, Mr. Jackson fell off; the Lieutenant then cantered in. Lieut. Cole rode in a very handsome-like style.

At Tarporley Hunt Meeting, on Thursday, November 6, the Cup was won by Mr. Shaw's brown gelding, Eaton, beating Mr. J. Hough's bay colt, by Snap; and the Sweepstakes by Sir W. W. Wynne's chesnut gelding, by Glaucus, beating Mr. C. Cholmondeley's brown gelding, by Screveton.

FIRE HUNT.—The Hunt, which met at Cupar, on Monday, the 10th instant, and continued for six days, had an excellent meeting, and was more numerously attended than it has been for several years. The fox-hounds gave good sport; and the balls were conducted in their usual good style. On Thursday, the Hunter's Purse of 50l. was won by Colonel Thompson's mare, Calomel, beating four others. On Friday, a Purse of 50l. was won by Mr. Baird's bay horse, Young Newbyth, after a very pretty heat.—And on the same day, a very close match was run by horses belonging to two gentlemen, which afforded good sport.

COURSING on Epsom Downs.—A coursing match took place near the end of the present month, on Epsom Downs, between Mr. Scottard's celebrated dog, Fly, and Mr. Villeboy's equally-renowned greyhound, named Snowball. The latter, it is well known, was lately the property of Col. Thornton. The match was for one hundred guineas.

About ten o'clock in the morning, the hare was put up, and the dogs started in good style. The betting was two to one on Snowball. The latter took the lead, and kept it for a few seconds; but shortly afterwards Fly passed her antagonist, and gave the three first turns in capital order. The match was decided in about ten minutes. After the contest, fifty guineas were offered and refused for Fly. Mr. Durand, and many of the first sporting gentlemen were present.

THE Hare and Hounds.—An extraordinary occurrence. The beginning of the present month, as T. Shelley, Esq. of Field Place, near Horsbarnham, Sussex, was sitting in his dining-parlour with Mrs. Shelley and her daughter, their attention was attracted by a pack of hounds, which a hare had led, at full cry, up to his farm-yard, where poor puss was so hard pressed, that she made her appearance upon the pavement under the windows, and to avoid her pursuers, at a second leap, succeeded in making her way through a pane of glass of the third window, into the parlour, and immediately squatted under the side-board, when Mr. Shelley, with great presence of mind, closed the shutters, to prevent the dogs following, which they unquestionably would have done, had not that precaution been taken. He then went out, and told the huntsman what had happened, and that the hare was his, most certainly, if demanded, as a sportsman. His young master, Mr. Stanford, of Theale, being present, desired to have ocular demonstration of the fact, and on being gratified, begged that the hare might receive the benefit of that protection which she had so boldly sought.

The huntsman, after taking some refreshment, departed with the hounds, whose sagacity, in this instance, plainly shewed how often sportsmen are deceived, by not attending to, or implicitly confiding in them, as they not only hunted the hare to the very square of broken glass, but were extremely active in winding her under the door, separately, and at every crack and crevice of the wall and window that they could, with upreared feet, apply their noses to.

About an hour after the departure of the dogs, puss began to find her seat uneasy, and after running some little time about the room, in the presence of Mrs. Shelley and her daughter, she got to the window, where seeing the light peep under the shutters, she pushed them back with her nose, and attempted to get through the same pane she came in at, but it hanging a little, she retreated, and dashing through the next square, escaped, as Mr. Shelley intended she should have done, in the evening.

THE strayed Buck.—A buck, which had strayed from the park of Mr. Chalier, at Sharmanbury, near Brighton; about two years since, after an excellent chase, was taken a few days ago and turned out for a second hunt, before the hounds of Mr. Champion, of Danny, near Patcham, the 21st instant. The field was uncommonly well attended. Upwards of two hundred horsemen, consisting of the most dashing sportsmen in this part of the world, were present. Many carriages, filled with nobility, attended from Brighton. The weather was favourable; and truly, a more animating scene than the field presented, had not been seen for many preceding years. The huntsman
and

and his whipper-in had each new clothing, green with black caps. The chase at length commenced, and all parties were in an instant in motion, proper law having been given to the buck. The dogs acquitted themselves in a capital style; for many miles a table cloth would have covered the whole pack. After an admirable chase of several hours, the dogs ran in upon the stag in Clayton Wood, where they would presently have destroyed him, but for the interposition of the huntsman. He was taken from the field in a cart; but his velvet coat was so much torn by the teeth of his pursuers, that it is supposed, if preserved, he never will be in condition to afford another day's sport. The sportsmen at length retired, well satisfied with the diversion they had enjoyed. In the former chase, J. Newnham, Esq. of Newtimber, had a capital horse drop under him with fatigue, which soon after died.

HORSE stealing.—Joseph Purveiss was capitally indicted at the Old Bailey Sessions for stealing a small gelding, the property of John Curtis. It appeared that the prosecutor was a tallow-chandler, residing in Spring-street, Mary-le-bone, and kept the horse in question, at a neighbouring mews. Being about to dispose of him, the prisoner, accompanied by one Warren, whom the prosecutor had some previous knowledge of, came to him on the 25th of August last, proposed to purchase the horse, and agreed to give £7 for him. He said it would not be convenient to take away the horse for a few days, but requested he might remain with the prosecutor till he should pay for him, and he would also pay for his keeping in the mean time. The prosecutor assented, and then de-

manded a shilling as earnest, which the prisoner immediately gave him. Mr. Henderson, a fishmonger, who had previously been in treaty for the horse, came to the mews soon after the bargain was struck, and the prosecutor, pointing to the prisoner, told him he had just sold him to that gentleman, and if he wanted the horse he must treat with him about it. The following day, Tuesday, the prisoner requested the loan of the horse, to go as far as Paddington, which was granted, and he returned him at night. On Thursday he again borrowed the horse, saying, he thought he had found a person who would buy; and as he was going to a bank in the city for £60, the price of a horse he had sold, he would take the horse with him, and bring him back in the evening. However, three or four days passed, and the horse was not returned. The prosecutor afterwards met the prisoner, who said he had sold the horse, and promised either to pay him the money, or bring him another horse of equal value, the next day: neither of which promises were fulfilled. It also appeared, that on the Thursday, when he took away the horse, he sold him to Mr. Henderson.

The learned Judge, Baron Thompson, in summing up the evidence to the jury, observed, that they must first consider, whose property the horse was on the Thursday, when he was taken away by the prisoner; and then, whether the prisoner took him away with a felonious intent of stealing him.

The jury retired for a few moments, and then brought in a verdict of—Not Guilty.

A WARRANTY of Soundness.—*Simpson v. Pottinger*, in the Court of King's Bench, Nov. 8. This had been an action tried before Mr. Baron

Baron Sutton, at York, on the warranty of soundness given to a horse, sold by the defendant to the plaintiff. The animal not answering the warranty, the suit was commenced to recover the value. It appeared in evidence, at the assizes, that the disputants are both Yorkshire, and the object in dispute *Irish*. The plaintiff being in want of a horse, went to the defendant, a dealer; and after looking at a great number, pitched upon the one in question, and bought him as sound at the price of £57. As he was leading him home, however, the Yorkshireman began to suspect that he had bought an Irish bargain, for the horse, as the phrase is, "hung a-leg." He took him, notwithstanding, to his stables, until he was more thoroughly convinced; and it was not until six weeks after, that he made up his mind to return the *Irishman*. But the defendant was "*Yorkshire too*," and thinking he had taken in the plaintiff, refused to receive the horse; and the animal was conducted to a neighbouring public house. Here another native of the North took a fancy to the horse, and bought him for £37.

Mr. Serjeant Cockell, in support of the new trial, said, that where a decision of a jury was directly against the evidence produced, the Court had made it a general rule to grant a reconsideration of the case. The only evidence produced before the Judge to substantiate the case of the plaintiff, was a farrier, who stated that the horse was spavined; and on the contrary numerous witnesses were brought forward by the defendant, to prove that no such malady existed; and among others, the very person who had purchased him for £37, who swore that he never saw, or wished to have, a sounder horse.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that the disease called a spavin, was one which was seldom curable; and, therefore, if it existed on the first sale, it must, most probably, have existed at the second; and as witnesses had deposed that the horse was perfectly sound, the verdict appeared to be contrary to the evidence.—Rule to shew cause was granted.

CANARY-BIRD Society.—On Tuesday the 18th instant, the Canary-bird fanciers had their annual dinner at the Queen's Head Inn, Gray's Inn Gate, Holborn. It was numerously attended, and premiums so high as thirty guineas were adjudged, even for single birds. In ascertaining the value of the bird, its vocal talents are not taken much into account. Its shape, its plumage, its carriage, are the points in which its merits are considered to consist. In order, therefore, to form an exact estimate, water is procured; and when any suspicion is entertained of any artificial means having been used to improve the colour or shape of the plumage, the feather is washed in a peculiar way that does not injure it, and at the same time detects the imposture, where any is practised. To such a degree of nicety have these bird-fanciers carried their taste and skill, that they can ascertain in a moment whether the one wing corresponds with the other, in the colour, number, and exact appearance and place of the feathers. Even in the case of a feather lost, and an artificial one substituted in its place, no art or ingenuity can deceive them.

DANCING BEARS.—It is well known that the bear may, with some difficulty, be rendered tame and docile, and it has then the appearance of being mild and obedient

to

to its master; but it is not to be trusted without caution. It may be taught to walk, to lay hold of a pole with its paws, and perform various tricks to entertain the multitude, who are highly pleased with the awkward measures of this rugged animal, which it seems to suit to the sound of an instrument, or to the voice of its leader. But, to give the bear this kind of education, it is necessary to have it taken young, and to accustom it early to restraint and discipline. An old Bear will suffer no restraint without discovering the most ferocious resentment: neither the voice, nor the menaces of his keeper, have any effect upon him; he equally growls at the hand which is held out to feed, and at that which is raised to correct him.

The excessive cruelties practised upon this poor animal, in teaching it to walk upright, and to regulate its motions to the sound of the pipe, are such as make sensibility shudder. Its eyes are frequently put out; and an iron ring being passed through the cartilage of the nose, to lead it by, it is kept from food, and beaten, till it yields obedience to the will of its savage tutors.—Some of them are taught to perform, by setting their feet upon heated iron plates, and then playing music to them while in this uneasy situation. It is truly shocking to every feeling mind, to reflect that such cruelties should be exercised upon any part of the brute creation by our fellow-men. That these should be rewarded by numbers of unthinking people, who crowd around to see the animal's rude attempts to imitate human actions, is not to be wondered at; but it is much to be wished that the timely interference of the magistrate would prevent every exhibition of the kind,

that in England, at least, we might not be reproached with tolerating practices so disgraceful to humanity.

GREYNA Green marriages.—The lady who was tried for bigamy at the Surry assizes had a very narrow escape, from the circumstance of her prosecutor not being prepared to prove the validity of Grey-na Green marriages. The Scotch Court has determined, on a hundred occasions, that, without any ceremony whatever, the parties living and cohabiting together as man and wife, and declaring themselves such, is as binding as the most formal marriage, although it subjects them to penalties. They held also, that a promise of marriage, with subsequent consummation, is equivalent to marriage itself; nay, in a case about ten years ago, they decided, that the man having by letters and otherwise declared the woman his wife, made her so to all intents and purposes, though it was proved that the marriage was never consummated. In May, 1767, the validity of Scotch marriages was determined by Dr. Hay, in the Court of Arches. In that case, a gentleman of fortune carried a young lady under age to Scotland, where they were married in a private house—it is not stated whether it was by a clergyman—but it was without a licence or proclamation of banns.—The Judge was clearly of opinion, that this was good in law, and that marriages in Scotland do not come within the Act of 1754, to prevent clandestine marriages. This decision was afterwards confirmed by the Court of Delegates. We make these observations, the rather because we observe it has been improperly stated in several papers, that the case at Guildhall settled the point that Grey-na Green marriages

riages are not binding, whereas the lady was here acquitted for want of evidence of what the law is in Scotland.

LONGEVITY.—There now resides at Wakefield Outward, Yorkshire, a man whose name is Samuel Spur, who is in the 109th year of his age, and lives in his own cottage entirely by himself, cultivates his own garden, milks his own cow, and makes his own butter, which he takes every week on foot to Wakefield market. He is in perfect health, and retains all his faculties. His cottage is admired by the surrounding neighbourhood, for its neatness and cleanliness.

THE Sporting Baronet and the Fair Calista.—Among the numerous eccentricities, which characterize the present age, we know of none of so peculiar a cast as the one, which gives sanction to the present connection. In a few words, it may be concisely thus related:—A lady of *majestic proportions*, who has long been distinguished as a magnet among the theatrical constellations, has lately quitted her profession, in consequence of a *tendre* made by Sir——, of considerable pecuniary value. The lady for whom the Baronet had so violent a *penchant* hesitated for some time between conscience and interest; but to remove all doubts, and to reconcile her strict moral principles, she, a few days afterwards, received from a female of consideration, the wife of the Baronet himself, (a woman of great beauty, and who has long been the envy of her own, as well as the toast of the opposite sex) a letter, wherein the writer recapitulated Sir——'s offer, and begged Mrs. —— to accept of it *as a favour done to herself*! Six hundred pounds per annum are said to

be the trifling terms awarded for the condescension of the former. Could the fair *Calista* resist all these allurements? The Heroine of this article has now an elegant house and equipage at one of our favourite watering places.

THE King's huntsmen, yeomen, &c. met on Wednesday the 19th, in the Little Park, for the purpose of toiling some deer, to take to Swinley, to be turned out for hunting during the ensuing season. They could only catch two, and had the misfortune to kill five. Two leaped the Park wall, and went off for the Forest. They resumed the sport on Thursday. The Princesses, after taking their morning ride with his Majesty, went into the Little Park, and joined in the chase.

A STAUNCH Sportsman's last effort.—An elderly man, of Wadhurst, in Sussex, whose pedestrian and unwearied exertions in the field had long placed his name high in the annals of hunting, being lately engaged in his favourite amusement, pursued the chase to the death of the hare, at which, from his ability to judge best the course of the timid animal, he was the first in, and with stentorian voice gave the halloo, common on such occasions, but alas! it proved literally the *Halloo of Death*, for he had no sooner summoned the field by his signal, than he dropped down; and, surrounded by the dogs, expired amid music that must have been grateful to his ear, if not balmy to his departing soul.

A FEW days ago George Turner, hay trusser, was committed to the House of Correction by J. M. Theobald, Esq. for 3 months, for using nets in the night, upon his manor, for the destruction of hares.

And

And on Monday last John Harris, a private in the Hertfordshire militia, was also committed to the same place, for 3 months, by the above magistrate, for using snares in the night for the destruction of hares.

On Sunday morning, the 9th instant, a pugilistic fight took place behind the Ben Johhson's Head, Stepney fields, between two men, named Mahoney and Briant, the latter of whom was so severely beaten, that he died in a coach that was taking him to his apartments in Rosemary-lane.

A MATCH at Single-stick was lately played at Castle-Cary. It was contested by many of the best players in the county; and the amateurs say, that better play was never seen.—The first prize, of ten guineas, was won by James Bunn, of Wedmore, who obtained the great prize at Botley, this year, and whose head was broken by Lyue, a Wiltshire player, at the match at Salisbury, the 24th ult.

G. Rick was last month gored to death by a bull at Pickworth, near Falkenham. The deceased had lived with the proprietor of the bull, but had been obliged to leave his service, in consequence of a determined hostility which the animal manifested towards him; they had not seen each other for some time, when the bull, having strayed from his pasture, met and killed the object of his enmity.

ARMY Veterinary Surgeons.—It is with pleasure we learn, that government have it at length in contemplation, materially to improve the present situation, and future prospects of this important and useful class of men.

One day last week, as the hounds of Mr. Langford, of Udi-
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more, near Rye, in Sussex, were in chace of a hare, a bitch of the pack, being big with pup, dropped one, involuntarily, in the field, when she instantly abandoned the scent, to attend to the more imperious call of nature, the protection of her young, which she afforded by taking her little whelp tenderly in her mouth, and carrying it home (several miles) to her kennel, where she completed her litter, consisting of six fine puppies.

A FEW days since was killed on the Berkshire Downs, by a brace of greyhounds of Mr. Slade's, of Thorpe, a hare that weighed eight pounds and a half, and measured (without being stretched) three feet three inches in length. The weight is not so remarkable for easy resting hares, bred on good land, but the length is seldom or ever met with.

A SHEPHERD's dog, which had lately been tied up in an out house, belonging to Mr. Woolven, of West Grinstead, in endeavouring to gain his liberty, overturned a beehive, standing near him when the occupants, enraged at the rough manner in which they had been ejected, stung the poor animal so desperately, that he died in consequence, on the following day.

IRISH Wolf Dogs.—These ferocious animals, the race of which is nearly extinct, save those preserved by the Marquis of Sligo, and shewn by his Lordship to the Duke of Bedford, as a great curiosity, were placed as the supporters of the arms of the ancient Monarchs of Ireland. They were collared, or—with the mottoes, "Gentle when Stroked!—Fierce when Provoked!" characteristics not very inapplicable to the major part of the Irish Nation!

M

POETRY

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

NAUTICAL GRATITUDE.

*Written and composed by J. Ashley, Bath.**Published by Clementi & Co.*

WHO talks of we sailors, and what
we endure?

Why, bless ye, 'tis nothing at all;
We sometimes get plaguy hard thumps,
to be sure,

And oft are capsiz'd in a squall:
But mind me, my hearties, "no gains
without pains,"

Is the proverb, should still be regarded,
So when balls split our timbers, or swords
sluce our veins,

By our Country and King we're re-
warded.

Then huzza for the land which in peace
or in war

Protects and rewards ev'ry true valiant
tar.

Some fools censure lubberly landmen,
you know,

But I say each man to his station;
Some at sea, some ashore, some above,
some below,

Or what would become of the nation.
What d'ye think of Lloyd's fund? I
can't pass that by,

Don't it make ev'ry sailor a king?
They bind up our wounds, wipe each
poor orphan's eye,

And with joy make the widow's heart
sing.

Then huzza for the land which in peace
or in war

Protects and rewards ev'ry true valiant
tar.

Don't ye mind that procession we had
t'other day,

When Nelson we steer'd to his grave?
The eye-pumps of thousands stream'd
fast the whole way;

That's what I call rewarding the brave.

While merit's thus priz'd by the great
and the fair,

Our foes still may threaten and boast;
They'll find if t'invade little England
they dare,

Ev'ry sailor a Nelson, each Nelson a
host.

Then huzza for the land which in peace
or in war

Protects and rewards ev'ry true valiant
tar.

PROLOGUE

TO

ADRIAN AND ORRILLA;

OR,

A MOTHER'S VENGEANCE.

*Written by L. St. George Skeffington, Esq.**Spoken by Mr. Brunton.*

LONG has the stage determin'd to
impart

Such scenes alone as meliorate the heart,
Barr'd from all avenues, with rigid sway,
Plots which corrupt, and maxims that
betray.

With elevation now, the alter'd muse
That praise rejects, which virtue should
refuse:

In fancy's rose no vivid colour sees,
Unless that vividness that Just can please;
In wit's gay brilliant owns no sparkling
gem,

Unless allow'd as brilliancy by them;
Proud of no praise, of no distinction
vain,

Unless distinguish'd in the moral train,
Celebrity she holds as disrepute,
And scorns all laurel from a shameful
root!

Licentious follies rarely intervene,
And truth, and sense, and honour claim
the scene!

When

When Love's distress shall in our story rise,
Let sighs break forth—for those are Nature's sighs.

When persecuted Worth in grief appears,
Be proud to weep—for those are Virtue's tears.

But to our author: each dramatic bard

Solicits, but in vain, a long regard;
Form'd to attract the fashion of the day,
They, like that fashion, swiftly pass away.
They gain, at most, employ'd in such a cause,

Uncertain honour, fugitive applause!—
Now hopes, now fears, his anxious heart compose,

Half sunk by these, and just upheld by those;

For in our days, when envy smiles to sting,

Grief follows joy, and praises censure bring.

Then wits and heroes, and the critic few,
Here let me pass, and, ladies, plead to you;

You, for whose favour every wit is bright,

All critics comment, and all heroes fight!
Protection from the fair at once conveys
Ample renown, consolidated praise;
For Truth acknowledges, in Nature's name,

The smiles of Beauty are the wreaths of Fame!

Urg'd still by them, by their reward impress'd,

Each noble passion animates the breast;
They form the heart to ev'ry aim refin'd,
Exalt delight, and dignify mankind!

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Spoken by Mrs. Mattocks and Miss Brunton.

MRS. MATTOCKS.

NOW one confusion through the realm is found,
And noise and clamour every where abound,
And ev'ry freeman feels his conscious weight,
And Joan herself is as my lady great.

I come to canvass you; box, gallery, and pit,

For you return our Parliament of Wit;

While here, in Covent Garden, still a hustings stands,
And sheriff Mattocks asks a shew of hands,

For a young candidate, though not untried,

But in whose gratitude you may confide;

Who vows and swears, return him due elected,

Your right, your laws, shall ever be respected;

In short, he promises—but who minds that,

All members promise—therefore, *verbum sat*.

I'll to my canvass then—What shall I say?

“Your votes and interest, kind electors, pray.” (*Bows.*)

Let him but head the poll this night, and I'll be bound,

No farther opposition will be found;

For in this town, we know, nine-tenths (the elves)

Ne'er take the pains of voting for themselves.

First, then, accept my—no I musn't so begin,

I musn't bribe, your suffrages to win.

First with the young men, then my luck I'll try,

I always pity young men, they're so shy.

Sweet modest youth—Hey! what is this I see!

Enter Miss Brunton, running.

MISS BRUNTON.

Nay, leave the young men, governess, to me.

MRS. MATTOCKS.

What, interrupted! shall I not be heard?

MISS BRUNTON.

I mean no interruption, on my word,
But merely think, I'd plead with greater truth

To youthful hearts the cause of kindred youth.

MRS. MATTOCKS.

Indeed, Miss Prate-apace!—then pray pass on;

I trust each vote already here's my own.

Unless you'd wish our votes to split—

MISS BRUNTON.

Agreed—

I care not how, provided we succeed.

Mrs.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Take thou the young ones, forward fellows bold,

Not that I ever tried them—but am told,
And, on the score of long acquaintance,
mine's the old.

Kind friends, who've all, like me, been
young in turn.

Miss BRUNTON.

Ye youths, whose breasts with love and
ardour burn,

Give him your interest, cherish rising
merit.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

To stand a canvass now requires some
spirit;

And, as the poet says—" You freemen
little know

The rubs the candidate must undergo."

Miss BRUNTON.

He would have waited on you here to-
night,

But he's so timid—

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Lard! he's in a fright.

Miss BRUNTON.

Let us then hope, divested of controul,

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

We only trust you'll not demand a poll;
But do it handsomely, and give him
plumpers.

Miss BRUNTON.

His thanks we'll here proclaim each night
in bumpers.

True to yourselves, yet free from disaf-
fection,

You'll thus assert your freedom of elec-
tion:

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

While Posts and Chronicles shall Herald
him to-morrow,

"Duly return'd for Covent Garden Bo-
rough."

THE GRASSHOPPER'S FEAST,

AND

BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

COME, take up your hats, and away
let us haste

To the Butterfly's Ball and the Grass-
hopper's Feast:

The trumpeter Gad-fly has summon'd
the crew,

And the revels are now only waiting for
you.

On the smooth shaven grass by the side
of a wood,

Beneath a broad oak, which for ages had
stood,

See the children of earth, and the tenants
of air,

To an ev'ning's amusement together re-
pair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and
so black,

Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on
his back;

And there came the Gnat, and the Dra-
gon-fly too,

And all their relations, green, orange,
and blue.

And there came the Moth, with her plu-
mage of down,

And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow
and brown;

Who with him the Wasp, his companion,
did bring,

But they promis'd that ev'ning to lay by
their sting.

Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out
of his hole,

And led to the feast his blind cousin,
the mole;

And the Snail, with her horns peeping
out of her shell,

Came, fatigu'd with the distance, the
length of an ell.

A mushroom the table, and on it was
spread

A water-dock leaf which their table-cloth
made.

The viands were various, to each of their
taste,

And the Bee brought the honey, to
sweeten the feast.

With steps most majestic the snail did ad-
vance,

And he promis'd the gazers a minnet to
dance;

But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew
in his head,

And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then as ev'ning gave way to the shadows
of night,

Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came
out with his light:

So home let us hasten, while yet we can
see.

For no watchman is waiting for you or
for me.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the
MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1806.

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Embellished with, I. A beautiful Engraving of Lord Camelford's Dog, Trusty.

II. Showing a Horse.—An Etching.

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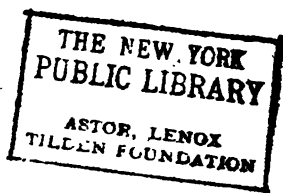
AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPEL, 66, FLEET MALL;
J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;
AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. J. LAWRENCE's Proposals for extending the publicity of the Vaccine Inoculation shall be considered in our next. The plan of rendering the Clergy assistants to the poor, in the administration of medicine, and even some of the lower branches of surgery, has already been acted upon in some parts of Germany.

A Correspondent observes, that in the Prologue to "Adrian and Orri-la," line 8, page 98, instead of "*that Just,*" &c. it should be read "*the Just.*"

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.





Lord Camelfords dog Trusty.

Engraved by J. W. Smith, 1850.

J. W. Smith, 1850.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR DECEMBER, 1806.

LORD CAMELFORD'S DOG, TRUSTY.

*Engraved from a Painting of Mr. Chalon's,
by H. R. Cook.*

TRUSTY, a celebrated fighting dog, was bred by H. Mellish, Esq. and of whom the late Lord Camelford purchased him for eighty-four guineas; he was so great a favourite of his Lordship's, that he always accompanied him wherever he went: and a short time before his Lordship's death, he gave him to Belcher, the pugilist, who

presented him to Capt. Barclay, of Urin, in Scotland, whose property he now is. He has fought fifty pitched battles, for large sums of money; the last of which was with Mr. Marsden's dog, of Tottenham Court Road, for fifty guineas a side. He has killed three celebrated dogs in his time, and was never beat.—The black and white spots on him are scars from the wounds he has received in the different battles he has fought. Captain Barclay has such a value for the dog, that it is said he will never let him fight any more.

MATCHES OF COCKING.

THE gentlemen whose names are undersigned, have agreed to fight four cocks, &c. at Mr. R. Martin's pit, in Richmond, Yorkshire, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 26th, 27th, and 28th of January next. On Monday and Tuesday to fight three cocks, &c. each, for ten guineas a battle; weights from 3lb. 15oz. to 4lb. 2oz.—On Wednesday, a Welch main for one hundred pounds, 4lb. 6oz. the highest.—To weigh on Friday before fighting.—Stags and Blinkards to be allowed two ounces. To stake and draw as usual.

Sir F. Boynton, Bart. . .	Mr. Bell
Sir F. Boynton, Bart. . .	Mr. Wray
Mr. Wetenhall.	Mr. Raine.
Mr. Wetenhall.	Mr. Spenceley.
Mr. R. C. Burton	Mr. Lakeland
Mr. R. C. Burton	Capt. Morley.—Battles only. . .
Mr. Trotter.	Capt. Morley.
Mr. Trotter.	Capt. F. Hartley.
Sir W. Gerard, Bart. . .	Mr. Watt.
Mr. J. Bell.	Mr. Wycliffe
Mr. Hutehinson	Mr. Witham
Mr. Parkinson	Capt. J. Peirse.

There will be a Main of nine Cocks fought at the Rein Deer Pit in Lincoln, on Monday the 12th of January 1807, between R. C. Burton, Esq. and J. Johnson, Esq. for 50gs a Battle, and 300gs the Main.—And on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, will be fought a Long Main between Colonel King, for South Lincolnshire, and Major Coats, for North Lincolnshire, for 4gs a Battle, and 100gs the Main.—Setters, Thompson for Mr. Burton, and Probin for Mr. Johnson.

COURSING AT DOVERIDGE.

Sir R. Cavendish's Ground.

THE hares, which were in great abundance, ran so ill, that trials could scarcely be obtained for the greyhounds. Amongst the best were those of Mr. Mundy, of Marton, whose breed has so long been celebrated. Mr. Swinfen, for speed and beauty, produced one of the finest greyhounds ever seen there. It was got by Mr. Thornhill's Butterfly, who was got by Old Snowball, whose stock never fails. Mr. Princep's unfortunately had the distemper, in his kennel, and was disabled from bringing his dogs in their usual style. Mr. Noon's were in the same condition. Mr. Cave Browne produced his three greyhounds, which are matched against Mr. Burton, at Newmarket. Rocket and two young ones just entered. They appeared very promising ones. The Rev. T. Gresley exhibited four brace of very good dogs. The betting for the Newmarket matches continues in favour of Mr. Cave Browne against Mr. Burton.

ON THE TRAINING OF JOCKEYS.

By Sir John Sinclair.

SIR John Sinclair, who so actively devotes his time and talents to disquisitions calculated to promote the public welfare, has lately devoted his attention to an interesting inquiry into the effect of athletic exercises on the human frame, as they regard health and longevity. With a view of solving so important an inquiry, he has taken every possible means to collect the best information respecting the success with which men have been trained to these exercises; and also the arts by which they are improved in strength, spirit, or speed. Men of high professional character have voluntarily assisted the worthy Baronet in this laudable undertaking, by drawing up queries to persons most likely to furnish intelligent and useful answers.—This has naturally led to analogical comparisons between the human and animal race, which afford much interesting, as well as curious information. Sir John properly remarks at the end of his queries:—"That these are questions, of the importance of which, those who are best able to answer, may not be fully aware. But nothing which so suddenly changes the powers, and the very form and character of the body, from gross to lean, from weakness to vigorous health, from a breathless and bloated carcase to one active and untiring, can never be unimportant, either to the art of physic in general, or to the branch of it more immediately connected with inquiries regarding health and longevity!"

JOCKEYS.

JOCKEYS.

The following answers were transmitted to Sir John Sinclair's queries, respecting the training of jockeys, by Mr. W. Sandevir, an eminent surgeon residing at Newmarket:—

Q. 1. How long the training of jockeys generally continues?

A. With those in high repute as riders, in a greater or less degree, from about three weeks before Easter to the end of October; but a week or ten days are quite sufficient for a rider to reduce himself from the weight he is naturally of to sometimes a stone and a half below it.

Q. 2. What food do they live on, both solid and liquid, and what quantities are allowed them of each?

A. For breakfast a small piece of bread and butter, with tea in moderation. Dinner is taken in a very sparing way; a very small piece of pudding, and less meat; and when fish is to be obtained, neither one or the other are allowed; wine and water is their usual beverage, in the proportion of one part wine to two of water. Tea in the afternoon, with little or no bread and butter; and no supper.

Q. 3. What exercise do they get, and what hours of rest?

A. After breakfast, having sufficiently loaded themselves with cloaths, that is, five or six waistcoats, two coats, and as many pair of breeches, a severe walk is taken, from ten to fifteen or sixteen miles; after their return home, dry clothes are substituted for them that are made very wet and uncomfortable by sweat, and if much fatigued, some of them will lie down for an hour before dinner, after which no severe exercise is taken, but the remaining part of the day is spent in

that way that may be most agreeable to themselves; they generally go to bed by nine o'clock, and continue there till six or seven the next morning.

Q. 4. Are they purged, and what purgatives or other medicines are given them?

A. Some of them that do not like excessive walking, have recourse to purgative medicines, two ounces of Glauber salts is the usual dose, and it is very seldom that any other medicine is had recourse to.

Q. 5. Would Mr. Sandevir recommend a similar process to reduce corpulency in other people, whether male or female?

A. W. Sandevir would certainly recommend a similar process to reduce corpulence in either sex, as from experience he perceives that the constitution does not appear to be injured by it; but he is apprehensive that hardly any person could be prevailed upon to submit to such severe discipline, that had not been inured to it from his infancy. John Arnold, when rider to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was desired to reduce himself as much as he possibly could, to enable him to ride some favourite horse, without his carrying more weight than was agreed upon; in consequence of which he abstained from animal, and even farinaceous food, for eight succeeding days, and the only substitute was now and then a piece of apple; he was not injured by it at the time, and is now in good health. Added to which, Dennis Fitzpatrick, a person at this time continually employed as a rider, declares that he is less fatigued by riding, and has more strength to contend with a determined horse, in a severe race, when moderately reduced, than when allowed to live as he pleased, although

he never weighs more than nine stone, and frequently has reduced himself to 7st. 7lb.

Newmarket, June 28, 1805.

The subsequent Answers were received from another Person.

Q. 1. What is the process used in training them, and reducing their weight?

A. Abstinence; sweating in consequence of additional cloathing, and long continued walking.

Q. 2. What effect has it upon their health and strength?

A. Neither the one nor the other are impaired when the above are had recourse to in moderation; but when carried to excess, both, of course, must be more or less affected.

Q. 3. What effect has it upon

their minds, in regard to courage, quickness, &c?

A. When much reduced, peevish, and irritable; but perhaps not less courageous than usual.

Q. 4. How long do these effects continue?

A. Till the cause is removed.

Q. 5. After being reduced, do they quickly get fat again, or do they continue long in the state to which they were brought?

A. Many of them are naturally lean; but Buckle, the great rider, after severe wasting, has gained nine pounds in eighteen hours.

Q. 6. Are Jockeys, accustomed to be thus treated, healthy and long-lived?

A. Their health does not appear to be injured by wasting, nor does the continuance of life appear to be affected by it.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

MR. EDITOR,

TWO matches of Pigeon Shooting were determined on Saturday the 29th of November, in Rickmansworth Park, Herts, by four Gentlemen of Rickmansworth, at three Pigeons each, viz.

First—For Thirty Guineas.

James Swanell, Esq...	1 killed
	2 ditto fell out of bounds...
	3 ditto ditto.....
James Skidmore, Esq..	1 missed
	2 killed
	3 ditto

Second—For Twenty Guineas.

John Sedgwick, Esq...	1 killed
	2 killed
	3 missed
Louis Munn, Esq....	1 missed
	2 ditto
	3 killed fell out of bounds..

There were several other Matches of less consequence at single birds, for two, three, and four guineas, but we could not ascertain the names of the parties.

Yours, &c.

A. C. R.

SALE OF MR. MELLISH'S STUD, AT TATTERSALL'S.

THOSE marked with a * were bought in, and some others that we could not ascertain.

Stallions.

Gulcher.

* Eagle, by Volunteer, dam by Highflyer.....	1200
Diddler, by Pegasus, dam by Highflyer	250
Mameluke, a grey Arabian	100

Horses, &c. in Training.

Gregsonian, 6 years old, by Archer, dam by Bacchus.....	295
Quid, 5 years old, by Star	75
Czar Peter, 5 years old, by Sir Peter Teazle	500
* Staveley, 4 years old, by Shuttle	100
* Smuggler, 3 years old, by Hambletonian	1800
He was afterwards sold to the Prince for	
	2000
Luck's-All, 3 years old, by Stamford	400
\$treatlam-Lass, 3 years old, by Pipator.....	950
(She was sold to Mr. Kellermann.)	
Jerboa, 3 years old, by Gohanna, (no engagement).....	200
Yorkshireman, 3 years old, by a brother to Eagle.....	160
Companion, 3 years old, by Beningbrough	80
Sister to Smuggler, 2 years old, by Hambletonian.....	520
Harry Longlegs, 2 years old, by Beningbrough.....	300
* Bedale, 2 years old, by Star	100
* Darling, 2 years old, by Patriot.....	100
* A Colt, 2 years old, by Expectation	100
* Miss Buckle, 2 years old, by Precipitate	100

Brood Mares.

* Diddler's dam by Highflyer, dam by Goldfinder. Covered by Don Quixote	100
Darling's dam, by Highflyer, out of Tiffany. Covered by Don Quixote. (Not at the Sale).....	
* Marchioness, by Lurcher, out of Miss Cogden. Covered by Eagle	78
* Junius's dam, by Pot80's, out of Editha. Covered by Don Quixote	210
* A Mare, by Highflyer, bought of Mr. Knapton. Covered by Don Quixote	64
Sister to Spadille, by Highflyer, Covered by Don Quixote	140
Lady Cow, by John Bull, dam by Drone. Covered by Eagle ...	135
A Mare by Drone, bought of Mr. Knapton. Covered by Eagle..	135
Sister to Fidget, by Florizel. Covered by Eagle	150
Lady Brough, by Stride, dam by Drone. Covered by Eagle	510

* Marianne,

* Marianne, by Mufti, out of Maria, by Telemachus. Covered by Eagle	280
She was afterwards sold for	300
Sister to Chippenham, by Trumpator. Covered by Eagle	120
Sister to Coriander by Pot8o's, out of Lavender. Covered by Eagle	160

After the above were disposed of, the following, the property of Lord Foley, were sold.

Stretch, 6 years old, by Stride	75
Little Peter, 4 years old, by Sir Peter Teazle	105
Knee-Buckle, 3 years old, by Zachariah	195

☛ Don Quixote died at Blyth, Nottinghamshire, soon after the last covering season.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

MR. EDITOR,

IF you wish for an accurate statement of what was done at Tattersall's, regarding Mr. Mellish's horses, you may depend upon the following being correct—

All that were actually sold at the hammer, were, *Guineas*

Streatham-Lass, to Mr. Kellermann	950
Diddler, by Pegasus	250
Jerboa, by Gohanna, to Lord R——s	200
Old Sister to Spadille	140
Lady Cow, by John Bull	135
Old Drone Mare	135
Companion, by Bemingbrough	80
Quid, by Star	75

Eagle was bought in at	1200
Smuggler was also bought in at	1800
(He has been since sold for that sum to Mr. C. W——n.)	
Marianne was bought in at	285
Since sold to the Prince for	300
Lady Brough was bought in at	510
(The Prince bid 500gs for this mare, and will probably get her, or has, perhaps ere this.)	

Trafalgar, Hedley, and Dimsdale, were sold privately, without going to Tattersalls. The rest remained unsold on Monday the 13th.

I am your obedient humble servant,

AMICUS.

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

THE late Mr. Mills, of Roscommon, in Ireland, having unexpectedly stopped at the house of a gentleman who lived a little in the castle-rack-rent style, he perceived that a pane of glass was coldly represented by a corn sack thrust through part of the window. On Mr. Mills rising to withdraw, his host apologized for his indifferent entertainment; adding, that he had been unprepared. "Nay," replied the guest, "I have fared sumptuously; I do not often find myself treated with *sack and champagne*."

A WITTICISM of Mr. Curran, founded upon the following story, has been miserably garbled. Between the above gentleman and Mr. Egon, now chairman of the quarter sessions at Kilmainham, there existed, and still exists a warm friendship: they lived next door neighbours, and were seldom seen going to court, when practising as barristers, but in each other's carriage. On alighting one day at the law courts, a certain insect was observed crawling upon Mr. Curran's gown by a brother lawyer, who pointing to it, demanded—"Cujum pecus?"—Whose cattle are these?—Mr. Curran, nodding towards his late companion; instantly replied—"Nuper mihi dedit Egon." viz. Egon lately gave it to me.

THE Right Reverend Dr. Law, Bishop of Elphin, is a man of the most uncommon bluntness of ex-

pression, independence of spirit, and benevolence. Lord Viscount Dillon having one day described a corps of yeomanry cavalry which he commanded as being remarkably well mounted, concluded his description by asserting that they could charge over a six-foot wall at full speed; and turning to the bishop, who was in company, asked his opinion of such an exploit.—"I think," replied the bishop dryly, "I think it is a very great bounce, my Lord."

ELECTION Repartee.—One of the orators before the hustings at Covent-Garden, lately roared out to Mr. Whitbread—"If your porter were as strong as your assurance, it would do astonishingly well."—"But," replied Mr. Whitbread, "if it were as strong as your impudence, I could get nothing by it."

At a village in Norfolk, we are told, a person fills the following offices:—Church-warden, overseer, parish-clerk, constable, surveyor of the highways, assessor of the land-tax and assessed taxes, and of the property tax, collector of the same, and bailiff of the manor. This man has not been selected to discharge these important duties for his personal qualifications, or for the extent of his property; as he unfortunately has but one arm, and though the only tradesman in the parish, is a pauper, and receives relief.

A HINT.—Those who send game to the metropolis by coaches, &c. are recommended in all cases to send letters of advice, and likewise to put some distinguishing mark on the game, to prevent its being changed.

ODD Marriage.—At Stroud, Gloucestershire, Samuel Hulder, aged 70, and who has lost both his legs many years, to the widow of Isaac Wildly, who was drowned in the Stroud canal, a short time since. The novelty of the match brought together a large concourse of spectators, at the head of whom was one of the old veteran's daughters, who expressed her disapprobation of the alliance, by ringing a sheep-bell, beating a canister, and other noisy implements, which were fastened to different parts of her body. The old gentleman was conveyed to and from church on the shoulders of a friend, who was occasionally relieved in this arduous task, by the willing efforts of the bride herself!

HORSE-WHIPPING.—A correspondent observes, that as every article in the sporting line is admitted into our *sporting vehicle*, which comes properly authenticated, he can see no impropriety in our inserting the following advertisement, which he copied literally from a morning print of the 24th ult.—“Horse-whipping” being certainly often practised on race-grounds.

“To those whom it may concern.—I beg to inform the gentleman who talks of horse-whipping, that he has omitted to mention his address; and I have further to inform him, that I never attend to advice from anonymous correspondents, although I can easily excuse the impertinence of those who with

their signatures offer their advice. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient and humble servant, &c.”
—*Morning Post*, Nov. 24.

SMALL things compared with great.—At a late vestry meeting, one of the parish orators began his address in the following words:—“The eyes of *all Europe* are this day fixed upon the proceedings of this assembly.

MOTTOES.—Mottoes are of various descriptions. Some of a milk-and-water sort, may be used indiscriminately by all persons and in all situations; for as they have no allusion whatever to the individual or family by whom they are borne, they never can be materially wrong. Many allude to a meritorious action in the life of the original adopter, as that of Lord Nelson, *Palmam qui meruit ferat*, (Let him who has deserved it wear the palm) will ever remain an honourable record of this hero's patriot virtue, and a powerful stimulant to his successors to emulate his glory. Some, like the Delphic oracles, may be interpreted in a double sense.—Thus *Sola Nobilitas Virtus*, (Virtue is the sole Nobility,) may be translated with equal accuracy, Nobility is his sole Virtue. Again, *Labor ipse Voluptas*, (Labour itself is a Pleasure,) however applicable to its first holder, may, to an effeminate lordling who comes after him, be explained, Pleasure itself is a Labour. Several, by a trifling alteration, may be totally perverted: as, *Non Sibi, sed Patriæ*, (Not for Himself, but his Country,) may, by an obvious transposition, be twisted into *Non Patriæ, sed Sibi*, (Not for his Country, but Himself!) Some are mere quibbles on the holder's name: as Lord Onslow's
Festina

- Festina lente, (On slow;)—Mr. Rose's *Floreat Rosa*, (may the Rose flourish!) and Lord Temple's motto, from the Psalms, *Templa quam dilecta!* (How delightful are thy Temples!) which may be easily travestied into, What a precious set are the Temples!—A subordinate motto of Lord Nelson comes under this description, *Fit Honos a Nilo*, (Honour springs from the Nile,) but which is a *conchetto*, signifying also, Honour springs from Nothing.—Lastly, to this class may be assigned Mr. A. Trotter's *De'il speed the Hindmost*, under the crest of a trotting horse! In the assumption of mottoes, the founders of families should avoid the above rock, as well as of taking those of which their heirs may prove unworthy.—Thus it would ill become the puny offspring of an heroic ancestor to carry, *Non generant aquilæ Columbas*, (Eagles do not generate Doves;) a coward, *Animo Forti*, (With a courageous Spirit;—an infidel, *En Dieu est ma Fiance*, (In God is my Trust;)—or the minion of a corrupt court, *Pro Libertate et Magna Charta*, (For Liberty and the Great Charter.) As it frequently happens that men risen from an humble station to wealth and a carriage, are at a loss for suitable mottoes, we shall, for the accommodation of such gentlemen, mention a few, which may be applicable to different professions or situations in life. For a lawyer, *Causes produce Effects*; or, *The Glorious Uncertainty of the Law!*—a tailor, *Men and Measures*;—a shoe-maker, *Sutor ultra Crepidam*, (the shoemaker beyond his last;)—a distiller, *The Spirit moveth me*; a slave-trader, *Black Boys get Yellow Boys*; an East India Nabob, *Currit ad Indos*; *Pauperiem fugiens*, (He runs to the Indies to flee poverty;)—a com-

missary, *The King's Chaff* is better than other men's Corn;—a bankrupt, *Vix ea nostra voco*, (I can scarcely call these my own;)—a coal-merchant, I have touch'd the *Cole*; a card-maker, *My Cards* have turned up Trumps;—a parson, *Spero Meliora*, (I hope for preferment;)—a sub-dignitary of the church, *Nolo Episcopari*, (I won't be a bishop;)—a bishop, *Invitum sequitur Honos*, (Honours flow on me against my will;)—an arch-bishop, *Completum est*, (It is accomplished;)—an undertaker, *Mors est mihi Lucrum*, (Death is to me great gain.) We shall conclude this article with a short anecdote:—A poor Scotchman having been worsted in a law-suit he had brought before the Court of Session against his rich landlord, as he was coming out of the Parliament House observed the city of Edinburgh's arms then inscribed over the gate, *Nisi Dominus frustra*, without the Lord it is in-vain,) shook his head, and said, "Very true; unless you be a Laird it is in vain to come here."

HOCKLEY in the Hole.—Of what description were the entertainments of Hockley in the Hole within a century ago, we may gather from the following hand-bill, which was surmounted by the royal arms:—

"At the Bear-garden in Hockley in the Hole, 1710.

"This is to give notice, to all gentlemen, gamesters, and others, that on this present Monday is a match to be fought by two dogs, one from Newgate market against one of Honey-lane market, at a bull, for a guinea to be spent; five let-goes out off hand, which goes fairest and farthest in wins all; likewise a *green bull* to be baited, which was never baited before; and

a bull to be turned loose with fire-works all over him: also a mad ass to be baited: with variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting; and a dog to be drawn up with fire-works.

"Beginning exactly at three of the clock.

LATELY, a gallant General being elected a representative for one of the eastern counties, gave a public entertainment to the electors after the fatigues of the contest, and on his health being drank, addressed his constituents in the following laconic speech:—"Gentlemen, I am no orator, and therefore you must not expect from me a fine speech: that I can fight, I believe none of you can doubt; that I can drink, you shall all be assured of before we part; so God bless you all, and leave me to defend your rights."

DR. ARBATHNOT says, that "money lenders are like wire-drawing mills; if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body."

AN advertisement in a London paper of last week says—"Wanted at Rochester, a singing man with a *base* voice."

ANECDOTE.—Mr. Burkitt, the well-known author of a Practical Exposition of the New Testament, was a facetious, as well as a serious man. He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards became minister of Dedham, in Essex. Going one Sunday to church, he met an old Cambridge friend, who was coming to give him a call before sermon. After the accustomed salutations, Burkitt told his friend, that as he had intended him the favour of a visit, his parishioners

would expect the favour of a sermon. The clergyman excused himself by saying he had no proper sermon with him; but, on looking at Burkitt's pocket, and perceiving a corner of his sermon-book, he drew it gently out, and put it in his own pocket. The gentleman then said, with a smile, "Mr. Burkitt, I will agree to preach for you." He did so, and preached Burkitt's sermon. He however appeared to great disadvantage after Burkitt; for he had a voice rough and untuneful, whereas Burkitt's was remarkably melodious. "Ah!" said Burkitt to him archly, after sermon, as he was approaching him in the vestry, "you was but half a rogue; you stole my fiddle, but you could not steal my fiddle-stick."

ELECTION Anecdote.—Sir ——— candidate for the borough of * * * *, driving along the road in his barouche and four, and seeing a person who had voted for him at the last election walking in a field hard by, immediately stopped his carriage, and entering familiarly into conversation with him, inquired very kindly, 'not only after his own health and welfare, but also respecting his wife and all his numerous family. After having returned due thanks for this civility, the voter, with the greatest simplicity requested to know of "his Honour," whether such a thing as a General Election was not at hand? To which being answered in the affirmative—"Ad rabbit it," says the man, "I really thought so, for your Honour has never spoke to me since the last."

A FEW days ago the walls of Carlisle exhibited printed bills, stating, that for the amusement of the inhabitants of the town, a gentleman would,

would, by the aid of a mechanical process, at twelve o'clock that day, walk over the river Eden, near the bridge, with only a common pair of slippers on his feet. Thousands assembled to witness the aquatic exploit, which the gentleman punctually attended to, at the time appointed, and fulfilled his promise, by walking leisurely across the Bridge!!! He then made his *congé*, and departed, to the great mortification of all present, though they walked off with the hoax apparently in good humour, to hide the blushes of their silly credulity.

A TRUE Member of the Church *Militant*.—Died, at Burton Agnes, on the 19th instant, in the 71st year of his age, the Rev. Thomas Dade, A. M. Rector of Heslerton, Vicar of Burton Agnes, and Chaplain to His Royal Highness the Duke of York. The living, which had been purchased by, Dr. Mills, who now holds the perpetual advowson of it, was expected to be vacated about nineteen years ago, by the death of Mr. Dade, when, unluckily for the expectant, he recovered, and has lived to “keep expectation alive” about 20 years. There were very few scenes of life Mr. Dade had not seen. In the German war he was Chaplain to the 20th regiment of foot; and afterwards Chaplain to the Atlas of 96 guns, commanded by Captain Vandeput, at the relief of Gibraltar, under Lord Howe, in 1784.—He had been witness, as Chaplain, to some sea-engagements: to many difficult engagements by land, of his own, he had also been witness; and was accounted in the various circles of noblemen and others, to whom he was known—a very pleasant companion. That “he was a

man of letters” none of his friends could deny, for he wrote more of them than any man in England.—In the younger part of his life, he had been much conversant with the turf, and had ridden some matches. No man was more acquainted with *turf pedigree*, but he has left, as we understand, no pedigree of his own. He is supposed to have died in very affluent circumstances, as during the latter part of his life he lived in a very retired and economical manner on his living. Middleton in Teesdale, of which he was formerly Rector, he exchanged for Heslerton. By his death, society have lost a valuable member, and the poor a kind friend and benefactor.

At a fashionable whist party, a few evenings since, considerable merriment was excited by the following repartee:—A lady having won a rubber of twenty guineas, the gentleman who was her opponent pulled out his pocket-book, and tendered £21 in bank-notes.—The fair gamester observed, with a disdainful toss of her head—“In the great houses which I frequent, Sir, we always use gold.” “That may be, Madam,” replied the gentleman, “but in the little houses which I frequent, we always use paper!”

A MAN of the name of Lewis, in the neighbourhood of Alvanley, in Derbyshire, has, we are credibly informed, ten children, that measure twenty yards.—*Chester Chronicle*.

SAM. Foote used to say, that fiction was a good resource for the newspapers, as one lie made two paragraphs. The orators of our elections

elections profit so far by this hint, that the speech of *to-day* is employed in explaining away the assertions of *yesterday*.

THE King's Arms.—It is perfectly well known, that when his Majesty was at Worcester, it was his custom to rise very early in the morning, and sometimes with only one, and often without any attendants, take a walk about the town and its environs.—A countryman who came out of Herefordshire on purpose to see the King, was told by the people at the public house where he lodged, that if he would get up at five o'clock, and place himself in a particular situation, he would not fail of seeing his Majesty. The fellow did as he was directed, and the King appeared. Immediately the countryman threw his hat a dozen of yards from him, and dropped down upon his marrow bones; the King smiled, took off his hat, and familiarly wished him a good morning. The countryman returned home, and being asked if he had seen his Majesty—"Yes," says the fellow, "I have, and I find the King's *arms* are just like other people's; I was always told they had a lion on one side and a unicorn on the other."

SIR HOME Popham.—When Sir H. commanded the Romney, in the Indian seas, one of his midshipmen wrote to him requesting his interest to get him appointed to a mate's berth in a country ship; on the receipt of which Sir Home sent for him, and asked him whether his request proceeded from a dislike to the service in general, or from his wish to serve under some other captain? The midshipman replied—

"Neither, for he felt a sincere attachment to his Majesty's service; and had ever considered it as the highest gratification and pride of his life to sail under the command of Sir Home." "Well," said Sir Home, "I have a wish to serve you; but must insist on your explaining your reasons for this application." After some hesitation, he replied—"Sir, the gentlemen of your quarter deck have all friends who can, and do, supply them with money; I have not; and my slender finances will not allow me to keep pace with their mess, nor can I bear the mortification of living by myself." "Well, well," said Sir Home, "if this is your only reason, I do not see why the service should lose a valuable officer for a little paltry cash; what you require for your mess draw upon me for; I will answer it. I know when you can you will pay it; till that time arrives, never consider yourself in my debt."

GENUINE BULL.—A gentleman in Cork, of considerable taste, lately fitted up a house in a style of great elegance. On shewing it, however, to a friend, the latter objected to the thinness of the partitions which divided the rooms from each other, observing, that all that was said in one room might be overheard in the next. To this the owner replied, that he would immediately try the validity of the objection, by an experiment which could not fail. He accordingly called his servant Patrick, and directed him to go into the next room, carefully to shut the doors, and then listen in order to ascertain if he could distinguish any words spoken in the room where his master remained. When the master thought that

that Pat was properly stationed, he called out to him loudly—"Do you hear me?" Pat immediately answered as loudly—"No, Sir."

At the late Westminster Election, the keeper of a notorious gambling house in St. Anne's parish, on being about to give his vote, was asked in the usual way what his trade was; when after a little hesitation he replied—"I am an ivory turner."

BON MOT.—Bannister, advertising to the cause of his late disaster, observed that whatever the public might think of him as an *Actor*, he should never be a *Shuter*.

A WOMAN who kept a house of ill fame at York, being brought before a magistrate, was questioned as to her line of business.—"Please your Worship," said she, "I keep a *Circulating Library*, the neatest books in *sheets* your Worship ever saw!"—"You say so!" observed the worthy magistrate, "then I'll take care to *bind* you and them over to your good behaviour."

EPIGRAM

ON A LADY GORGEOUSLY DRESSED ON
HER WEDDING-DAY.

ELATE with golden hopes, a favour'd
swain

Led Daphne, blushing maid! to Hy-
men's fane.

Sad youth! and wast thou cheated till
this hour?

Or was thy bride transform'd by fairy
pow'r

To one of gaudy Thespia's vagrant pack?
For Daphne bore *her fortune on her back*.

A FEW days since, a tax-gatherer in Clerkenwell, called upon a poor housekeeper for his income tax.—

The man pleaded poverty, and wished to be excused for some time longer. The tax-gatherer urged immediate payment, saying that people should sacrifice every thing to keep *Boney* without.—"Ah!" said the housekeeper, "while we are *keeping Boney without*, we are *getting bony within*!"

BON MOT.—A certain cabinet-maker of Windsor, not more remarkable for strength of mind than malignity of disposition, was observing, in the rancour of *disappointment*, that Mr. Ramsbottom's electors looked as if they were just *come out of prison*;" to which a gentleman present replied, "You are perfectly right, Sir, and those of *your party* seem quite the *reverse*, for your's, like *yourself*, look as *miserable* and as *wretched*, as if they were just going into prison."

ANECDOTE of Theodore, King of Corsica.—When Theodore, the unfortunate King of Corsica, was so reduced as to lodge in a garret in Dean-street, Soho, a number of gentlemen made a collection for his relief. The chairman of the committee informed him by letter, that on the following day, at twelve o'clock, two gentlemen would wait upon him with the money.—To give his *attic* apartment an appearance of royalty, the poor monarch placed an arm-chair on his half-testered bed, and seating himself under the scanty canopy, gave what he thought might serve as the representation of a throne. When his two visitors entered the room, he graciously held out his right hand, that they might have the honour of kissing it. (Ireland's Hogarth, vol. i. page 12.)

A RAMBLE

A RAMBLE

FROM

RINGWOOD TO GALTON, IN
DORSETSHIRE.

*The Viper—Ringwood—Ringwood Ale—
Poole—Purbeck—Corfe Castle—Ware-
ham—The White Hart—My Pipe and
Repose.*

What land with sea-lav'd Dorset can
compare?

Hère earth deals plenty, health, the bal-
my air.

The sportsman here shall find an endless
treat,

Dogs quick of scent, and horses strong
and fleet;

The hare, the coney, partridge, and the
snipe,

The quail that listens to the treach'rous
pipe;

The stag, the fallow-deer, the pheasant
cock,

Fieldfare, and wild-duck, with her dowa-
ny flock;

The swan, majestic, as the snow-drop
white,

The pigeon, beauteous in his vagrant
flight,

And ev'ry fish in which he takes delight.

THE VIPER.

OH! still and cloudless morn-
ing, how I adore thy earliest
prime; thou emblem of easy in-
nocence, may I never prefer the
pillows of indolence to the breezy
incense that rises from the lap of
nature to salute thee.

Such were my ejaculations as I
passed the bounds of the New Fo-
rest; my pleasures, however, were
presently interrupted by an acci-
dent the least to be expected. I
had hardly quitted the velvet cov-
ering of the King's Chace, and pene-
trated with my four-footed com-
panion a thick hedge that opened
to the beams of a scorching sun,
when Tray returned yelping in a
louder way than I had at any time

heard him; the dog had been hurt,
his neck seemed the affected part,
and the pangs the poor animal en-
dured, were truly pitiable. I ex-
amined for the cause, and found a
small wound just below the left
ear. Fortunately for my fellow-
traveller, Ringwood was before us,
and a farrier's shop at hand; thi-
ther we went with all speed, and the
Æsculapins of the place pronoun-
ced, my terrier had been struck by a
viper, and that one of the teeth was
then sticking in the dog's skin.—
The wounded part was instantly
lacerated, and washed with a lixiv-
ium of his own compounding, a
certain antidote—as the farrier as-
sured me—at all times, for poison
of the description we had to correct.
After a dressing that gave almost
immediate ease to my friend, we
set off once more cheerfully toge-
ther, but not till our canine physi-
cian had favoured me with the fol-
lowing information respecting the
dangerous animal we had so lately
encountered.

“The viper,” said he, “is a fiery
creature, and his bite generally fatal;
he has sixteen teeth immoveable in
each jaw, but these are not the
teeth with which he gives the dead-
ly puncture, there being two others
much larger, hooked, hollow, sharp,
and transparent—as I could clearly
perceive. These are situated in the
upper jaw, on each side, and are
flexible, and lie flat while the crea-
ture is at ease; but when the viper
becomes erascible, then these teeth
are erect; and through which, at
the moment the wound is given,
the poison is communicated from a
small bladder at their root, when,
unless instantaneous relief be ob-
tained, the consequence must be
death. Let the sportsman remem-
ber this, that should the accident
occur, he may with all speed, seek a
remedy;

remedy, or lose the prime instrument of his sylvan pleasures.

And now full of glee, the dog and his master once more entered the pleasant town of

RINGWOOD*.

Well watered by the winding Avon, and celebrated for having in its neighbourhood the tomb of King Cerdie. The Saxon chief is sculptured in armour, lying on his back with his hands in a praying posture, his queen by his side, and at their feet a trophy commonly used at that period. Considering the barbarity of the age in which this monument was raised, the sculpture is excellent, and the preservation far beyond expectation. The town is large, well inhabited, and prosperous; and the people hospitable to a proverb:—

▲ true Ringwood man, treat him friendly
and fair,

With his loaf and his cup is as free as
the air.

Their trade is in cloth, stockings, and leather; and the whole of their manufactures are in the highest estimation. The situation of the town is rather low, but healthy, and their meadows subject, after heavy rain, to inundation. The inhabitants, however, are fully compensated when the waters are subsided, for the spring and summer herbage is quick and abundant, and so exquisitely rich, that the butter of Ringwood surpasses in colour and flavour all the rest of the county.

Approaching the inn where I had so lately been entertained, my old landlord stood at the door; he seemed glad at my return, and promised another haunch of forest

venison, if I would favour him with my company for another evening. He shewed me the song I made at our last meeting: the school-master had copied it in a capital manner, and hung it up in the great parlour; for it was a compliment, without flattery, on his

RINGWOOD ALE.

Where Stour and Avon fondly meet,
Round Cerdie's sculptur'd pile,
Where ev'ry bush, with bloom replete,
From sorrow draws a smile;
There faithful love and beauty glads
The tenants of the vale,
And there the merry Christ-church lads
Resort for Ringwood ale.

Blow high the wind, or beat the rain,
Let Solant† foam and roar;
Or let the tempest sweep the plain,
Or wrecks spread all the shore;
Hantonian boys will never heed,
But mock the rampant gale,
And chaunt the song, and puff the weed,
While they get Ringwood ale.

Ale warms the blood, and nerves the arm
To wield the fatal blade;
And should our country's foes alarm,
And land in fierce parade,
The lads who teach the cup to flow,
For kings a rich regale,
Shall fly to arms, and teach the foe
The pow'rs of Ringwood ale.

Nor these alone the bev'rage quaff—
Gay folks from far and near
Attend at eve the friendly laugh,
And carve the royal deer.
And should the forest-wardens pry,
But little 't will avail,
While we can yield them rich supply
Of famous Ringwood ale.

When spring leads up his hours of bliss,
I'll fly from London's gloom,
And flow'r-crown'd Stour and Avon kiss,
By Cerdie's rev'rend tomb;
And often o'er the forest deer
With social lads regale,
And charm the heart, the eye, the ear,
As flows the Ringwood ale.

* Vide our Magazine for October, 1803, page 31.

† Water that parts the Forest from the Isle of Wight.

As time warned me on my way, I was obliged to resist the land-lord's invitation, took refreshment, bade adieu to the old forester, penetrated the confines of Dorsetshire, and after a very pleasant walk of three hours, arrived about noon in the town of

POOLE.

A fine sea-port, and the most considerable place of traffic in the county. The bay below must certainly have given it its name, for at this moment the whole sheet of water, which is very expansive, is so clear and quiet that it resembles a standing lake, and withal, reflective as a looking-glass. The Frome and the Piddle, the two principal rivers of the county, lose themselves in these waters, and in a degree so gentle, as scarce to disturb their surface. The harbour is pleasantly adorned with trading vessels from all nations, almost to the town of Wareham. The merchants here fit out a great number of craft annually for the Newfoundland fishery, and the article in which they trade is procured at an easy rate in the finest perfection.

As my inclination did not lead me to loiter in this aquatic station, by the help of a fishing-boat, I crossed the Bay, passed through Langton Matravers, and soon found myself in what is called the

ISLE OF PURBECK,

Which is in reality no more than a peninsula, for the passage into it is without crossing water, and along a road as sound and as good as any in England.—The whole extent of this place is about ten miles, by five in breadth, producing all the comforts of life in abundance. The largest red-deer of the country are found here, and every kind of game our sportsmen delight in.

CORFE CASTLE.

I had frequently beheld this venerable and magnificent ruin from distant situations, but never till now trod its site of dilapidations. If I had at any time found a pleasure to contemplate Corfe in the perspective, how much more was I delighted in pervading the rude masses that time and accident had torn from their original propriety.

The castle stands on a very lofty mountain, four miles from Wareham; at a distance its towering keep rises magnificently between two neighbouring hills of still greater elevation; on a near advance, nothing finer can be conceived, than when the whole view bursts at once upon the sight. The entrance is from the town, over a bridge of three lofty elliptic arches, which lead into a large area, bounded by walls with round towers, several of which have by the effect of gunpowder been nearly overthrown, but owing to the strength of the cement no way disjointed, and are left leaning like the tower of Pisa, in a manner unaccountably wonderful, says Mr. Gross, to persons ignorant of this mechanical principle, that as long as the line of direction of the centre of gravity of any body remains within its base, such body cannot fall. The foundation of this British beauty is upwards of one thousand years; it was built by King Edgar, who left it to his wife Elfrida, who, for the advancement of her second son to the throne, in this place caused King Edward, her son-in-law, to be murdered. The story is thus related by William of Malmesbury:—"King Edward hunting in the isle of Purbeck, came unexpectedly alone to Corfe Castle. He always having an affection for his mother-in-law, resolved to pay her a visit, in token thereof.

thereof. She received him with all seeming love and regard, and pressed him to stay all night, but he fearing his train would be uneasy at his absence, would only drink a cup of wine on horseback; this she presented him: the cup was no sooner at his lips, but he was, by a villain appointed by Elfrida for that purpose, stabbed in the back.— Finding himself hurt, he clapped spurs to the horse, in order to join his company; but fainting through loss of blood, he fell, and his foot hanging in the stirrup, his horse dragged him until he was left dead at Corfe gate.”

In all ages Corfe Castle has been considered of great consequence, and of the strongest defence; it has been likewise the case of despair to hundreds of noble quality, and the prison of kings. But one circumstance attending its history is most worthy of relating, because therein the skill and courage of an English woman shews to the world the futility of that observation so much to their discredit:—“That woman, being the weaker vessel, is only fit for the distaff, and should leave all other pursuits to the nobler sex.” In the time of Charles the First, Corfe Castle belonged to Lord Chief Justice Banks, when Sir William Earl and Thomas Trenchard, commanders for the parliament, brought their troops before it, and demanded entrance. Lady Banks, her husband being infirm and absent, though she had only forty persons, herself and maids making up the number, gallantly defended the castle against a powerful army with a train of artillery. This brave lady by her great wisdom and good management, not only provided food and ammunition for her little compa-

ny, but three times repulsed the assailants with great loss, and held out in their defiance till relieved by the Earl of Caernarvon.

From this mighty summit, I behold half across the Channel towards France, while the surrounding landscape calls to my recollection the words of the Second Charles, when he was asked how he liked the county of Dorset.— “I never saw a finer country in the kingdom of England or out of it.” Indeed it is a paradise for an epicure as well as for a sportsman, for it abounds with all that is delightful to the one and desirable to the other.

From this venerable mountain I descended through Stowborough, passed the Frome, and entered the borough of

WAREHAM.

A large clothing town at the western extremity of Poole Waters, remarkable in its ancient history for being the scene of the massacre of poor Peter the Hermit and his two sons, by the cruel John; and in its modern story, for being one of those insulted boroughs where the people are all bargained for over the dinner-table, and sold like sheep in a public market to him inclined to be the best bidder. To set this matter in a clearer point of view, I have to observe that not long since the party who owns the right of burgage tenure, finding himself respected in the East, put up for a city there, and for £1000 was returned, and instantly sold his two seats, with the greatest ease and pleasantry, for £8000; by this he acquired in a few minutes, to the dishonour of Englishmen and their boasted liberties, a sum that many an honest merchant spends his

whole time of existence to obtain, and with great pains, care, and adventure. It is the permission of this kind of merchandise that makes our neighbours laugh us to scorn, and proclaim our pretensions to freedom a ridiculous farce. Having once more recovered the high grounds to the west of Wareham, I sat on the sod to review the surrounding objects, and to make such remarks on my tablets as might serve me on a future occasion.

The vast sheet of water, the outlet to Studland-bay, the romantic indentations of the coast to Durlston Point, and along the shores of Hampshire, afforded ineffable delight; the whole diminishing between sea and sky. I turned from the scene, took the way to Newburgh, and at

THE WHITE HART

Found a comfortable set-down; and after a plain but wholesome repast, with poor Tray by my side, who from the viper-bite in the morning, was glad to rest, I called for my Dorsetshire ale, and once more at ease, began to draw the calumet of peace.

Lost in reverie, I fancied some one more fashionable than myself at hand, and thinking that I heard him treat with contempt the effluence of the weed that brings millions of revenue to Britain, I thus sang in favour of

MY PIPE.

Why scorn my pipe? it is a harmless toy,

To fops perfum'd I know it gives offence;

But what are scented fops? they most annoy

The modest female and the man of sense.

I like my pipe, because its sav'ry cloud,
(Now truth and friendship are so little known)

Shields me at ev'ning from the vain, the proud,

And leaves me in the midst of fools—alone.

My landlord, who is no bad historian, now began to divert me with an account of the productions of this part of the county. After boasting much of the game, he thus observed:—"We of this place have cut no inconsiderable figure in sporting history; the very sign at my door takes its origin from a circumstance pleasant to sportsmen. Black-moor Forest, at the spring of the Frome, was once called the Forest of White Hart, and at that time the seat of royalty, and greatly preferred by our kings, on account of the deer with which it abounded, and with every other species of game. The third Henry, (he continued) with a mighty train of hunters, having one day entered on the chase, roused a milk-white hart; the creature afforded his Majesty so much sport, that at the pulling down it was the royal pleasure to save the beast, and place round his neck a collar of brass, on which was engraved:—'I am a royal hart, let no one harm me.' But the King and his retinue having run over and spoiled the lands of a gentleman of the county named Thomas De la Linde, and refusing upon remonstrance to make good the injury, De la Linde imprudently resolved to spite King Henry, when joining with others, hunted the White Hart, and having run it down, foolishly took the life of the King's favourite; and making merry over its haunches, was heard in his cups to utter many disrespectful speeches towards the sovereign,

reign, which were conveyed to Henry, who presently convinced De la Linde of his presumption; and so highly resented the indignity, that he made every one concerned in the death of the noble animal to pay into his exchequer an annual fine called White-Hart Silver, which was not remitted during the reign of that monarch. And this, (said my landlord) is the spring of all the White Harts in our county."

Fatigue makes the weary spirits incline to rest, and the eye-lids bend with a gentle closure. My landlord had finished his history, and the ashes of my last pipe had been beat out, when I mounted to the couch of rest, and yielded to repose, one of the best of human comforters.

T. N.

SECOND TRIAL OF O'DONNELL.

At the Old Bailey Sessions.

JOHAN O'Donnell was indicted for feloniously making an assault on the King's highway, upon Luke Codgell, on the 23d of August, putting him in fear, and taking from his person, and against his will, a silver watch, value 5l. his property.

Luke Codgell sworn.—I live at Willesden-green. On the 23d of August, I was going home, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, from London; I was stopped by two men in a lane leading from Kilburn to Willesden-green. They came to the side of the cart, and said stop; I was in the cart, and my daughter she was asleep in the cart.

Q. Did they both say Stop.—A. Only one.

Q. Who was that?—A. The prisoner. He got upon the shaft of the cart and put a pistol to my

breast, and demanded my money and my watch; the other man stood at the horse's head with a pistol; he then took hold of my watch-string and broke it, and he forced me to give him the watch; he felt about my pocket for money, but never put his hand into my pocket; he asked me if I had money, I told him I had none; they robbed my daughter likewise.

Q. What sort of a night was this?—A. A very light night.

Q. Now look at the prisoner at the bar, are you quite sure that he is the man?—A. I am, I knew him before; they told me to go on, after they had robbed me and my daughter. I went on about twenty yards; I got out of my cart, and run back; then I thought they went over Kensal-green. I crossed a field, thinking to meet them; I never met them at all.—I came up to Paddington, and stopped there, thinking they would come up the Harrow-road, but they never came, then I went home.

Q. You knew O'Donnell before?—A. Yes, I had seen him about six weeks before that at our green.

Q. Knowing the person that robbed you, what did you do?—A. I came up to Paddington; there I met with one of the Bow-street men, who staid with me an hour.

Q. Did you tell him the man that had robbed you?—A. Yes.

Q. Where did you meet with O'Donnell?—A. I heard of his being taken the Friday after. I ordered the Bow-street man to give notice.

Cross-examined by Mr. Knapp.

Q. You told the Bow-street patrol you had been robbed, and who had robbed you?—A. Yes, I took hold of the Bow-street-man; I thought

thought he was one of the parties.

Q. You found out you were mistaken, and you found him to be a Bow-street patrol.—A. Yes.

Q. You heard on the Friday after that he was taken up; did you go to Bow-street, or any other office, to make an inquiry?—A. No.

Q. Have you always said that you told the Bow-street officer.—A. Yes.

Q. Do you know a person of the name of Whistler?—A. Yes.

Q. Did not you tell him that you had not told the Bow-street officer the name of O'Donnell?—A. No.

Q. Will you say that you did not tell him that you did not know his name?—A. I do not remember that I told Whistler that.

Q. Did you tell any body else that you did not know the name of the person that robbed you?—A. To the best of my knowledge I always said that I did know his name.

Q. You are quite sure that you did not say to any person that you did not know his name?—A. I always said that I knew his person.

Q. Did not you say to some person that you did not mention his name to the Bow-street officer, and that you did not know his name?—A. I do not know that I did, I cannot swear one way or the other.

Q. He was afterwards committed, that you heard?—A. Yes.

Q. You never went to Marlborough-street, after he was committed?—A. I did; I saw Foy; I went there to ask what officer took him.

Q. You never intended to make any charge, till after he was committed; you never made any charge to the magistrate that he had robbed you?—A. No.

Q. Do you mean to swear that you mentioned to Foy that he was the person that robbed you?—A. I forget, I will not swear it.

Q. You went to Marlborough-street for the purpose of ascertaining who was the person that apprehended him; did you tell Foy that O'Donnell was the person that robbed you?—A. I might or I might not, I will not swear that I did or I did not.

Q. Did you ever prefer your bill until you saw the prisoner at the bar for trial at this sessions?—A. Yes, I went last Thursday.

Q. That was after the sessions had began?—A. I did not know that.

Q. You know there is a reward of forty pounds, if you convict the prisoner?—A. I do not know; I have heard such a thing.

Q. Do not you understand there is a forty pounds reward, and that you would perhaps have a share in it?—A. I do not want it.

Q. Do not you suppose that you would be entitled to a part of it?—A. I know now you have told me, I did not know it before. I have heard many say so, both before I preferred the bill of indictment and after.

——— Codgell sworn.—I am the daughter of the last witness; I was with my father on the said night; I was asleep when the man was in the cart; my father awakened me; he told me there was somebody wanting money; there was another man at the horse's head; I did not know the man in the cart. After he had robbed my father, he laid a pistol across my lap, and he desired me to give him my money. I told him I had none; he said he knew better, if I had it not about me I had it in the cart. I then told him I had some halfpence; he put his hand into my pocket and took a handful.

a handful; he dropped some in the cart; I gave him the rest; he got out of the cart, and told my father to go on. We went on about twenty yards, and then my father said he would go after them. I went home with the cart, and my father went after the men.

Q. Now look at the prisoner.—

A. I do not know him.

Mr. Knapp.—There was no property found that ever belonged to this man.

Prisoner's Defence.—My Lord, I have had the misfortune to be here tried, and convicted of a capital offence. I hope that circumstance will not operate against me on the present occasion; I was led into that offence by Cuddiford, who was the principal witness in that case. I most solemnly declare I am innocent of this charge, and to this declaration I call upon God to witness, as I expect for mercy here and hereafter. I did not know of this charge against me till last Wednesday, when I was informed that my prosecutor had sworn that I was the man that robbed him; that he knew my person only from happening to see me at prize fights. I understood also that he went to the Bow-street patrol, and informed him of the robbery, but not of my person. If he had known my name he ought to have mentioned it directly, and have gone to the Police Office.—If he had so done, I should have been directly apprehended. He must also learn from the public newspapers that I was in custody, and had been several times examined at the Marlborough-street office. I should humbly think he ought to have gone to the office and made his charge, and then I should have heard what he had to allege against me; and when the circumstance was recent, I might have brought to some friend's recol-

lection where I was; but in this course of time I cannot. I must trust my case to your Lordship and the jury, being well assured that notwithstanding my unfortunate situation, every justice will be done me.

Not Guilty, aged 22.

HORSE RACES ON THE CONTINENT.

MR. EDITOR,

PERHAPS it may not be totally unamusing to some of your readers to have an account of the mode in which horse races are conducted in some parts of the continent. In Italy, I understand, this charming diversion is not unfrequent.—The horses are not, in general, like ours, mounted and managed by a jockey, but are left at perfect liberty to exert their powers in the greatest degree, to attain the goal. At the time of carnival in Rome, these races are generally run in the long street, called in Italian *il Corso*; the length is nearly 865 toises, or rather more than an English mile. They are generally Barbary horses that are employed in this amusement. In appearance, these animals are small, and very far from handsome. They are all kept equal by a rope, against which they press with their breasts till the signal to start is given: the rope is then dropped, and the affrighted horses start away at full speed. At Florence they endeavour to increase the speed of their horses, by fixing a large piece of leather, not unlike the flaps of a saddle, on the back of each horse; the under side of this is armed with very sharp prickles, which keep perpetually goading them all the while they run. In order that the horses may not run out

out of the course, a strong railing runs along each side of the course, and a rope is fixed across at each end, to prevent them leaving the course at the extremities. The speed, however, of these Barbary horses, though considerable, is very inferior to that of the English racer. The course of 865 toises at Rome, is run over in 141 seconds.—an English mile is about 826 toises; so that these horses run very little more than a mile in two minutes, which an ordinary racer is able to do in England; not to mention Childers, who is said to have run a mile in one minute; and to have run round the circular course at Newmarket, which is 400 yards short of four miles, in six minutes and forty seconds.—Starling is said also to have performed the first mile in a minute. Childers ran the Beacon Course in seven minutes and a half. The Round Course is asserted to have been more than once run round in six minutes and six seconds. The Barbary horses must, according to what was said above, get over thirty-seven feet in a second; the swiftness of the English horses will be found, by this mode of estimating, far superior. Starling must have moved, in the performance mentioned before, eighty-two feet and a half in a second.

Dr. Maty, in his celebrated publication, "*Le Journal Britannique*," considering this subject, tells us, that every bound by the fleetest Barbary horse at Rome would cover eighteen royal feet and a half, and twenty-two or twenty-three feet by the English horses; so that the swiftness of the latter would be, to that of the former, as

four to three, or nearly*. The horses that passed over a mile in a minute, would evidently go faster than the wind, for the greatest swiftness of a ship at sea has never been known to exceed six marine leagues in an hour; and if we suppose that the vessel thus borne partakes one third of the swiftness of the wind which drives it, the latter would still be no more than eighty feet a second, which would be two feet and a half less than the quantity of ground covered by Childers and Starling in that time. For this calculation I am indebted to M. de la Condamine's *Journal of a Tour through Italy*. Buffon, in his *Natural History*, mentions an example of the extraordinary speed of the English horses. Mr. Thornhill, the post-master of Stilton, laid a wager, he would ride in fifteen hours three times the road from Stilton to London, the distance being 215 miles. On the 29th of April, 1745, he set out from Stilton, and after mounting eight different horses, arrived in London in three hours and fifty-one minutes. Instantly leaving London again, and mounting only six horses, he reached Stilton in three hours and fifty-two minutes. For the third course he used seven of the same horses, and finished it in three hours and forty-nine minutes. He thus performed his undertaking in eleven hours and thirty-two minutes.—Buffon observes—"I suspect that no example of such fleetness was ever exhibited at the olympic games." A horse, the property of a gentleman in Billiter Square, London, trotted on the fourth of July, 1788, for a wager of thirty guineas, thirty miles in an hour and twenty min-

* We are not to forget that the Barbary horse carries a jockey, and frequently weights on his back, the latter nothing.

utes, though allowed an hour and a half. These instances of speed are astonishing, even by ordinary horses. The four miles for the Union Cup at Preston were run this year in very little more than seven minutes.

Too much attention cannot be paid to the breed of horses in this country, which has been capable of producing such illustrious examples of speed.

I shall consider myself highly obliged by a communication from any gentleman, mentioning parallel instances with those I have quoted; and beg leave to subscribe myself, Your constant reader,

CURSOR.

THE DESERTS OF ARABIA.

Covent Garden, Nov. 21.

THIS melo-drama is from the pen of Mr. Reynolds. The principal characters are as follow:

Don Utopio.....	Mr. Liston.
Carlos	Mr. Incedon.
Hassan Artas.....	Mr. Emery.
Tristram Doleful....	Mr. Fawcett.
Abdallah.....	Mr. Chapman.
Widow Loriston	Miss Brunton.
Zamyrt.....	Mrs. C. Kemble.

Carlos is compelled by his father to cross the desert to Bassora, where a rich widow expects his hand.—He and Tristram set out with a Tartar guide, whose behaviour disgusts them, and they leave his party. They are attacked by a party of Arabs, and take sanctuary in the tomb of Ali. Here Abdallah, an old invalid, is placed to watch the perpetual fires; who, weighed down by indisposition, commits the sacred trust to his daughter Zamyrt. Zamyrt finds in Carlos a lost lover, and the joy of meeting causes her to forget the care of the lamps.—

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They are extinguished, and Abdallah, with his daughter, are exposed in the desert for their sacrilege.—Carlos and Tristram go on to Bassora, and the latter discovers that the widow, destined for Carlos, is no other than his run-away wife. A reconciliation takes place, and the parties are all crossing the desert on their return, when they find Abdallah and Zamyrt, whom they deliver from the fury of the Arabs.—Carlos is united to Zamyrt, and the piece concludes with a grand procession and chorus.

As a spectacle, this melo-drama is extremely grand: the expence of the scenery, dresses, and decorations which are all new, must have been immense. The last scene has a particularly beautiful effect; the wings are removed, and the whole stage laid open, to display camels, elephants, and all the magnificent paraphernalia of an Eastern caravan. The music is composed by Mr. G. Lanza, after the manner of the Italian school, but extremely well adapted to the English stage. Some of the songs were received with tumults of applause. A thunder storm towards the conclusion of the piece, in which the mechanists did not appear to be perfect, excited some disapprobation: but the grandeur of the spectacle, the interest attached to Zamyrt, the power of the music, and the gaiety of the dialogue, overcame the transitory displeasure, and the "Deserts of Arabia" was announced for a second representation amidst the almost unanimous cheers of a brilliant and overflowing audience.

On the second representation of this drama, the thunder storm in the last act was taken away, the dances and processions were better arranged than before, and the splendour of the decorations, of course, was discerned to better advantage.

Q A CORRECT

A CORRECT LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c. IN GREAT BRITAIN.—1806.

The Ages of the Horses, &c. took place last May-Day.

Ages.		By ACASIA.—Sold into Russia.	No. of Prizes.
4	B	BAY Colt, the property of Mr. Milnes, won 160gs at Pontefract	1
7		Lismahago, Mr. Tate's, 50l. at Blandford	1
By ADMIRAL.			
3		Roan Filly, Mr. Holyoake's, 100gs at Bridgenorth, and 50l. at Ludlow	2
By AIMATOR.—Sold into Russia.			
4		Aylesby, Mr. Butterfield's, 50l. at Preston	1
By ALEXANDER.			
4		Bucephalus, Lord Wilton's, a Piece of Silver Plate, value 50l. at Chester, 70gs at Bridgenorth, 80gs and 50l. at Newcastle-under-Line, 50l. at Oswestry, and 50l. at Wrexham	6
By APOLLO.			
Aged.		Chestnut Horse, Mr. Morley's, 50gs at Skipton	1
By ARCHDUKE.—Sold into America.			
3		Rosedon, Mr. Ilderton's, 100gs at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at 50l. at Carlisle	2
By ARCHER.—Sold to His R. H. the Prince of Wales.			
Aged.		Gregsonia, Mr. F. Sitwell's, the Hunters' Stakes at Millfield; Mr. Lonsdale's, 50gs at Edinburgh	2
By BENINGBROUGH.			
3		Banker, Duke of Hamilton's, 50l. at Carlisle	1
3		Barabbas, Mr. C. Browne's, 50l. at Nottingham	1
3		Brafferton, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, 100gs at Malton, and 150gs at York August Meeting	2
3		Brown Filly, (out of Rosamond) Mr. Peirse's, 120gs at Catterick-Bridge, and 270gs at York August Meeting	2
3		Centurion, Mr. Wentworth's, 110gs at Skipton	1
3		Fortuna, Mr. Fenton's, 95l. 10s. and 50l. at Newcastle; Mr. Brandling's, 50l. at Morpeth, and 50l. at Millfield	4
6		Lady Mary, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, 50l. at Morpeth, twice 50gs at Edinburgh, twice 50l. at Ayr, and 50gs at Dumfries	6
7		Orville, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 200gs at Newmarket, 150gs and 100gs at Lewes; also 50gs and 200gs at Newmarket	5
3		Skipton, Lord Grey's, 100gs and 120gs at Chester, 90gs at Bridgenorth, 80gs at Ludlow, 90gs at Lichfield, and 50l. at Shrewsbury	6
By			

- By a BROTHER to EAGLE.—Dead, by a kick from a mare, which broke one of his legs.
- 3 Maid of the Mill, Mr. Harrison's, 50gs at Newcastle..... 1
- By a BROTHER to REPEATOR.
- 4 Regulator, Mr. F. Neale's, 50gs, 100gs, and 10gs at Newmarket. 3
- By a BROTHER to WRANGLER.
- 3 Brown Filly, Lord Montgomery's, 50gs at Ayr..... 1
- By BUSTARD.—Died in 1803 after serving a mare.
- 3 Young Bustard, Mr. Horton's, 50lb at Newcastle..... 1
- By BUZZARD.—Sold into America, and is a Stallion in Virginia.
- 3 Amateur, Mr. Panton's, 50l. and 50gs at Newmarket 2
- 3 Bay Colt, (out of Ossian's dam) Lord Sackville's, 50gs at Newmarket..... 1
- 3 Blowing, Lord Foley's, 100gs and 50gs at Newmarket..... 2
- 5 Brainworm, Mr. Arthur's, 100gs, 100gs, 25gs, 200gs, 300gs, 600gs, 25gs, 150gs, 200gs, 200gs, and 200gs at Newmarket. 11
- 3 Bronze, Hon. B. Craven's, 200gs, and 120gs at Newmarket; also the Oaks Stakes of 925gs at Epsom 3
- 5 Bustard, Mr. Ladbroke's, 100gs at Newmarket; Lord Sackville's, 100gs, 100gs, 125gs, and 300gs at Newmarket..... 5
- 3 Chesnut Colt, (out of Spinetta) Lord Lowther's, 220gs at Catterick-Bridge 1
- 4 Currycomb, Sir J. Shelley's, 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. Arthur's 300gs, 25gs, 100gs, and 200gs at Newmarket; Mr. Blachford's, 100gs, 100gs, 50gs, 50gs, 200gs, 100gs, 100gs, and 100gs at Newmarket..... 13
- 3 Deceiver, Lord Stawell's, 250gs at Brighton, and 30gs at Newmarket..... 2
- 6 Dreadnought, Hon. G. Watson's, 100gs and 40gs at Newmarket, 400gs at Brighton; also 100gs and 100gs at Newmarket.... 5
- 2 Hawke, Mr. Forth's, 100gs at Egham 1
- 4 Junius, Mr. Jones's, 200gs and 80gs at Cardiff, and 200gs at Swansea..... 3
- 5 Little Peggy, Hon. G. Herbert's, 50l. at Salisbury; also 210gs and 50l. at Kingscote 3
- 2 Little Sally, Mr. C. Wilson's, 25gs, 450gs, 50gs, 100gs, and 25gs at Newmarket 5
- 5 Lynceus, Mr. Lake's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath..... 1
- 3 Merrymaid, Mr. Golding's, 50l. at Huntingdon..... 1
- 3 Pantaloon, Mr. C. Wilson's, 50l. at Guildford; Mr. Emden's, 50gs at Ascot-Heath, 50l. at Oxford, and 50gs at Blickling. 4
- 6 Piccadilly, Mr. Emden's, the King's Plate at Ascot-Heath 1
- 8 Quiz, Mr. F. Neale's, 325gs at Newmarket, and 120gs at Ascot-Heath 2
- 2 Ralphina, Mr. Panton's. 100gs and 40gs at Newmarket 2
- 3 Selim, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 50gs at Brighton, and 195gs at Newmarket..... 2
- 3 Superstition, Lord F. G. Osborne's, 80gs, 100gs, and 50gs at Newmarket..... 3

- 3 Vanity, the Duke of Grafton's, 100gs, 200gs, and 200gs at Newmarket..... 3

By CALOMEL.

- 6 Little John, Mr. Mellish's, 25gs at Bibury..... 1

By CARDINAL.

- 3 Cardinal Puff, Mr. Croft's, 50gs at Beverley; also 100gs and 200gs at York August Meeting..... 3

By CAVENDISH.—Died in the summer, 1804.

- 7 Jolly-Boy, Mr. Bower's, 75gs at Malton, and 60gs at Catterick-Bridge; Lord Lowther's, 90gs at Stamford..... 3

By CAUSTIC.

- 3 Chesnut Colt, Col. Molyneux's, 50l. at Swansea..... 1

By CHANCE, (A SON OF JAVELIN.)

- 6 Chancellor, Mr. Glover's, 100gs at Lichfield..... 1

By CHARIOT.—Sold into Russia.

- 5 Young Chariot, Sir W. Gerard's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 10gs added, at Catterick-bridge; and the Gold Cup, value 80gs, at Boroughbridge..... 2

By CONSTITUTION.—Sold into Russia in 1805.

- 6 Doubtful, Mr. Faulkener's, 130gs at Northampton; also 180gs and 50l. at Warwick..... 3

By CORIANDER.

- 6 Ducat, Mr. Douglas's, 185gs and 50l. at Maddington; also the Welter Stakes of 280gs and 50l. at Bibury..... 4

- 4 Glory, Hon. C. Wyndham's, 50l. 200gs, 100gs, 100gs, and 50gs at Newmarket..... 5

- 3 Honor, Hon. G. Watson's, 50gs, 100gs, and 50gs at Newmarket..... 3

- 9 Marcia, Mr. Garforth's, 275gs, and one of the Subscription-Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d. at York August Meeting; also the King's Plate at Carlisle, and the King's Plate at Dumfries..... 4

- 4 Swinley, General Gower's, 350gs, 70gs, 100gs, and 100gs; also received 100gs, being second for the Port Stakes at Newmarket..... 5

By COUNTRYMAN.

- Country-Lad, Mr. Haynes's, 50l. at Abingdon..... 1

By DELPINI.

- 4 Drum-Major, Sir T. Gascoigne's, the King's Plate at Newcastle..... 1

- 5 Evander, Mr. Watt's, 100gs at Beverley, and the King's Plate at Lichfield..... 2

- 4 Grey Filly, (dam by Florizel) Mr. Stapleton's, 50l. at Huntingdon..... 1

- 7 Hessle, Col. King's, 50gs at Lincoln..... 1

- 5 Priscilla, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, 50l. at Manchester, 50l. at Newcastle, the King's Plate at Edinburgh, 50l. at Ayr, and 50gs at Dumfries..... 5

- 4 Sir Launcelot, Sir J. Shelley's, 200gs, 100gs, 85gs, 90gs, and 50gs at Newmarket..... 5

4 Trafalgar,

- 4 Trafalgar, Mr. Mason's, 100gs and 70gs at Skipton, and the Gold Cup, value 60gs, at Chesterfield..... 3
 5 Vesta, Mr. Garforth's, one of the Subscription-Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d. and the King's Plate, (called Hambleton Guineas) at the York August Meeting 2

By DON QUIXOTE.—Died after the covering season, 1806.

- 4 Artichoke, Mr. C. W. Wynne's, 70gs at Oswestry..... 1
 5 Miss Coiner, Mr. Butler's received 30gs, being second for the Outlands' Stakes at Newmarket; won 80gs at Ludlow, 50gs at Knighton, 80gs and twice 50l. at Worcester, 90gs at Warwick, 50l. at Leicester, and 50l. at Walsall..... 9
 Sir Robert, Lieut. M'Alister's, the Gold Cup, value 50gs, at Barmham-Downs..... 1

By DOUGLAS.—A Stallion in Scotland, and lately in Lord Strathmore's stud; got by Bourdeaux, out of Bonduca, by Justice.

- Aged. Grey Douglas, Mr. Hutchinson's, 200gs at Penrith..... 1

By DRAGON.

- 3 Colt, (out of a sister to Bhégum) Hon. Newton Fellowes's, 150gs and 100gs at Exeter 2

By FERGUS.

- 5 Chesnut Mare, Mr. Lloyd's, a Silver Cup, value 50l. and 50gs at Oswestry 2

By FLYING GIB.

- 6 Gib, Mr. Palfrey's, 50gs at Worcester..... 1

By GLAUCUS.—He was a Stallion in Sir W. W. Wynne's stud, at Wynnstay, Glamorganshire, and was Sire of a great number of very capital hunters.

- 6 Chesnut Horse, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 50gs at Holywell, and a stakes at Tarporely..... 2
 6 Glaucides, Sir E. P. Lloyd's, 105gs at Holywell..... 1
 6 Rebel, Mr. Walford's, 80gs at Shrewsbury; and the Silver Cup, value 50l. at Oswestry 2

By GOHANNA.—He covered last season in the Earl of Egremont's Stud, at Petworth, Sussex, at 25gs, and one guinea the Groom.—He is to cover the ensuing season, at the same place, at 50gs, and 2gs the Groom.

- 3 Bay Colt, (brother to Cardinal Beaufort) Lord Egremont's, 330gs at Epsom, 50gs at Lewes; also 100gs and 50l. at Egham... 4
 3 Bay Filly, (out of Fraxinella) Lord Egremont's, 110gs at Brighton..... 1
 4 Cardinal Beaufort, Lord Egremont's, 100gs, 200gs, and 200gs at Newmarket 3
 4 Cerberus, Lord Egremont's, 60gs at Goodwood; the Silver Cup, value 50gs, and 60gs added, also 110gs at Brighton; 50l. 75gs, and 50l. at Egham..... 6
 3 Hedley, Mr. Mellish's, 200gs and 100gs at Lewes..... 2

3 Jerboa,

3 Jerboa, Lord Egremont's, received 100gs, being second for the Oaks' Stakes at Epsom; Mr. Mellish's, 100gs at Newmarket.....	2
3 Receiver, Mr. D. Radcliffe's, 40gs at Newmarket.....	1
3 Trafalgar, Lord Egremont's, received 100gs, being second for the Derby Stakes, at Epsom; Mr. Mellish's, the Pavilion Stakes of 950gs, and the Egremont Stakes of 1100gs at Brighton...	3
3 Wretch, Mr. Arthur's, 200gs, 150gs, 100gs, and 200gs at Newmarket.....	4

BY GOUTY.

4 Lord Mayor, Mr. Lake's, 50l. at Newbury.....	1
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BY GROUSE.

3 Bay Colt, (brother to Lumbago) Mr. Moorhouse's, 50gs at Epsom	1
3 Forester, Duke of Grafton's, 100gs, 350gs, 300gs, 50l. and 100gs at Newmarket	5
4 Tournament, General Grosvenor's, 50gs at Newmarket.....	1

BY GUILDFORD.

3 Candidate, Sir J. Mawbey's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath, 50gs, at Egham, and 60gs at Abingdon.....	3
3 Prisoner, Sir H. Lippincott's, 63gs at Maddington; the Cup value 55gs at Southampton; and 80gs at Newbury.....	3
5 Woodcot, Capt. Weir's, 50l. at Bickleigh ..	1

BY HAMBLETONIAN.—It is expected he will have a very capital season next year, 1807.

3 Grey Colt (out of Faith) Mr. Garforth's, 50l. at Malton; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, and the 100l. Plate at Doncaster; also 100gs Plate at Dumfries	4
3 Have-at-'em, General Grosvenor's, 100gs at Newmarket	1
3 John of Arc, Mr. Goodall's, 50l. at Shrewsbury.....	1
3 St. Domingo, Lord Grey's, 90gs at Manchester; Lord Stamford's 50l. at Bridgenorth, and 50l. at Worcester	3
3 Shelah, Mr. Sitwell's, 50l. at Derby.....	1
4 Sir Andrew, Mr. Johnson's, 50l. at Chesterfield.....	1
3 Smuggler, Mr. Wilson's, 400gs at Brighton; Mr. Mellish's, 650gs at Newmarket	2
4 Timekeeper, Mr. Douglas's, 65gs at Reading; and the Cup, value 60gs, at Kingscote.....	2

BY HIGHOVER.—He was a private Stallion in the late Margrave of Anspach's Stud.

3 Fancy, Major Graves's, 50l. at Canterbury.....	1
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BY HIS LORDSHIP.—Sold into Russia, where he is now a Stallion.

3 Richard, Gen. Grosvenor's, 100gs at Newmarket	1
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BY HOLYHOCK.

6 Varmint, Sir H. Mainwaring's, 75gs at Holywell.....	1
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Br

By JOE ANDREWS.—He was Sire of some good runners, but died when he was becoming a favourite Stallion.

- 9 Dick Andrews, Lord Sackville's, 50l. and 60gs at Lewes 2

By JOHN BULL.—Sold into Scotland, where he is now a Stallion.

- 5 Agincourt, Mr. Forth's, 25gs at Newmarket, and 50l. at Ascot-Heath 2
 6 Albion, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 80gs at Brighton 1
 5 Enterprise, Mr. Howorth's 280gs and 50l. at Bibury, and 500gs at Newmarket 3
 3 Norah, Lord Grosvenor's, 140gs at Stamford; Lord F. G. Osborne's, 200gs, 100gs, and 100gs at Newmarket..... 4
 4 Plantaganet, Mr. Howorth's, 100gs, 500gs, and 100gs at Newmarket; also 50l. at Lewes..... 4
 3 Tudor, Lord Grosvenor's, 350gs, 200gs, and 60gs at Newmarket; Mr. Payne's, 50gs, 100gs, 100gs, and 100gs at Newmarket.. 7
 4 Violanté, Lord Grosvenor's, the Port Stakes of 450gs, 100gs, 100gs; also the Gold Cup, value 80gs, with 20gs in specie, at Newmarket 4

By JUPITER.—Died at Thornville-Royal, in 1802, aged 27.

- 6 Norval, Mr. H. Howorth's, 10gs at Bibury; Mr. Mellish's, thrice 25gs at Newmarket 4
 Sir Hugh, Mr. Weatherley's, the Annual Hunters' Cup, and 100gs at Newcastle 2

By MAGIC.—Sold into Russia in 1803.

- 4 Mountaineer, Mr. C. Browne's, 200gs, 50gs, 100gs, 25gs, 50gs, and 10gs at Newmarket; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 40gs in specie, at Stamford; 50l. at Nottingham, 50l. at Derby, and 50l. at Leicester; also twice 100gs at Newmarket... 12

By MARSK, (MR. RICHARDSON'S.)

- 3 Miss Briscoe, Mr. Briscoe's, 51l. 10s. at Nantwich 1
 3 Newton, Mr. Astley's, 60gs at Manchester..... 1

By METEOR.

- 3 Bay Celt, Sir W. W. Wynne's, 50l. at Newcastle-under-Line, and 45gs at Holywell 2
 4 Meteora, Lord Grosvenor's, 100gs, 200gs, and 70gs at Newmarket 3

By MR. TEAZLE.

- 5 Charles Teazle, Mr. Hart's, 60gs at Stockbridge 1
 3 Chesnut Filly, (out of the Yellow Mare) Sir Frank Standish's, 50gs at Newmarket..... 1
 4 Mirmillo, Lord C. Somerset's, 120gs at Maddington, and 80gs at Exeter..... 2
 6 Slate, Sir H. Lippincott's, 65gs, 25gs, and 30gs at Bibury; 50l. at Winchester, 50l. at Taunton, 50l. at Exeter, 170gs at King-scote, and 50l. at Tewkesbury..... 3

By

BY MOORCOCK.

- 4 Bay Colt, (out of Matron) Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 50gs at Lewes; Major Pigott's, twice 50l. at Canterbury, and 60gs at Barham Downs..... 4
- 6 Cockspinner, Mr. J. Eyre's, 50l. at Newcastle-under-Line, 50l. at Warwick, the Town Plate at Shrewsbury, 50l. at Oswestry, and 50l. at Wrexham..... 5
- 3 Cocolobo, Mr. Sitwell's, 100gs and 50gs at Newmarket..... 2
- 3 Eliza, Mr. W. Bayley's, 50l. at Stamford 1
- 5 Featherlegs, Mr. J. Hawkes's, 75gs at Kingscote..... 1
- 3 Fricasée, (late Chicken) General Grosvenor's, 50gs at Newmarket 1
- 3 Lady Bird, Mr. Fisher's, 50l. at Northampton..... 1
- 3 Mignonette, (late Osier) Mr. Foster's, 250gs at Newmarket; Mr. Walker's, 145gs at Ascot-Heath..... 2
- 3 Ptarmagon, Mr. J. Egerton's, 50l. at Chester..... 1

BY NEWBYTH.—He is a Stallion in Mr. Baird's stud, at Newbyth, and is Sire of several good hunters.

- Young Newbyth, Mr. Baird's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 40gs in specie, at Ayr; and 50l. at Fife..... 2

BY NOBLEMAN.

- 3 Chesnut Filly, Lord Montgomerie's, 50gs at Ayr 1

BY OBERON.

- 6 Witchcraft, Mr. Stratton's, 120gs at Oxford..... 1

BY OBERON, OR CAVENDISH.

- 5 Asfordby, Mr. W. Bayley's, 50gs at Derby, and 60gs at Lincoln. 2

BY ORMOND.—Sold into Russia in 1805.

- 3 Doubtful, Mr. Artley's, 50l. at Malton..... 1
- 4 Miss Cheesecake, Mr. Phillips's, 50l. at Newton..... 1

BY OSCAR.

- 3 Honeysuckle, Mr. Morland's, 50gs at Chelmsford 1

BY OVERTON.—Died at Skipton, near York, May 30, 1801, aged 13.

- 4 Barouche, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 50l. at Brighton; Mr. S. S. Prime's, 25gs at Newmarket 2
- 4 Brown Filly, Mr. Baird's, 50gs at Ayr 1
- 4 Capias, Mr. C. Dundas's, 50l. at Stockbridge, 50l. at Blandford, and 50l. at Newbury..... 3
- 4 Cleveland, Mr. G. Hutton's, 60gs at York Spring Meeting; also 50l. and 70gs at Lincoln..... 3
- 4 Didapper, Mr. W. Hutchinson's, 70l. at Manchester, twice 50l. at Newton, and 50l. at Kelso..... 4
- 5 Hebe, Mr. C. Smith's, 80gs at Newton, 62l. at Nantwich, 210gs at Lichfield, 50l. at Shrewsbury, 50l. at Walsall, and 50l. at Stafford 6
- 4 Honesty, Mr. Howorth's, 100gs at Newmarket 1

BY VIRGINELLA.

- 3 Bay Colt, (out of Virginella, 1805), 50gs at Haverford-West 1

By

By PEDLAR.

- 3 Elvira, Mr. Jenner's, 50gs at Cardiff, 50l. at Haverford-West, and 50l. at Swansea 3

By PEGASUS.

- 5 Eunuch, Mr. Butler's, 105gs at Ascot-Heath, and 50l. at Ludlow 2
 4 Hippomenes, Mr. Forth's, 120gs at Ascot-Heath, 100gs and 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. Fermor's, 200gs at Newmarket... 4
 6 Laura, Mr. Pearce's, 50gs at Epsom, and 50l. at Guildford; Mr. C. Browne's, 50l. at Chelmsford, and 50l. at Ipswich..... 4
 Leviathan, Mr. C. Burgh's, 100gs at Lewes 1
 Peggy Rose, Mr. Worrall's, 50l. at Stockbridge..... 1

By PENCIL.

- 4 Guido, Mr. C. Dundas's, 50gs at Newbury..... 1
 3 Rubens, Mr. C. Dundas's, 50gs at Newbury..... 1

By PIPATOR.—Died at Streatlam-Castle, February 20, 1803, aged 18.

- 3 Cramlington, Mr. Storey's, 71l. at Merpeth 1
 4 The Dean, Mr. Lonsdale's, 50l. at Northallerton 1
 4 Lavinia, Mr. Birch's, 50l. at Chester; 50l. at Swansea, and twice 50l. at Haverford-West..... 4
 Quilddriver, Hon. P. Burrell's, 50gs at Goodwood..... 1
 3 Streatlam-Lass, Mr. Mellish's, 210gs at Pontefract, and 300gs at Newmarket 2
 4 Welch-Harp, Mr. Clifton's, received 20l. at Manchester, and won 50l. at Tenbury; Mr. T. Birch's, 50l. at Warwick, and twice 50l. at Lichfield..... 5

By POT-EIGHTO's.—Died at the Upper Hare Park, near Newmarket, in November, 1800, aged 27.

- 7 Enchanter, Lord Sackville's, 180gs at Bibury, and 50l. at Lewes. 2
 6 Parasol, the Duke of Grafton's, 100gs, 200gs, the King's Plate for mares, twice 50l. 50gs, and 200gs at Newmarket..... 7

By PRECIPATE.—Sold at the late Mr. Watt's sale, and sent to Russia.

- Bayard, General Lenox's, 50gs at Goodwood, and 100gs at Lewes 2
 4 Bay Colt, Mr. Tatton Sykes's, 200gs at Beverley..... 1
 4 Langton, Mr. Howorth's, received 200gs, being second for the Claret Stakes at Newmarket; 265gs at Bibury; the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 80gs in specie; and 50l. at Oxford; also 100gs at Egham..... 5
 4 Lemonpeel, Sir T. Gascoigne's, 60gs at Chester..... 1
 3 Malvolio, Mr. D. Boyce's, 10gs at Newmarket; Mr. F. Neale's, twice 200gs at Newmarket 3
 4 Mariner, Lord F. Bentinck's, 25gs at Bibury; Mr. Roberts's, 25gs at Bibury..... 2
 5 Slipper, Lord Egremont's, received 10gs at Egham; Mr. R. Ladbrooke's, 50gs and 100gs at Newmarket..... 3

By REVENGE.—Died in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury.

- 10 Mary, (late Bona-Roba) Mr. T. Butler's, 50l. at Knighton 1

By ST. GEORGE.

- 5 Green-Dragon, Mr. Bullock's, 50l. at Taunton, 50l. at Newbury, and 50l. at Kingscote..... 3
 3 Sweetwilliam, Mr. Seymour's, 50l. at Skipton..... 1
 4 True-Briton, Mr. Harrison's, 50l. at Durham..... 1
 5 Zodiac, Lord Darlington's, 250gs and 100gs at Newmarket 2

By SAXE COBOURGH.

- 2 Czarina, Hon. Mr. Harbord's, 50gs at Blickling..... 1

By SCHEDONI.—After covering one season, he was sold to Mr. Smith, who sent him into Russia.

- 3 Bay Colt, Hon. C. Wyndham's, 50gs at Newmarket..... 1
 3 Shittlecock, Mr. Watt's, 100gs at York August Meeting 1

By SCREVETON.

- Bay Gelding, Mr. Key's, 50l. at Malton..... 1
 4 Miss Welham, Mr. Acred's, 25gs at Malton..... 1

By SELIM, (AN ARABIAN).—Died at Ainderby Steeple, in May, 1806, aged 24.

- 3 Young Selim, Mr. Dent's, 50l. at Catterick-Bridge..... 1

By SHUTTLE.

- 3 Bay Colt, (dam by Walnut) Mr. Brandling's, 50l. at Borough-bridge 1
 5 Gratitude, (alias Richmond-Lass) Mr. W. Bayley's, 100gs, 300gs, and 100gs at Newmarket; Mr. Butterfield's, the King's Plate at Lincoln 4
 3 Off-she-goes, Mr. Mellish's, 25gs at Newmarket, and 200gs at the York August Meeting 2
 4 Staveley, Mr. Mellish's, received 30gs, being second for the Oatlands' Stakes; won 200gs, 500gs, the Jockey-Club Plate of 50gs, 400gs, and 100gs at Newmarket..... 6

By SIR PETER TEAZLE.—In 1807, he will cover thirty mares, (besides those of his owner, and such as he shall allow to be covered gratis) at Knowsley, Lancashire, at 25gs each, and one guinea the Groom.

- 3 Atlas, Mr. E. Ackers's, 80gs at Newton, 50l. at Preston, and 15gs at Nantwich..... 3
 5 Bagatelle, Lord F. Bentinck's, 255gs at Maddington, 250gs and 50gs at Bibury, 145gs at Exeter, 110gs at Kingscote, and thrice 50gs at Newmarket..... 8
 4 Barbarossa, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 50l. at Newmarket, 375gs at Brighton, the King's Plate at Lewes, 70gs and the King's Plate at Canterbury; also 125gs and the King's Plate at Newmarket 7
 3 Bay Filly, (out of Katherine) Sir H. T. Vane's, 50l. at the York August Meeting, 50l. at Pontefract; also 50gs and 50l. at Northallerton..... 4
 4 Bay Filly, (sister to Duxbury) Sir F. Standish's, 75gs at Newmarket 1

2 Bay

2 Bay Filly, (sister to Sir Paul) Lord Fitzwilliam's, 140gs at York August Meeting, 100gs at Pontefract, and 100gs at Doncaster.....	3
3 Brown Filly, (out of Heroine) Lord Strathmore's, 125gs at Catterick-Bridge, 950gs at the York August Meeting, and 240gs at Doncaster	3
4 Caleb Quote'em, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 100gs at the York August Meeting	1
3 Clasher, Mr. Sitwell's, 600gs, 25gs, and 200gs at Newmarket; Sir J. Shelley's, 100gs at Newmarket.....	4
6 Czar Peter, Mr. Mellish's, 175gs, the King's Plate, and 100gs at Newmarket	3
3 Epsom-Lass, (late Orange-Girl) Mr. J. Croft's, 50l. at Epsom; Mr. Waddington's, the Queen's Plate at Chelmsford; the Gold Cup, value 80gs, and 50gs at Reading; Mr. Goulburn's, 50l. with Mr. Perram's 30gs added, at Newmarket	5
3 Filly, (out of Faunus's dam) Hon. G. Watson's, a forfeit at Newmarket.....	1
3 Fyldener, Mr. Clifton's, 100gs and 140gs at York Spring Meeting, 325gs at York August Meeting, and the St. Leger Stakes of 975gs at Doncaster	4
3 Gazier, Duke of Hamilton's, 100gs at Preston.....	1
9 Haphazard, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, 1000gs at Lewes...	1
4 Hedley, Mr. Wrixon's, 50l. at Cardiff	1
3 Hipswell-Lass, Mr. S. Duncombe's, the Gold Cup, value 105gs, at Lincoln	1
5 Houghton-Lass, Sir John Shelley's, 600gs, 100gs, 100gs, and 100gs at Newmarket; also 200gs at Lewes	3
4 Jasper, Lord Grosvenor's, 200gs, 100gs, and 100gs at Newmarket; 250gs at York August Meeting; also 100gs, 100gs, and 50gs at Newmarket.....	7
5 Josephina, Mr. Clifton's, 50l. at the York Spring Meeting; also 120gs and 60l. at Knutsford	3
4 Knight Errant, Lord Grosvenor's, 50l. at Nantwich	1
4 Little Peter, Lord Foley's, 200gs, the Claret Stakes of 700gs, and 200gs at Newmarket	3
4 Margaretta, Mr. Biggs's, 50l. at Salisbury, 50gs at Southampton, 50l. at Reading, and 50l. at Abingdon.....	4
4 Milo, Lord Derby's, the Earl of Chester's Plate of 100gs and 120gs at Chester, 180gs at Preston, the King's Plate at Warwick; also 70gs at Doncaster.....	5
3 Miss Cranfield, Mr. Watt's, 50gs at Malton, and 50l. at Beverley	2
3 Miss Eliza Teazle, Mr. W. N. W. Hewett's, 50gs at Doncaster ..	1
3 Pagoda, Hon. G. Watson's, 100gs at Newmarket.....	1
3 Paris, Sir F. Standish's, 1150gs and 550gs at Newmarket; Lord Foley's, the Derby Stakes of 1175gs at Epsom, and 125gs at Newmarket	4
3 Pipylina, Lord Foley's, twice 50gs and 100gs at Newmarket, 180gs at Pontefract; also 50gs and 20gs at Newmarket	6
4 Pluto, Mr. Timms's, 50l. at Tenbury.....	1

- 4 Sir Paul, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 70gs and 80gs at Malton; the King's Plate at York August Meeting; also 200gs and the King's Plate at Doncaster..... 5
- Sir Pertinax, Sir M. M. Sykes's, 60gs at Skipton..... 1
- 3 Sir Peregrine, M. R. Ladbroke's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath; and the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 70gs in specie, at Egham..... 2
- 3 Taurus, Lord Darlington's, 150gs at Newmarket; Mr. Sitwell's, 71l. at Nottingham, 50l. at Derby, and 50gs at Doncaster... 4
- 4 Trafalgar, Lord Darlington's, 200gs and one of the Subscription-Purses of 260l. 8s. 4d. at the York August Meeting; the Gold Cup, value 120gs, and the 100l. Plate at Pontefract; also 170gs at Doncaster..... 5
- 3 Warrior, Mr. Clifton's, 120gs at Malton; also the Union Cup, value 100gs, with 210gs in specie, at Preston..... 2
- 5 Witchcraft, Lord Sackville's, 200gs and 200gs at Newmarket, 120gs at Maddington, 80gs and 15gs at Salisbury; also 200gs at Newmarket..... 6
- 4 Yorkshire, Hon. G. Watson's, 200gs at Newmarket..... 1
- 4 Young Roscius, Lord Grey's, 50l. at Chester..... 1

BY SKYSCRAPER.

- 4 Bassanio, Mr. Biggs's, 50l. at Winchester, 50l. at Blandford, and 100gs at Kingscote..... 3

BY SPEAR.

- 5 Maid of the Moor, Mr. Richardson's, 50gs at Knighton..... 1

BY SPECTRE.

- 6 Whynot, Mr. Gosden's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath, and the Silver Bowl at Salisbury..... 2

BY STAMFORD.

- 2 Bessy Carr, Mr. Clowes's, 50l. at Beverley, and 50gs at Doncaster..... 2
- 2 Comrade, Mr. Mellish's, 50gs, 75gs, 50l. and 75gs at Newmarket..... 4
- 3 Luck's-All, Mr. Mellish's, 200gs, 100gs, and 25gs at Newmarket, 200gs and 25gs at York August Meeting, and 200gs at Newmarket..... 6
- 3 Sir Sampson, Mr. Marris's, twice 50l. at Beverley..... 2
- 3 Sir Sacripant, Sir M. M. Sykes's, 100gs and the Ladies' Plate at York August Meeting..... 2

By STAR.—In 1804, he was sold, and sent into America.

- 2 Bedale, Mr. Mellish's, 70gs at Newmarket..... 1
- 3 Smasher, Mr. Brandling's, 100gs at Newcastle..... 1
- 3 Streamer, Mr. Baillie's, a Stakes of 120gs, and the Gold Cup, value 100gs, with 60gs in specie, at Newcastle; also 80gs, and the Gold Cup, value 105gs at Richmond..... 4
- 4 Sunderland, Duke of Hamilton's, 50l. at Penrith..... 1

BY STRIDE.

- 3 Baronet, Mr. Walker's, 300gs at Doncaster..... 1
- 6 Stretch, Lord Foley's, 50l. at Newmarket..... 1

BY

By TELESCOPE.—In 1804, he received a kick from a horse, which was the cause of his death.

- 3 Ambrosia, Sir T. Mostyn's, 50gs at Bridgenorth, and 50gs at Holywell 2
- 5 Optician, Lord F. Bentinck's, 50l. at Totness, 50l. and 60gs at Taunton, 50l. at Exeter, and 100gs at Newmarket..... 5
- 4 Royal Oak, Mr. Bowker's, 50l. at Chester, and 50l. at Bridgenorth 2

By TICKLE TOBY.

- Aged. Bay Mare, Mr. Baird's, 50l. at Edinburgh..... 1

By TOTTERIDGE.

- 3 Integrity, Mr. Nalton's, 120gs at Beverley..... 1
- 3 Merrythought, Duke of Grafton's, 25gs at Newmarket; Duke of St. Albans's, 50gs, 100gs, 63gs, and 100gs at Newmarket .. 5
- 3 Talisman, Mr. Lascelles's, 800gs at Pontefract 1

By TRANSIT.

- 4 Guido, Mr. Dilly's, 50l. at Winchester 1

By TRAVELLER.

- 4 Bounce, Mr. W. Hotham's, 70l. at Manchester, and 50l. at Richmond 2
- 3 Flighty, Mr. Mellish's, 100gs and 50gs at Newmarket; Mr. R. Prince's, 50l. at Doncaster; Mr. Goodisson's, 50l. at Newmarket 4
- 4 Laura, Mr. Kirby's, received 20l. at Manchester, and won 50l. at Chesterfield 2

By TRUMPATOR.

- 3 Clermont, Lord Sackville's, 50gs at Newmarket..... 1
- 4 Fathom, Mr. Andrew's, twice 50l. at Stamford, the King's Plate at Nottingham, and 50gs at Derby..... 4
- 5 Sir David, Mr. Arthur's, 80gs, 100gs, 100gs, 100gs, 50gs, 25gs, and thrice 200gs at Newmarket 9
- 4 Tot, Hon. G. Watson's, 50gs, 50gs, and 100gs at Newmarket .. 3

By VOLUNTEER.

- 6 Garland, Mr. Andrew's, 70gs at Lichfield; and 70gs and 100gs at Liecester 3
- 3 Lady Fair, Mr. Storey's, 50gs at Derby..... 1
- 3 Ploughboy, Mr. Waddington's, 50l. at Chelmsford..... 1
- Reserve, (late Rubbish) Mr. Bayzand's, 50gs at Kingscote..... 1
- 5 Tom Pipes, (late The Carpenter) Captain Haffenden's, 50gs at Lewes 1
- Venture, Major Graves's, 60gs at Barham-Downs 1

By WALNUT.

- 4 Crazy, Duke of Hamilton's, the Produce Stakes of 750gs at York August Meeting 1
- 5 Hasty, Duke of Hamilton's, 50l. at Preston 1
- 9 Sowerby, Capt. F. Hartley's, 60gs at Goodwood..... 1
- 3 Wrexham-Lass, Mr. Harris's, 50l. at Stafford..... 1

By

By WAXY.

3 Chesnut Colt, Mr. Ladbroke's, 50l. at Brighton, and 60gs, at Newmarket	2
Aged. Chesnut Mare, Lieut. Cole's, twice 50gs at Pontefract	2
4 Dodona, Duke of Grafton's, 100gs at Newmarket	1
5 Heeltap, Mr. Kellerman's, 50l. at Oxford	1
5 Latitat, Mr. Emden's, 50l. at Reading; and the Silver Cup, value 50l. with 40gs in specie, at Tewkesbury	2
4 Newmarket, Mr. T. Goddard's, 150gs at Newmarket, and 50l. at Brighton	2
5 Pavilion, Lord Darlington's, 2000gs at Lewes; the Gold Cup, with 260gs added, and 2000gs at Brighton; also 500gs at Newmarket	4
5 Watery, Mr. Lake's, 50l. at Ascot-Heath	1

By WEATHERCOCK.

Grey Poney, Mr. Smith's, 40gs at Hambleton	1
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By WHISKEY.

3 Charmer, Mr. Godfrey's, the King's Plate at Ipswich; Hon. G. Watson's, 50gs and 90gs at Newmarket	3
4 Lydia, Sir C. Bunbury's, 50l. and twice 300gs at Newmarket ..	3
3 Orangeade, Mr. Howorth's, 25gs at Newmarket; 40gs at Epsom; also 300gs, 100gs, 150gs, and 50gs at Newmarket...	6
5 Pelisse, General Gower's, 75gs, 25gs, 145gs, 100gs, and 50l. at Newmarket	5
5 Prospero, Mr. Ladbroke's, received 30gs, being second for the Oatlands' Stakes at Newmarket; 50l. at Epsom, and the King's Plate at Guildford; Lord Sackville's, the King's Plates at Salisbury and Winchester; also a 105gs at Newmarket...	6
4 Rosabella, Mr. Lake's, 90gs at Newmarket	1
2 Snug, Sir C. Bunbury's, 50l. 50gs, 25gs, 50gs, 50l. and 200gs at Newmarket	6
3 Tamburro, Mr. Panton's, 50gs at Newmarket	1
3 Tim, Mr. Panton's, 400gs, 300gs, 100gs, and twice 50gs at Newmarket	5
3 Trafalgar, Duke of Grafton's, 400gs at Newmarket	1
8 Whirligig, Lord Sackville's, 50l. at Maddington	1

By WINDLESTONE.

Aged. Eden, Mr. Monkhouse's, 55gs at Penrith	1
Aged. Stop-Thief, Sir H. T. Vane's, 50gs and 100gs at Beverley ..	2

By WOODPECKER.—He died in Lord Egremont's Stud at Petworth, Sussex, the latter end of the year 1798, aged 25.

7 Bay Horse, (Brother to Vivaldi) Lord Albemarle's, 165gs at Ascot-Heath; Major Wilson's, 50l. at Ipswich, and 50l. at Northampton	3
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By WORTHY.

3 Bay Filly, (out of Comedy) Mr. Wilson's, 250gs at Newmarket ..	1
3 Brown Filly, (dam by Justice) Mr. Girdler's, 40gs at Newmarket	1
3 Jumper, Mr. Blachford's, 25gs and 50gs at Newmarket; Lord Stawell's, 50l. at Newmarket	3

3 Podargus,

3	Podargus, Duke of Grafton's, 300gs at Newmarket	1
By YOUNG ECLIPSE.		
3	Bay Filly, (dam by Highflyer) Mr. R. Jones's, 90gs at Haverford-West.....	1
By YOUNG IMPERATOR.		
Aged.	Leicester-Lass, Sir M. M. Sykes's, twice 50gs at Beverley, and 110gs at Lincoln.....	3
By YOUNG PUMPKIN.		
9	Ironsides, Capt. Weir's, 50gs at Bickleigh, and a Stakes at Totness	2
By YOUNG WOODPECKER.		
3	Achilles, Mr. Ladbrooke's, 675gs, 100gs, and 200gs at Newmarket	3
4	Cricketer, Mr. Emden's, 51gs at Beccles.....	1
4	Pagham, Mr. Scourfield's 50l. at Haverford-West.....	1
4	Wormwood, Mr. Ladbrooke's, 200gs at Brighton; Mr. Arthur's, 100gs and 50gs at Newmarket	2
By ZACHARIAH.		
3	Knee-Buckle, Lord Foley's, twice 50gs at Newmarket.....	2

BEVERLEY ELECTION.

Affair of Honour, between Major General Burton and Mr. Wharton.

Upper Brook-street, November 10, 1806. — To the Worthy and Independent Freemen of Beverley.

GENTLEMEN.

CONCEIVING the public prints a better channel to convey my sentiments than a local hand-bill, I have been induced to postpone my acknowledgments until my return to town, for all favours received from you prior to Friday, the 1st of last month; I therefore now beg leave to express my gratitude for the partiality shewn me on two former occasions, and am persuaded I should have experienced the same kindness on the third, had not the most consummate art been practised in order to mislead you, added to the illiberal behaviour of the new candidate, who took advantage of a momentary delusion, without having any property, connection or interest in the county, to

give him a pretension, farther than the mere accidental circumstance of being stationed on the spot on military duty. Promoted also by the insincere conduct of the other Candidate, covered, in the first instance, by his want of veracity; — which circumstances, combined, have been the means of producing an unlooked-for event, for the instant answering the purpose only of a few.

If loyalty to my sovereign, and a strong attachment to the constitution, which I have ever evinced by my steady support of those measures I have in my judgment thought the most conducive to the welfare of the empire, and which same measures in many, and indeed in

in most instances, have been followed up by the present administration, could not insure me success, I shall not regret the want of it, being in no shape ambitious of standing on any other ground than I profess.

I have, however, much consolation and gratification in the anxious and determined support I met with from some most respectable and esteemed friends, who are above all bias, and to whom I can never be sufficiently thankful. It remains for me now only farther to assure you, that I shall ever have a lively and grateful recollection of your former goodness, and I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, Your most obedient and most humble Servant.

N. C. BURTON.

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR.—Having been present at an affair that occurred this day, I conceive it proper to give a statement of what I was witness to.

Lieut. Gen. Burton having inserted a letter in the morning papers of the 13th ult. reflecting upon Mr. Wharton, addressed to the Freemen of Beverley; and Mr. Wharton having called upon the General for satisfaction, a meeting in consequence took place in the neighbourhood of Barnet; and after having exchanged shots, it was proposed to Gen. Burton to re-publish an address to the Freemen of Beverley, and correct his former statement, which the General refused; Mr. Wharton, at the same time, allowing that the General's statement relative to his letter, was but too true. After which, Mr. Wharton expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and the parties shook hands.

JOHN CLITHEROW.

London, Dec. 1, 1806.

MR. EDITOR.—A statement having appeared in the morning papers of this day, signed by Capt. Clitherow, respecting what passed at a meeting between Lieut. Gen. Burton and Mr. Wharton, and which statement leaves the Public too much in the dark relative to that transaction, I take the liberty to request you will insert in your paper the following statement as early as you conveniently can:—

On the 24th day of last month, Major General Este received a letter from Mr. Wharton, wrote in the county of Durham, requesting him to call on Lieut. Gen. Burton, in Upper Brook-street, to require some explanation on the subject of an attack made on Mr. Wharton's character, in his address to the Freemen of Beverley, and that in case redress could not be obtained, that he would act as his friend at any meeting he should fix with the General.

On the following day, Major Gen. Este called at Gen. Burton's, and after explaining the nature of his visit, he requested Gen. Burton would inform him on what ground he had founded the aspersion alluded to. Gen. Burton not choosing to comply on this head, Gen. Este desired his permission to read Mr. Wharton's statement on the subject supposed to have occasioned it; which paper being read, Gen. Burton said, that he could by no means agree to Mr. Wharton's statement, but desired it might be read a second time, when Gen. Burton made his observations upon each paragraph; Gen. Este then observed, that, admitting the whole of the General's observations to be founded, yet he did not conceive Gen. Burton to be justified in the public attack he had made on Mr. Wharton's character; that the offence being

being of a private nature, a breach of a private agreement, atonement should have been sought in a private manner, before it had been acted upon in a public one; and intreated Gen. Burton to consult some friend, whose unbiassed mind would give it a fair consideration. Gen. Burton declined every thing of the kind. Gen. Este then requested Gen. Burton to take a few hours consideration on what had passed, and he would again call for his determination. Gen. Burton replied, there was not the least occasion for giving such trouble, as his mind was fixed on the subject; that the publication had by no means been a hasty one, but was the offspring of a strong reflection many days after the election ended. Gen. Este still pressed a reconsideration of the matter, in order to prevent his proceeding to the very disagreeable task enjoined him by his friend Mr. Wharton. When Gen. Burton, fixed to his principle, desired him to proceed, Gen. Este then read the following propositions, as received from Mr. Wharton:—

“That Gen. Burton, as a man of justice and honour, should again address the Freemen of Beverley, and acquaint them, that, upon further inquiry, he finds himself mistaken in the opinion he had formed of the behaviour of his late colleague at the last election, and no longer ascribes to him the conduct he had imputed to him.”—Or,

“That, upon further inquiry into the transactions of the late Election, he finds the opinion he had formed of the conduct of his late colleague, their present representative, was erroneous.”

Gen. Burton declared he should not agree to any such proposition. Gen. Este having been authorized by Mr. Wharton to accept any

acknowledgment he might think sufficient, Gen. Este proposed that General Burton should draw up any proposition that he himself would accede to, in order to prevent the delivery of a message enjoined to General Este, in case no proper conciliation was offered. General Burton said, that he should not do any thing of the kind; that he must abide by his own act, and was well aware that he was answerable for it, and mentioned a like conduct in a former affair.—General Este then fixed the meeting, when General Burton enjoined his secrecy.

On Monday, previous to the Meeting, General Este talked the matter over with Capt. Clitherow, General Burton's second, and urged every argument he could suggest, that some proper conciliatory step might be made by General Burton to set aside the necessity of going to extremities, but without effect; when the following circumstances took place near Barnet:—

After an exchange of shots, Mr. Wharton said, that without designing to injure General Burton in his election, and under a misconception, he had stated in a letter to one of his constituents, that their joint address had not been written with any view to a coalition, and that he had so done, imagining Gen. Burton had made a like representation to his friends; a copy of which letter he had sent to the General, and on which the reflection complained of was founded; and he hoped the General would now do him the justice to explain the circumstances in another address to the Freemen. This the General declined doing, as being in contradiction of what he had before stated, and which was founded on Mr. Wharton's letter.

S

General

General Este observes, that the circumstances herein stated to have passed after the exchange of shot, may not be correctly stated in the order they exactly occurred; but he does positively aver they were in substance what passed on the ground; and that previous to the final adjustment, General Burton asked Mr. Wharton if he was satisfied, and if not, he should keep to his ground. Mr. Wharton said, that he came there to satisfy his honour, not private enmity, and if General Este thought he had done sufficient, he should be satisfied; when General Burton said, you have acted as a brave man, and that he also bore no enmity, and if you are satisfied, I am willing to shake hands—or words to that effect; when General Este was of opinion the matter should drop; and the parties advanced towards each other, and shook hands. Your's, &c. CHAS. WM. ESTE.

MR. EDITOR.—In consequence of Captain Clitherow's remarks, inserted in some Papers of this day, I have to request you will insert, in your next, the following, viz.

"The written proposal, alluded to by Captain Clitherow to have been given him by Major-General Este, was, to the best of the General's recollection, delivered at the Red-Lion, at Barnet, and there acted upon. General Este's motive for being clear on this point, is, that the paper was written by Mr. Wharton, at the Red-Lion, for the special purpose of General Este's using it, in case an interview between him and General Burton's second should take place, before the parties went to the ground; and such an interview did take place. It might also be adverted

to in the field; but to that General Este will not speak decidedly; nor, in his opinion, is the identical spot material, as the conduct of General Burton, on the occasion, is admitted, as Captain Clitherow states that he totally rejected the terms of it.

"General Este cannot charge his memory with Mr. Wharton's having used the words, "It is but too true;" and which General Este does not think to be material, as the fact to which they allude, viz. Mr. Wharton's Letter to one of his constituents (Mr. Lundy) denying the existence of a coalition between him and General Burton—is fully established; Mr. Wharton having immediately after he had written that letter, transmitted a copy of it to General Burton, and on which copy Gen. Burton grounded his reflections on Mr. Wharton's conduct.

"General Este, cannot, for a moment, doubt, that General Burton was the first in the proposal of shaking hands; and Captain Clitherow must recollect his admission of the fact, in the presence of Mr. Wharton, at the last meeting between Captain Clitherow and General Este, on Wednesday last, in Portland-street. In confirmation of the fact itself, General Este has to observe, it was the very circumstance that fixed his mind, until then undecided, on the advice he was to give.

"General Este does not recollect any qualification, by General Burton, at the time of offering hands; General Este regarding the circumstance as an unreserved and complete reconciliation."

I have now, Mr. Editor, to apologize for having so long intruded upon the Public with a circumstance, which I from the first regarded

garded as wholly of a private nature; and, therefore, not calculated for public discussion; and which I never should have engaged in, but from the motive stated in my former publication.

CHAS. WM. ESTE.
Portland-street, Dec. 6, 1806.

THE AMERICANS v. ANACREON MOORE.

*From the Norfolk and Portsmouth Herald,
Virginia, Sept. 9, 1806.*

Thomas Moore's Epistles, Odes, and
other Poems.

THE good people of Virginia may remember, that some time since this little cock-sparrow of a songster came hopping across the Atlantic, to sing his amours in the wilds of America. As we had seen nothing of the kind so chirping and so light, he was much noticed and admired, and every one was delighted to hear this little bird chirrup his Greek. He could make rhymes on any and on every little thing:—A nose, an eye, a cheek, a curl, a lip, the tip of an ear, a little fly, a flea, or a gnat's toe-nail, enchanted him. He looked like a being born in a jelly glass, handed round on a cake, fed on sugar plums, and educated among the dreams of fancy. The little spirit could hide himself under a lady's eye-lash, and expire with delight. In his odes, he gets into a million of scrapes—jumps from a tendril, hides in a curl, sips from a lip, perches on a bosom, tumbles from a tucker; gets on the edge of many a precipice, without falling over, and to the mouths of dreadful caverns without tumbling

in—Always singing, sighing, and evaporating—one would think he had a thousand souls charged with his electric fancy, each ready to fly, without any other contact than the *atmosphere of a dulcinea!*

America, it seems, afforded this pretty fellow many of these visionary delights, and he had many opportunities of dying *inexpressibly* at Bermuda. But the little ingrate no sooner gets home than he begins to abuse us. In a note to his poems he says—

The women of Bermuda are not generally handsome; but they have an affectionate languor in their look, which is interesting; they have a predisposition to loving, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner, in a tone that never fails to fascinate. The men of the island are not very civilized; and the old philosophers who imagined, that after this life men would be changed into moles, and women into turtle-doves, would find the metamorphosis in some degree anticipated in Bermuda.

Of William and Mary College, Virginia, which has produced many distinguished men in science, Mr. Moore says—

This College gave me but a melancholy idea of republican seats of learning. The contempt for the elegancies of education is no where more grossly conspicuous than in Virginia. The levelling system is applied to education, and has all the effect which its partizans could desire, by producing a most extensive *equality of ignorance.*

He then—in defiance of the Bishop—rails at the morals also of this place. Of poor Norfolk, which is the threshold over which all travellers stumble, he says—

Norfolk, it must be owned, is an unfortunate specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time that we arrived the Yellow Fever had not quite disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation. It is in truth a most disagreeable place; and the best the journalist or geographer can say of it is, that it abounds in *dogs*, in *negroes*, and in *democrats*.

If there be any truth in these remarks of Moore, we ought to pity him, instead of being angry with him: for he was so near to the ground that every odour assailed him with double effect; and he had such microscopic eyes, that he could see worms in the fairest face. But he could neither see any thing large, or write on any subject that required a capacious mental survey. He used to ask, "where were our poets? had we any? we had scarcely one *songster* among us!" He was afraid to look at that terrible Trumbull*, with his "sword trenchant." Dwight's† ode voice was too strong to whisper imbecilities to the flaxen-ear locks of ideal beauty. Barlow would have rolled him in one corner of *Manco Capae's* white robe‡, to screen his frail form from the warring winds of the Andes; and Humphreys|| would have set him adrift in a little toy

ship to sing to the fishes in the waters of the Western World. But all these adventures, Moore, from the peculiar structure of his eyes, happily avoided; and he is still hastily flying from lip to lip, with his wings all dripping from the honey pot of Anacreon, and his bill full of sweetmeats for the pretty cuckoos of poetry.

EXTRAORDINARY PERIL AND EXTRICATION.

MR. EDITOR,

READING in your Magazine for October last, page 36, the hair-breadth escape of a traveller at Chepstow, it brought to my remembrance an almost similar, but more singular case at a bridge over the river Usk, near Caerlon, in Wales. This bridge is formed of wood, on a similar construction, and for the same reason, as that of Chepstow; the tide at each place rising occasionally to the incredible height of fifty or sixty feet. The boards which compose the flooring of this bridge, being designedly loose, in order to float with the tide when it exceeds a certain height, and prevented from escaping only by little pegs at the end of them, do not afford a very safe footing for the traveller; and some awkward accidents have been known to arise from this cause. A singular adventure occurred about twenty years

* Author of a Poem intituled Mac Fingal.

† The conquest of Canaan by this Author had its admirers on both sides of the Atlantic.

‡ See Barlow's Tour to the top of the Andes, in the vision of Columbus.

|| See Humphreys' description and prospect of the Western World.

ago, to a female, as she was passing it at night.

The heroine in question was a Mrs. Williams, she had been to spend a cheerful evening at a neighbour's house on the eastern side of the river, and was returning home, I presume, at a decent hour, and in a decorous state. The night being extremely dark, she had provided herself with a lanthorn and candle, by the assistance of which she found her way towards the bridge, and had already passed part of the dangerous structure; when about *half seas over*, however, (don't mistake my meaning) she unfortunately trod on a plank that had by some accident lost the tenons originally fixed to the ends of it, and had slipped from its proper situation; the faithless board yielded to the weight of the good lady, who, I understand was rather corpulent, and carried her thought the flooring with her candle and lanthorn into the river. Fortunately, at the moment of falling she was standing in such a position as gave her a seat on the plank, similar to that of a horseman on his nag. It may be easily imagined that Mrs. Williams must have been somewhat surprised by this change of situation, as well as alteration of element. Blessed, however, with a large share of that presence of mind, or patient endurance of evil, which exalts the female character so far above her own, the good lady was not overwhelmed by her fall, and steadily maintained her seat on the board; taking care, at the same time, to preserve her candle lighted, rightly supposing it would serve as an index to any one who might be able or willing to assist her. Thus, bestriding the plank, our heroine was hurried down the river towards Newport, the bridge of which, she

trusted, would stop her progress, or its inhabitants be alarmed with her cries. In both her hopes, however, she was disappointed, the rapidity of a spring-tide sent her through the arch with the velocity of an arrow discharged from the bow, and the good people of the town had long been wrapt in slumber. Thus situated, her prospect became each moment more desperate, her candle was nearly extinguished, and every limb so benumbed with cold, that she had the greatest difficulty in *keeping her saddle*. Already had she reached the mouth of the Usk, and was on the point of encountering the turbulent waves of the Bristol Channel, when the master of a fishing-boat, who was returning from his nightly toils, discovered the gleaming of her taper, and hearing her calls for assistance, though he at first thought her a witch, ventured to approach this floating wonder, and brought Mrs. Williams safely to the shore in his boat. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

J. J. B.

THE FIRST VISIT TO VAUXHALL GARDENS.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAD often promised myself a visit to this far-famed place of amusement, and as often had some occurrence disappointed me. But it was on the birth-night of His Royal Highness the Duke of York that my wish was gratified, when

"At length, the finish'd garden to the
view,

Its vistas open'd, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the
hurried eye

Distracted wanders,

The

The lamps around the orchestra were diffusing their enchanting radiance, as I entered, and Mrs. Bland was singing in her usual fascinating manner, "The Shepherd of Fifty."—Though not one fourth part of the company who surrounded her could possibly hear the song, yet her person and her gestures were so pleasingly displayed, that she never failed to gladden her audience. The illuminated weather-cock, which kept in constant motion, and surmounted the letters D. Y. had a lively and beautiful effect. The trees which surrounded the orchestra were in their highest state of verdure, the vast profusion of lamps rendered every leaf transparent, and the serene state of the weather but just left sufficient air to give them an easy motion, which well accorded with the enchanting airs of the musical band; indeed no one could be otherwise than happy.

But in the midst of those cheerful and beautiful faces which every where met the eye, it was natural for me, a solitary stranger, to wish for the presence of some familiar friend, who might partake with me the joys of this new creation.

In another part of the garden, I observed a number of people leaning over a railing which separated us from a wild and romantic spot; they were observing a group of figures which appeared seated round a table, on which, with other things, stood a burning taper, which by its distance from us, made it doubtful whether those figures which we saw, were placed there for our entertainment or their own; some maintaining that it was only an artificial device, representing *banditti dividing their booty*, placed there to correspond with the hermitage, a short distance from it; and as

for the motion of their heads and elbows, it was thought, might be produced by clock-work, or some such machinery. But we all continued divided in our opinion, till one of our company threw an orange at the objects of dispute, which was quickly answered with a volley of oaths, bones, and stale crusts; at the same time our assailants rising up, discovered to us a company of old women, the wives of waiters, dish-washers, &c. who previous to our attack had been quietly regaling in this secluded place, on the savoury remnants which they had procured; and we, having had sufficient demonstration of their being flesh and blood, departed highly diverted at our discovery, and their discomposure.

The bell now ringing for the exhibition of the famous cascade, I was hurried along by the rushing crowd, but to no purpose, for every station which commanded a view had been previously occupied, and my not being very lofty in stature, left me only the chance of seeing those who saw the sight.

But to compensate for this disappointment, I took care to be among the foremost, when the display of fire-works was announced. They were indeed magnificent and astonishing, and as well as other expensive parts of the Gala entertainment, deservedly entitle the proprietors to all the encouragement which a liberal public have given.

I next directed my course to where the charming airs of the Pandean minstrels invited me. These performers were seated in a kind of circus or pavilion, richly decorated with arms and standards, in honour of different English heroes, and with the emblems of the four quarters of the globe. I had entered

tered the garden with strict, and indeed with very necessary resolves of economy; and in this very agreeable place, I had the good fortune to get a seat for nothing; for the proprietors had taken due care that as the others should only be placed where the suppers were so invitingly spread, that to take a seat would be to take a supper. But the luxury of the ears and eyes was here abundantly provided for. Though the satisfaction I felt was a little damped by the significant glances of the fair fashionables who were here promenading, and who seemed to request of me a seat, which I was too weary to part with speedily. I was highly delighted with the numerous select parties who were footing it on the smooth sod, to the different tunes which were alternately played in different parts of this fairy land; to me it was all new and all bewitching. But by none of those merry groups was I so much attracted as by one composed of a cheerful well-bred family, whose movements in the dance were so easy and graceful, that I seemed transfixed to the spot for ever.— And when the music ceased to play, the old couple challenged their children to renew the sport when the pipe and tabor should again announce the opportunity; every by-stander appeared to feel an interest in their happiness, and encouraged this proposal with several hearty claps.

I now resolved to return home, and in pulling out my watch, I was not a little surprised to find myself in the midst of those gay thousands, at two o'clock in the morning.

But before I quitted this charming place, perhaps for ever, I took another turn to the transparent hermitage, which is a device that

undoubtedly does much credit to the artists and the proprietors; and afterwards, being well satisfied with my three-shilling entertainment, I set out, and reached my home in safety. Your's, &c.

JOHN MORRIS FLINDALL.
December 6, 1806.

ROBIN'S GHOST.

MR. EDITOR,

I WAS one night sitting pensively by the fire expecting my master's return, and counting the clock as it struck twelve, when a fluttering noise, accompanied with a pale blue flame, which issued from a corner of the room, drew my attention and alarmed my fears. I am Robin's Ghost,—said a soft plaintive voice. That Robin which you have barbarously starved to death! My spirit is now to become a part of your's, and as a punishment for your inhumanity I am permitted to assume no other shape than that of your conscience. Ah Susan! Susan! was my attempt to seek shelter in an old shed, such a crime as to deserve such a death? or why did you beg me of the carpenter's apprentice when he was going to wring off my head? his punishment to me would have been clemency when compared with your cruelty. Imagine yourself confined in a small prison destitute of all consolation from those of your own kind; bemoaning your want of food, to those who neither knew your language nor listened to your lamentations, and who were every day more intent on cleaning the dust from their own apartment, than in throwing a crumb into your's; imagine this, Susan, and you will have some conception

conception of my former sufferings! The voice all this while seemed to increase in tone, and now concluded like a clap of thunder! which terrified and awoke me.

I found the dead Robin lying by me on the table where I had left it, after taking it from the cage; the candle just gleaming from the socket, and my master knocking loudly at the street door, quite out of patience.

JOHN MORRIS FLINDALL,
December 6, 1806.

STEWARDS FOR RACES.

Appointed for 1807.

MALTON.—Colonel Childers and Richard Watt, Esq.—Mr. James Young, Clerk of the Course.

Catterick-Bridge.—Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart. and John Trotter, Esq.—Mr. Ferguson, Clerk.

Northallerton.—Francis Hartley and George Treacher, Esqrs.—Mr. Walton, Clerk.

Penrith.—J. D. B. Dykes and C. F. Fetherstonehaugh, Esqrs.—Mr. W. Atkinson, Clerk.

Goodwood.—J. L. Newnham, Esq.—Mr. Thomas Grant, Clerk.

Salisbury.—T. Grove, Esq.

Bridgenorth.—J. P. Pelham and Edward Cludde, Esqrs.—Mr. Richard Dukes, Clerk.

Ascot-Heath.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Albemarle.—Mr. Stephen Sims, Clerk.

Reading.—Sir Morris Ximenes and T. H. Earle, jun. Esqr.—Mr. J. Becher, Clerk.

Stamford.—General Grosvenor and C. Noel, Esq.—Mr. Robert Baile, Clerk.

Abingdon.—John Phillips and Cumberbatch, Esqrs.

Durham.—Brooke Richmond, Esq. Henry Witham, Esq. and the Mayor of Durham.—Mr. Robert Bone, Clerk.

Newbury.—The Earl of Craven and M. Montague, Esq.

Ludlow.—Panton Corbet, Esq. Mr. John Hickman, Clerk.

Lichfield.—G. W. Vernon and R. E. Heathcote, Esqrs.

Leicester.—Lord Robert Manners.—Mr. Oliver, Clerk.

Southampton.—Thomas Meyrick and John Willis, Esqrs.

Lincoln.—Hon. G. Pelham and R. Cracroft, Esq.—Mr. John Drury, Clerk.

Oswestry.—Lord Clive and F. R. Price, Esq.

Egham.—Sir William Gibbons, Bart. and J. Ludwick Grant, Esq. Mr. Stephen Sims, Clerk.

Bodmin.—Lord De Dunstanville and J. B. Trevanion, Esq.—Mr. John Wallis, Clerk.

Wrexham.—Francis R. Price and Richard Puleston, Esq.

Northampton.—Hon. E. Bouverie, Hon. S. Percival, and J. Plover Clarke, Esq.—Mr. H. Wright, Clerk.

RUZIO.

THE following is a verbatim copy of the extraordinary and very singular Pedigree of Mr. Thompson's celebrated ass, Ruzio, which was received with him when he was imported into England, from Spain:—

"To cover this season, 1761, at Sheriff-Hutton, near York, at 5gs a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom; the famous Ruzio, 15 hands high, four years old, of a fine light grey colour:

His

His blood is as follows, viz.—Ruzio was got by *Senhior*; a noted Ass of Don Alphonso Rodriguez de Alcazar's; which *Senhior* was got by *Don*, belonging to the Duke de Medina Cœlis, got by *Bravado*, Philip the Fourth's favourite State Ass; whose sire was Pope Innocent's *Pad*; whose grandsire was Sancho Pança's *Dapple*, got by *Xeriff*, which was sent to Isabella of Spain, by Roxana; favourite Sultana to Abderamen, King of Morocco, and got by Osman the Great's SULTAN, who was got by *Ottoman*, an Ass belonging to Omar; whose sire was *Medina*, that carried the Prophet Mahomet to Mecca; whose sire was Semiramis's *Priapus*; whose grandsire was Nebuchadnezzar's *Bell*; and his great grandsire was Balaam's *Nameless*; whose great great grandsire came with Noah out of the Ark.

* * * "The foals of *Ruzio's* get, only one year old, are near fourteen hands high, and very strong and beautiful.—To be seen in the stable yard next the Red Lion, at Monk-Bar, York.

"N. B. Gentlemen who chuse to have mares covered by *Ruzio*, the sooner they send them the better."

Ruzio covered several seasons in the neighbourhood of York, and was sire of a great many very valuable mules.—A gentleman of Bedale refused twenty guineas for one of his get, when only half a year old.

THE DRAMA.

TEKELI.

THIS new melo-drama, in three acts, entitled "*Tekeli*; or, the Siege of Montgatz," was produced at Drury-Lane, Monday, Nov. 24.

The scene is laid in Hungary.
Vol. XXIX. No. 171.

Count Tekeli having been oppressed by the Emperor, is driven into the castle of Montgatz, whence he escapes to Turkey, in hopes of assistance from the Grand Signior; he leaves the fortress in the care of Alexina, his wife, who withstands, for some months, all the attacks of the Imperialists, but at length her stores being nearly consumed, she is on the point of surrendering, when the piece opens, and Tekeli, attended by his friend Wolf, reach the forest near Montgatz; here they are found, fatigued and nearly worn out, by Isidore and some peasants, who convey them to the Mill of Keber, being disguised as peasants themselves; Conrad, the honest miller, receives them warmly, and promises them every comfort; a detachment of guards arriving, Tekeli discovers himself to the miller, at the moment a great reward is offered for his head, when Conrad, retaining his promise, conceals the Prince. The whole second act consists in stratagems, contrived by him and Wolf, to get Tekeli into the castle, which at length they succeed in, and he is carried over the Torza in a sack. Count Caraffa, the Austrian General, arriving at the mill soon after, Conrad discloses the whole to him; is arrested and carried off. The third act discovers Alexina on the point of surrendering; her council assembled; an Austrian officer informs her that Tekeli is their prisoner: she remains undismayed, and a few moments assure her she was right. Tekeli's name resounds through the castle, he clasps her to his heart, and gives orders to make sallies on the enemy; his appearance re-animates the troops, and the piece ends with a grand engagement of the armies, and the defeat of Caraffa and the Imperialists. This, and the simple loves of Isidore and

T Christine;

Christine; the villany of a peasant, who wishes to give up the prince; and some incidents during his concealment in the mill, form the plot of the piece.

This piece is a translation by Mr. Hook, jun. and adapted by him to the English stage. The interest is supported with much ingenuity through the whole performance.—The music is pretty, and well adapted to the action. The scenery is picturesque and beautiful; and the author is much indebted to Mr. Wroughton, Mr. Elliston, Mr. Decamp, and Miss Duncan, for their great exertions in his favour. The dialogue abounds with loyal and noble sentiments.—We never saw a piece receive more unbounded applause. It has been many times performed, and continues a great favourite with the town.

MR. H*****.—A FARCE.

DRURY-LANE.

THE air of mystery produced by the title of this new Farce, had the effect of attracting a very numerous audience. Before the rising of the curtain, and for some time after, many conjectures were formed respecting the name; and a few of the spectators were disposed to concur with some of the characters of the piece, in the supposition that he must turn out to be no other than the Prince of Hesse in disguise.

However, as it turns out, the cause of the mystery is, that Mr. H—— is ashamed of his name.—The concealment brings him into many awkward predicaments; but he resolves to persevere, lest the discovery should occasion the loss of his mistress Mellesinda. Unfor-

tunately, however, while relating an anecdote in a brilliant circle at Bath, where the scene lies, he forgets himself, and discovers that his name is *Hogsflesh*. He then loses his popularity, and is likely to lose his mistress; but his Majesty having graciously given him permission to change his name to *Bacon*, he is in some measure relieved from his embarrassment.

The idea might certainly have afforded matter for a laughable entertainment, as it may be easily conceived that the fear of discovery might have brought Mr. H—— into many awkward situations; and his excessive irritability respecting his name, occasioned much ludicrous conversation. The author has not by any means made so much of it as he might have done. At the same time he certainly did not entirely fail; for the horror of Mr. H—— at his own name, and his embarrassments from the eager curiosity to discover it, was tolerably supported. But there were defects in the piece which justified a part of the disapprobation which it experienced towards the close.—The chief of these were, first, the excessive length to which the puns on the name were carried, after the discovery; and secondly, the want of prominent characters. His mistress is told by her maid, that although he was a *hog* in name, he was not one in nature; and that he neither *grunted* nor *squeaked* the more. His landlord tells him, that he hopes he will not leave the *Blue-Bour*; that he has carried his *pigs* to a fine market; and that he cannot make a silk purse out of a *sow's* ear. Even the change of his name from *Hogsflesh* to *Bacon*, is a pun. This excessive punning produced disgust, rather than laughter.

The only character of any consequence is Mr. H—— himself, and

and he unfortunately is not managed so as to enable him to support completely the interest of the piece. The unexpected change of name seemed to shock, from its improbability, there being no intimation of any steps having been taken to produce that event; and the pun attached to it rather increased the disgust. The conclusion, too, was exceedingly tame and ill-managed. If, however, the most obnoxious of the puns were struck out, and a more interesting concluding scene devised, the piece might be tolerable. Certainly, even as it is, more insipid farces have been endured, and the dissatisfaction with which it was received, was greater than the occasion called for. A considerable number, however, declared in its favour, when it was given out for a second representation.

Mr. Elliston did full justice to Mr. H——, and Miss Mellon gave all the interest of which it was susceptible, to the character of Mellesinda; the other characters were not worth notice.

The Prologue*, delivered by Mr. Elliston, was much applauded.

* See our Poetical department.

ARBITRATION.—A FARCE.

Covent Garden, Dec. 10.

THE law, the origin of so many intrigues, is the fictitious foundation on which the plot of this piece is constructed. Sir Toby Tritely and Lady Litigious, after several years of legal contest respecting their right to a corn mill and premises in the neighbourhood, at length agree to refer it to the arbitration of Jack Familiar, a young barrister; and each party, by

indirect means, endeavours to bias the arbitrator in their favour.—Sir Toby invites him to spend the summer at his house in Dorsetshire, which invitation the young barrister accepts, greatly to the mortification of Sir Toby, who secretly wishes to seclude all visitors, until he has forced his ward, Miss Harriet Seymour, then confined in his house, to a marriage with Mr. Thoro, a proctor. Jack discovers the confinement of the young lady, and sets her free. Harriet, disguised in naval uniform, takes shelter in a public-house, the sign of the "Worlds-End," kept by Mr. Chequer, who had formerly been a surgeon and apothecary—discovering her sex, she inflames the jealous temper of Mrs. Chequer, who gives her to understand that her Guardian and Mr. Thoro are then in the house, and insinuates that she will deliver her up to them. Mr. Chequer takes the fugitive under his protection, and conducts her to the house of Lady Litigious, who dismisses him, intending to deliver up Miss Harriet to Mr. Thoro. Jack Familiar being invited to Lady Litigious's house, on his way there, meets Mr. Chequer, from whom he learns what has just passed. On reading the will under which the disputing parties claim, he discovers, that neither her Ladyship nor Sir Toby are entitled; and in order to save Miss Harriet from a bad husband, and to free her from further persecution, offers her his hand, which she accepts. The parties having met for his award, he decrees the estate in question to belong to Mr. Chequer, to the great disappointment of her Ladyship and Sir Toby.

There is a considerable degree of humour in this piece, and the story is well developed. The actors too, exerted themselves with the hap-

Tg piest

piest effect, and that contributed greatly to its success. Lewis, Blanchard, and Liston, were greatly applauded. Two humorous songs by Miss Tyrer, and one by Liston, were encored. This farce is likely to prove a favourite with the public. It was well received throughout, and was announced for repetition with the general approbation of a genteel and very numerous audience.

WILD OXEN AND WILD DOGS, AT BUENOS AYRES.

THIS fertile province is remarkable for two kinds of wild animals, wild oxen and wild dogs.

"The number of wild oxen here is so great, that every year 100,000 are killed solely for the sake of their hides. About twenty hunters on horseback proceed to the spots where these animals are known to herd, having in their hands a long stick shod with iron, very sharp, with which they strike the ox that they pursue, on one of the hind legs; and they make the blow so adroitly, that they almost always cut the sinews in two above the joint. The animal soon afterwards falls, and cannot rise again. The hunters, instead of stopping, pursue the other oxen at full gallop, with the reins loose, striking in the same manner all which they overtake; thus eighteen or twenty men will with ease fell 7 or 800 oxen in one hour.—When they are tired of the exercise, they dismount to rest, and afterwards, without danger, knock on the head the oxen which they have wounded. After taking the skin, and sometimes the tongue and suet, they leave the rest for the birds of prey."

"Wild Dogs.—These ferocious animals have descended from some

of the domestic kinds that have formerly gone astray, and have multiplied to an excessive degree in the countries near Buenos Ayres. They live under ground in holes, which may be easily discovered by the quantity of bones heaped round them. It may be with propriety supposed, that some time or other, when the wild oxen are destroyed, so that the dogs cannot obtain them, they will fall upon men. One of the governors of Buenos Ayres thought this subject so well worth his attention, that he sent some soldiers to destroy the wild dogs, and they killed a great number of them with their muskets. But on their return, they were insulted by the women and children of the town, who are very insolent; they called them *mataperros*, which means dog killers: whence it has happened, that the men, disheartened by a false shame, have never returned to that kind of hunting."

SHOWING A HORSE.

An Etching.

From a drawing by the Younger Sartorius.

AS this subject requires but little amplification, we need only say, that in the sale of a horse the dealer generally exhibits it to the best advantage, and never lets the horse go without an excellent character, and that sometimes whether the animal deserves it or not. It however must in justice be allowed, that there are dealers of the present day, who find it to their interest not to deceive their customers, and will unquestionably furnish a good horse for a good price.—Witness your Spencers, your Halls, and many others at both ends of the town.

SPORTING



Shewing a Horse.

Published by W. B. & Co. New York.

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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE late Mr. John Hutchinson's favourite Stallion, Benningbrough, was lately purchased by his daughter Miss Mary Hutchinson, for 500gs. He will cover the ensuing season at Skipton, near York, at 10gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom. His pedigree and performances will be given in our next:

THE celebrated running Horse, Haphazard, will cover the ensuing season at Raby-Castle, the seat of the Earl of Darlington, at 9gs a mare, and one guinea the groom.—His pedigree and performances will also be given in our next.

THERE is an uncommon number of Sweepstakes and Subscriptions open for 1807 and the succeeding years, of various descriptions, and for which the nominations are expected to be very numerous. The greatest part of them closing on the 1st of January, we shall present our readers with an account of them in our next number.

THE following Matches, &c. were run at Malton, in the Coursing Meeting week:—

Wednesday.—Mr. Knowsley's hunter, by Grog, (rode by Mr. Tatton Sykes) beat the Hon. M. B. Hawke's hunter, by Grog, (rode by Mr. Lascelles) carrying 12st each, three miles, 50gs.

Saturday.—Hon. M. B. Hawke's hunter, by Quetlavaca, beat Mr. Burton's two hunter's, two matches, rode by the Owners, 13st. 7lb. each, two miles.

And a Handicap Stakes of 10gs each, for hunters, two miles, was

won by Sir F. Boynton's hunter, Bright Phæbus, by Windlestone, 12st. 5lb.

CALEDONIAN HUNT.—At a meeting of the Caledonian Hunt, held at Edinburgh the 9th instant, present—

Earl of Elgin
Earl of Dalhousie
Earl of Dalkeith
Lord Belhaven
Lord Archibald Hamilton
Sir Jo. Heron Maxwell
Sir Wm. A. Cunnyngnam
Sir Cha. Douglas
Sir John Hope
Sir Wm. Erskine
Wm. M'Dowall, Esq.
R. D. M'Queen, Esq.
General Wemyss
George Ramsey, Esq.
Wm. Wemyss, Esq.
Robert Hay, Esq.
Wm. Hagart, Esq. Secretary,

They fixed their Annual Meeting to be held next October at Ayr; and elected the following officers for the ensuing year—

Wm. M'Dowall, Esq. Preses.
Sir Wm. Erskine, Treasurer.
Sir J. H. Maxwell, }
J. A. Thomson, Esq. } Councillors
R. D. M'Queen, Esq. }

On Friday the 21st ult. Lieutenant Cole's chesnut mare by Waxy, aged, 10st. (rode by the Owner) beat Mr. Jackson's chesnut horse by Quetlavaca, 6 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. (rode by Lord Pollington) two miles, over Pontefract Course, 50gs. They made excellent running for about one mile and a quarter, when the horse had apparently somewhat the advantage;

advantage; but soon after he suddenly tired, and could not support a canter; consequently the mare won easily.—On the day preceding this race, the above two ran three miles, the mare carrying 10st. and the horse, 11st.—For the particulars see our last Mag. p. 91.

THE Prince has presented Col. Leigh, his Secretary, with the elegant house belonging to his Royal Highness at Newmarket. The Colonel is furnishing it in a most tasteful manner, for the reception of his intended bride.

SPORTING LEAP.—Robert Maris, Esq. of Louth, being out with the hare-hounds, in the last week in November, leaped his cropped horse over a four-rail fence and a drain. The company caused the leap to be measured, which was found to be eight yards eight inches.—The horse performed it in a canter with the greatest ease, though the beat was up hill.

THE Duke of Brunswick's collection of hunting and fowling pieces, which cost him near a million of marcs, was sold for a trifle by the first French detachment which entered Brunswick. Guns really worth from five to ten pounds, sold for no more than a couple of crowns.

LAST month died, aged sixty-two, Mr. Matthew Jackson, huntsman to G. Lane Fox, Esq. of Bramham Park. He was upwards of twenty years a celebrated whipper-in under Mark Beauchamp, huntsman to the late Lord Darlington, at Raby-Castle, and at Houndhill, and has, in these capacities, followed the chase half a century, from the age of twelve.

On Saturday, the 13th inst. Mr. Thomas Jewell, one of his Majesty's

yeomen prickers, was seized with a pain in his stomach, while hunting, near the King's dog-kennel, where he went for refreshment, and expired in about half an hour.

WE are concerned to state, that, as Benjamin Burton, Esq. of Wadcot, near Lincoln, was lately returning from hunting with Earl Fitzwilliam's hounds, his horse fell with him near Castor Angles, and his foot hanging in the stirrup, he was dragged a considerable distance, and had his skull fractured. However, having undergone the operation of the trepan, we are now happy to find he is in a fair way of recovery.

It is said that, by a decree of the Lord Chancellor, the Chateau of Thornville Royal has been transferred back to Col. Thornton, who is thereby directed to return the deposit-money, amounting to 10,000l. Among the items in the Colonel's sporting sale, there is said to be—"To 20 couple of high-blooded fox-hounds, 2000 guineas.—*Morning Papers.*"

LATELY a partridge flew through a pane of glass, in the window of Mr. John Hunter, spirit merchant in North Shields, and perched upon a cask of rum. The bird was taken unhurt; and after being fed for a few days, it was set at liberty.

AN extraordinary discovery was lately made by Mr. Wm. Collins, farrier, in the sufferings of a horse, the property of Mr. G. Stevenson, of Maidstone, which died of the stone, after having lingered a considerable time in excruciating agony. Mr. Collins, on opening the animal, extracted seventeen stones, the largest of which weighed twenty-six ounces and a half; and the gross weight of the whole amounted to seven pounds three ounces.

THE

THE immortal Shaw, huntsman to his Grace the Duke of Rutland, to the great joy of the sporting world, is recovered from his severe indisposition, and again took the field on Tuesday the 9th inst. when the hounds had the quickest and sharpest touch across Belvoir Vale ever known; he rode in great spirits, and killed his fox in a masterly stile. Desperate work among men and horses! Mr. Tom Smith, who is the life and soul of the Belvoir Castle party, and who enlivens and engages as much in the field among the men, as he endears himself in the circles of the fairer part of the creation, was, as usual, conspicuously first, jealously contesting the lead with Mr. Lindau, and risking every thing to maintain it, until his famous horse Lazarus, being much blown, tipped a gate, by which Mr. Smith got a most severe fall; but riding in a cap, and falling luckily upon his head, he was not hurt. Mr. Lindau, his rival, then took the lead, and kept it.—Messrs. Forrester, Cholmondeley, Mellish, General Grosvenor, Counts Palfie, and de Brummell, were of the party, and rode like devils.

SPORTING extraordinary.—One day during the present month, a fine field of sportsmen, amounting to about seventy, went out with the Croydon harriers. The dogs soon came upon a fine fresh scent, which they ran breast high near twenty miles, without ever being at fault. The sportsmen were confident they were in chase of a stroug fox, and enjoyed the sport exceedingly.—Three horses fell dead from excessive fatigue. At last the dogs ran in upon their prey, which proved to be a drag, made of a piece of hay, with a piece of bacon, rubbed with oil of anniseed. This trick is attributed to a jealousy between the

gentlemen of the regular fox-hounds and those of the harriers, the latter having lately drawn the covers on the day when the earth was stopped for the fox-hounds. It is understood to have been carried into effect by three men, stationed at about fifteen miles asunder, who dragged this bait across the country, relieving each other.

LORD Darlington's Fox-hounds. On Monday, December 1, the Earl of Darlington's fox-hounds met at Langton, at half past eleven o'clock. His Lordship, in going to cover, had seen a fox crossing the plantations towards the gardens; the hounds were very soon afterwards laid on, and, after a little cold hunting, went off at score. For one hour and thirty-five minutes, they had a continued burst, but unfortunately ran to ground at Watlass-Whin, an unstopped cover. The distance they went, from point to point, was nearly twelve miles; and the whole run may be moderately computed at not less than seventeen miles. From Langton, he made for Yafforth; turned to the right to Thriatoft; back again towards Langton; crossed the Swale river (bank-full) to Scruton; through Mr. Jackson's nurseries to Blow-Houses; passed the Leasowes, over Askew new-inclosed common, down to Askew village; over the brook to Bedale to the right, towards Crake Hall; over Mr. Peirse's park, and through his plantations to Ask-Bank; passed Thorp and Watlass, and ran to ground at Watlass-Whin. From a very numerous field of sportsmen, the only gentlemen in at the end were the following:—Lord Darlington, upon Lady-Killer; Mr. Shaftoe, upon Regulus; Mr. R. Lascelles, upon Stop-Thief; Mr. C. Parker, upon Pat; and Mr. Strickland, upon Highwayman.—James

James Gray and Wm. Richardson, two of the whippers-in, upon Morden and Hinton.

For straight forward running, and hard pressing, this chase was certainly never surpassed, and but seldom equalled: a stouter, or a more game fox was never unkennelled; and a steadier pack of hounds never "poured" their speed into the rapid game."

Happy indeed, in this renowned chase,
Were they who took and kept a forward place;

No truant fear their hearts could e'er appal,

They scorn'd alike a scramble or a fall:
'Twas joy supreme that strung each boy and breast,

And manly vigour each alarm suppress'd.

Mr. Riccaby's hounds, of Burlington Quay, have had some remarkably good runs this season, and killed in a very capital style.

Mr. Watt's, and Sir M. Masterman Sykes's Fox-hounds.—These hounds had five most brilliant days this month. Monday's chase, from Mr. Crompton's Whin, was one of the best specimens of real hunting that almost ever was seen; after running an hour in covert, the fox broke away over the Forest, which he twice crossed, and was killed, after a hard run of two hours and five minutes from his leaving the covert.—Tuesday was a bye-day, when the young hounds afforded good diversion.—On Wednesday, they threw off at Mr. Croft's plantations, below Stillington, where they found immediately, and went away in a most capital style, beating all the horses, and killing their fox in forty minutes from the time of his breaking covert: they afterwards found again, and had another most excellent run of an hour and a quarter, and killed.—On Thursday the young hounds shewed very good

diversion, running their fox a killing pace for near two hours, and would have killed him, but being late when they found, night came on, and obliged the keen sportsmen reluctantly to call away.—Friday, they did not find till they got to Dalby Wood, whence they went away and killed their fox in twenty minutes without a check. The hounds are now going into Holderness and the neighbourhood of Beverley for a month, and should the weather continue open, there is no doubt of their showing most capital sport.

LORD Derby, on Tuesday, the 16th instant, turned out his favourite Lancashire deer, well known by the gentlemen attending his Lordship's Hunt, at Caterham Common, which, after a most severe run of near three hours, they found shot in a cottage, near Moulsey, Surry. The deer being extremely fatigued, took refuge in a garden, the owner of which thought proper to shoot him, dragged him into his cottage, and was actually in the act of skinning him, when the door was broke open. The first person that entered was Mr. Charles Moreton, of Croydon, who being extremely irritated, treated the man with some violence. His Lordship was hurt beyond conception. The man, we understand, is in custody. This was the third year of the deer's being hunted, and he seldom ran less than thirty miles. He went very often from the Oaks, below Tunbridge Wells, Crawley, Kingston, &c.—Indeed, his Lordship esteemed him more than his whole herd.

DR. Clarke, of Knottingley, near Pontefract, who is eminent, not only in his profession, but in the sporting world, is, with his usual spirit,

spirit; hunting a pack of lap-dog harriers, which he has purchased from Windsor. From the abundance of hares in the district, and the Doctor's judicious management of his pack, the lovers of the chase are sure of meeting with excellent diversion.—Days of hunting, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

THE Bolton hounds, on the 14th ult. pursued a hare so closely, as to compel the terror-struck animal to fly into the town, where she ran through the principal street, and sought refuge in the garden of the vicarage.—A Pythagorean believer might suppose she was instinctively running after a good *living*, but the sacredness of the spot did not restrain the profane pack: they followed, and exultingly murdered poor heart-panting puss on the halloved soil.

THE Duke of Rutland being lately on a hunting party with his fox hounds, and the chase lying across a drain at Screddington, near Sleaford, his grace with several of the sportsmen, attempted to pass the bridge, which is about 30 yards long, but the weight of four or five horses with their riders, broke it in the middle; they were all precipitated into the drain, which was of a considerable depth, and it was with some difficulty that they recovered the bank. The duke's horse finding his feet again, pursued his course with unabated ardour.

COURSING MEETINGS.

MALTON, concluded.—Thursday. This day, November 17, a number of matches were ran up: five by Mr. Darley against Major Topham; three of which were won by the latter. In the course of this morning a challenge, given by Mr. Plumer, to start three greyhounds of his, against the whole of Major

Topham's kennel, was decided as under:

Major Topham's Galliard (Derbyshire breed) beat Mr. Plumer's spotted bitch (his own breed.)

Major Topham's Blue-Boy, by Old Snowball, agst Mr. Plumer's black and white dog—undecided.

Major Topham's Young Snow-drop, by Old Snowball, beat Mr. Plumer's black and white dog.

The courses were very good ones, and the three hares were killed by Major Topham's three greyhounds.

Mr. Plumer's dogs had beat Lord Middleton's the preceding day, who exhibited a very fine stud of greyhounds, chiefly of the Nottinghamshire and Warwickshire breed, which ran extremely well and destructively.

Friday.—Some cool coursing in Settrington Field, amid continued showers of rain and snow.

The Confederate Fox-hounds threw off at Lobster House, and had a very short and bad run, owing to the very bad weather of the day.

On Saturday, three matches were run by hunters over Langton race course, and won as under:

Sir F. Boynton's Bright Phœbus (Mr. Boynton).....	1
Mr. Treacher's Little Pickle (rode by himself).....	2
Mr. M. Hawke's horse (rode by himself).....	1
Mr. Burton's Gelding (rode by himself).....	2

The same gentlemen; and won very easy by Mr. M. Hawke.

Sir Thomas Slingsby, independent of winning the cup, was a great winner of matches, and produced some very fine dogs, chiefly from the excellent breed of Mr. Mundy, whose stock is so much celebrated.

The Meeting, notwithstanding the bad weather, was a very pleasant

saw one, and Lord Middleton had shown every attention to the accommodation of the coursing ground of Wharram.

At this meeting, two new rules were made, viz. that in future the first meeting of the year should be on the first Monday after the tenth of November, instead of the first whole week as formerly. And

2ndly, That the prize cup should always be run for the first thing on the Thursday, instead of the Tuesday.

SWAFFHAM.—This meeting commenced on Monday the 24th, in Ighorrough Field.—Mr. Redhead's Welsh Toy against Mr. Moseley's Butcheress, 1g and 1g bye; the latter rec. ft.

On Tuesday, at Westacre, matches for the cup.—Sir William Clayton's Ursula beat Mr. Hammond's Queen.—Mr. Lovelace's Maiden beat Mr. Moseley's Bran.—Mr. Galwey's Haphazard beat Mr. F. Hammond's Ambition.—Mr. F. Hammond's Woodbine beat Mr. Redhead's Lovely.

The same day after the cup.—Mr. F. Hammond's Woodbine rec. ft. from Mr. Mellish's Adela, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. Lovelace's Madge beat Mr. Redhead's Lightning, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. Lovelace's Match'em beat Mr. Redhead's Live-ly, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. F. Hammond's Witch beat Sir W. Clayton's Una, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. Redhead's Lady agst Mr. Lovelace's Mouse; undecided.—Mr. F. Hammond's Wren beat Mr. Hammond's Quick, 1g.

On Wednesday, in Cley Field, matches for the cup.—Sir W. Clayton's Ursula beat Mr. Galwey's Haphazard.—Mr. F. Hammond's Woodbine beat Mr. Lovelace's Maiden.

After the cup.—Mr. Lovelace's Midas beat Sir W. Clayton's Ulysses, 1g.—Mr. Lovelace's Myrtle agst Sir W. Clayton's Urania, 1g undecided.—Mr. F. Hammond's Wren beat Mr. Galwey's Hero, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. Moseley's Bran beat Mr. F. Hammond's Windham, 1g and 1g bye; first turn.—Mr. F. Hammond's Witch beat Mr. Johnson's Nimrod, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. Caldwell's Kitty agst Mr. Lovelace's Magic, 1g off.—Mr. Young's Vincent agst Mr. Johnson's Nobody, 1g off.

On Thursday, at Second Westacre, match for the cup.—Mr. F. Hammond's Woodbine beat Sir W. Clayton's Ursula; the former won the cup.

Matches after the cup.—Mr. F. Hammond's Witch beat Sir W. Clayton's Una, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. Lovelace's Mouse beat Mr. Redhead's Lady, 1g and 1g bye.—Mr. Lovelace's Myrtle beat Sir W. Clayton's Urania, 1g.—Mr. Redhead's Lady beat Sir W. Clayton's Ulysses, 1g.—Mr. Lovelace's puppy beat Mr. Redhead's, 1g.

NEWMARKET.—This meeting, afforded much diversion. Matches were chiefly the Essex against the Norfolk and Suffolk dogs, and the running nearly equal. Mr. Correllis shewed two brace of puppies against Colonel Lovelace; and Mr. P. Wright a brace against Sir P. Blake; but no superiority was adjudged, each gentleman winning and losing alternate matches.

ILSLEY.—The meeting at Ilsley, in Berkshire, was well attended, and the sport excellent. There were eight dogs entered for the cup, which, after seven severe courses, was won by Lord Rivers's Rosemary.

TROTTING

TROTTING MATCHES.

A LONG talked of match, on which large bets were depending, was decided on Tuesday, the 16th instant, at Hampton Court, between Mr. Fentum's celebrated trotting mare, and the equally celebrated Kilcade mare, now belonging to a gentleman near Finsbury-square. The match was for 200 guineas, and the distance was 16 miles from Bushy Park gate, eight miles on the Sunbury road, and back to the place of starting. The bets were freely laid at 2 to 1, and 5 to 2, on the Manchester mare, and 6 to 4 that the winner did not perform the 16 miles in an hour. At starting the Kilcade mare took the lead, followed the whole of the eight miles closely by the other. They continued together at full trotting speed until within about a mile of the coming-in spot. At Hampton, the animals were neck and neck, each striving to make play, and in the last mile the Kilcade mare broke four times into a canter, and was obliged to turn round, she having done so six times during the race, and the other four times. The Manchester mare won the race by half a minute only, having performed the 16 miles, in bad weather, in 56 minutes.

ANOTHER trotting match took place on the Bagshot road, on Wednesday, the 24th, between a bay mare, the property of Captain Ranger, and a black horse, belonging to Mr. Ray, of Newington. The distance was nine miles to and fro; and bets were five and six to four on the horse. The mare made play at starting, and broke her pace, and was turned round four times in the first mile. The horse gained an advantage, and headed her above 100 yards for about three miles, when he broke from the road, and

the animals again were together. They proceeded together neck and neck, with little variation, until within the last mile, when the horse, which carried feather weight, broke again from the road, and lost the race by about seventy yards. The mare was turned round eight times, and the horse three. The distance was performed by the winner in 34 minutes and 40 seconds.

PEDESTRIAN FEATS.

A FEW mornings since, a young man, who is generally called by the name of *Harry the Porter*, started from the post by the Swan at Westminster Bridge, to run over the three bridges in thirty minutes. He ran over Westminster Bridge, then turned down Pedlar's Acre, by Cuper's Bridge, down the Broad wall, and over Blackfriars Bridge; along Upper Thames-street, and over London Bridge, to the Tumble-down Dick at the foot of the bridge. The time allotted was thirty minutes; he performed it in twenty-seven minutes and a half, and won all the bets with great apparent ease.

Mr. J. Smallman undertook, on Sunday, the 14th inst. for a wager of ten guineas, to walk from London Bridge to Shooter's Hill, and back again, (sixteen miles) in two hours and a half. He started at half-past six, and accomplished it in two hours and twenty minutes.

THE beginning of this month, a trial of pedestrian skill took place on the road from Steyning to Horsham, which afforded much amusement to a number of spectators, and occasioned many bets. Messrs. Grindall and Colly, both Lieutenants in the Nottingham militia, were the competitors; the race was

twenty miles, viz. from Steyning to the ten-mile stone and back again, for twenty guineas. Mr. Grindall, who went over the last ten miles in an hour and a quarter, was the winner.

A FOOT RACE took place on the morning of the 4th instant, in the New Road, Paddington, for 50 guineas a side, between Samuel Knightley, a cow-keeper, in London-street, and Daniel Kensey, a livery-stable-keeper, in Fitzroy-sq. which was finally determined in favour of the former. At starting, bets were 6 to 4 on the latter, he being a professed runner but the race was won easy by Knightley.

BOXING.—An unexpected pugilistic contest took place at a public house in Oxenden-street, on Tuesday evening, the second instant, between Jack Ward, of fighting celebrity, and a Butcher, whose capabilities in the art consist chiefly in throwing well, and stomaching a good deal of beating, which was plentifully administered to him in the present instance. The parties had once before a contest on the stones, in which the strength of the latter prevailed, and by severe falls, his opponent was a good deal hurt. The heroes met again casually, at the place described, and Young Ward not being satisfied of any superiority in the fistic art, claimed indirectly by the butcher, he challenged him to fight for a sum of money; but as the latter was fond of a *belly-full* only, Ward, rather than be stigmatized at a challenge, took him at his word. The fight which followed lasted twenty minutes. In every round the science of the professional bruiser was manifested, by the severe blows the butcher received about the head; and to an ordinary spectator, it

would have appeared that the butcher stood no chance. He, however, contrived generally to get into his opponent, at the end of the round, and give him a heavy fall, which system ultimately gave him the victory. Ward was so much hurt as to be carried home.

AMONG the spectators at the baiting of the Bachelor's Bull at Windsor last month, were the Duke of Leinster, Marquis of Downshire, Earl Uxbridge, Fletcher Read, Esq. most of the officers of the Stafford Militia, and a number of the young gentlemen belonging to Eton School.

A number of the most celebrated pugilists were also present; among them were Joe Ward, Will Ward, Gully, J. Belcher, Caleb Baldwin, Jacklin, and a number of others. The attendance of these professors was not merely to behold the bull-bait, but to *enjoy a more refined and fashionable amusement*, a pitched battle having been appointed to be fought on the Bachelor's Acre, between a fishmonger of the name of Coombe, and a butcher, both from London; but the fight was prevented by the interference of the Mayor, Charles Knight, Esq. but the amateurs of the art were not to be deprived of their amusement. They remained in Windsor during Monday night, and yesterday morning the parties, with their friends, and a great concourse of various descriptions of persons, went upon Datchet Common, when after thirty-two rounds of hard fighting, which lasted fifty-five minutes, victory was declared in favour of the fishmonger; Jacklin was his second. The butcher was seconded by Cribb. The young gentlemen raised a very liberal subscription purse for the victor.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PROLOGUE

TO
MAIDS AND BACHELORS;
OR,
MY HEART FOR YOUR'S,

*Written by L. St. George Skeffington, Esq.
Spoken by Mr. Brunton.*

LET truth's clear eye, to equity resign'd,
Mark ev'ry fear that agitates the mind,
Search those conceal'd, examine those confess'd,
And meet the greatest in an author's breast.

This night is fated to an anxious bard,
Whose diffidence solicits your regard.
Though whisp'ring hopes first urg'd his trembling lyre,

Those hopes, alas! now one by one retire;

For apprehensions, crowding on his view,
Wake ev'ry doubt, and ev'ry wish pursue:

Nor flattery, nor comfort will he hear,
The terrors thicken as the doom draws near.

The Drama's Muse should, like a Painter, trace

Each mark'd expression of the human face;

Group'd with effect, the imitated shew,
With force should strike, with animation glow;

Till, touch'd by energy, in ev'ry part,
The finish'd figures from the canvas start!
Few can excel; since few can well imprint

The living lustre and the blushing tint,
Which fairly seem, when drawn from Nature's bent,

That very Nature which they represent.
The tow'ring freedom of a bold design
In warmth should breathe, in liberty refine;

While lights and shades a mingling aid compose,

Soften'd by these, and spirited by those:
Though bright not glaring, though subdued not cold,

Gay without glitter, without harshness hold.

Rules still should guide, yet no restraint impart:

Art follows genius, genius governs art.
One little happiness, one careless touch,
Transcends all labours, when it serves as such:

Nature, and only Nature can inspire
Strength, freedom, taste, the fancy, and the fire!

In her they live, in her their force declare,

Arrest the heart, and fix an empire there!

Our trembling artist, who, enslav'd by fear,

This slight sketch sends for exhibition here;

Attempts to mark, (though conscious of defect)

Contrasted passions, and combin'd effect.
If he, too daring, want the skill to reach
Those nobler lines which taste, which science teach,

Fail not to recollect, ye critic band,
That style, when mingled, asks a master's hand.

Hard is the task, with Tenier's mirth to share

Corregio's elegance, and Guido's air!
On you he rests.—If aggravated taste
Condemn with rigour, or reject with haste,

His brightest tints will darken to a shade,
Like Crayons moulder, and like Fresco fade;

But should applause a happier sentence give,

Fix'd, by your smiles, the colouring will live!

✂ For an account of this Comedy, see our Magazine for June.

For

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

AS you may probably intend to publish the Verses of Queen Mab's Metamorphoses, that appeared in the York Herald, (and which the late Malton Coursing Meeting seems to have given rise to) as knowing the parties, I send you the Key. Your's, &c.

QUEEN MAB'S METAMORPHOSES.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora

IT chanc'd, one fine night, having little to do,

Queen Mab call'd around her, her frolicsome crew:

Moth, *Cobweb*, and *Blossom*, were there to a man,

And *gay Robin Goodfellow* led up the van.

"My brisk little sprites," she began then to say,

"To the Yorkshire high Wolds you must hasten away;

"In their bottle the Lads there so dearly delight,

"They shall have enough o't this whimsical night.

"Away to their chambers, like Gossamers fly,

"And touch them all round as in slumber they lie;

"That instant a change in each shape shall be seen,

"And all become bottles, red, purple, and green.

"Not yet have I told you the whole of my plan—

"To know them again, you must *ticket* each man;

"Describe their materials, their nature and use,

"And day-light shall shew what the labels produce."

Away flew the sprites, 'as light as the wind,
And *Fairyland* soon was a vast way behind.

Their journey perform'd, thro' the key-holes they crept,

And each mark'd his hero, as soundly he slept.

The charm was soon wrought, and the sprites flew away;

But oh! what a sight was there seen the next day!

For when they arose, tho' without any legs,*

Each bottle had motion, and walk'd up-on pegs.

All shapes, all dimensions, all colours were there,

Flat-sided, broad-shoulder'd, thick, thin, round, and square,

Some more than half-empty, some usefully full,

Some pleasant, some acid, some brisk, and some dull.

For the Fairies, extending their Sovereign's plot,

Touch'd all who lov'd liquor, and some who did not.

The proverb rememb'ring, which says, when you know

With whom men assort, you well know what they do,

Cries one "keep aloof, or my neck you will break."

"Oh Lord," cries another, "I'm brittle and weak!"

"I'm so us'd," says a third, "to the loss of my legs,

"That I swear I can walk just as well on my pegs."

In one knot you might see a whole herd of small fry,

Who shook when a huge *Magnumbonum** came by?

His colour's a mixture of scarlet and blue,

Presenting a stout *bloody hand* to the view.

* Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart. a gentleman universally respected in the East-Riding of Yorkshire,

But

But what his contents?—Why, his label go read:

“A cordial who wants, may here find one in need;

“Give care to the winds! let’s be merry and free,

“Here’s a glass to good humour! good humour’d we’ll be.”

His Heirt next, you’d think, of a different strain,

Transparent and tall, as if blown for Champaign.

His label——“No liquor more quiet than I,

“Yet when I am mounted, my lads, I can fly.”

A third† yet remains of the same cheerful brood;

A Justice upright, and a Lecturer good;

Though now on his label appears but one line—

“This bottle contains very generous wine.”

A stately decanter advancing behold,
Its contents have a heart, and that heart is of gold.

But his label declares, if like gold, by his weight,

You would buy *Welham’s Lord*||, you must sell your estate.

Who will dare to pronounce *Neswick’s Squire*§ without merit,

A square little case-bottle full of choice spirit,

Or the *Pastor of Canton*** (we must not name names,)

Whose ticket the *Essence of Ether* proclaims.

Such a bottle came next as was ne’er seen before,

Its stopper the form of a *Coronet* bore:
In state it mov’d on, and the ticket tied round,

Said, “The *Acid of Vitriol*†† is here to be found.”

A fanciful flask to the view next unfolds,

Some juice of the *Lemon*; much spirit it holds;

But so pleasantly mix’d, you may drink o’er and o’er,

Yet still be as thirsty and brisk as before.

Full many a blockhead his satire has whipt,

For his wit is as keen as his coat’s non-descript;

And this is his motto, (no bad one you’ll say)

“Here’s the blood of *Old Snowball*‡‡, so gallant and gay.”

Come, smart little pint, *Squire Thornton*|||, advance,

And *Aldby*§§, rose-colour’d, a flask of right Nantz:

Says label the first, “Though so young, I can think;”

Says label the second, “Who loves me must drink,”

But what’s this strange phial we saw not before,

Whose flourishing motto proclaims *Hellebore*?

It whizzes and bounces quite up to the sky,

And if not well cork’d, like a *Hawke* it will fly.

† Tatton Sykes, esteemed one of the best gentleman riders in England.

‡ His brother, the Reverend C. Sykes.

|| Major Bower, a man respected by every body; and who carries more weight by his own manners, than his hunters do in carrying him.

§ John Grimstone, Esq. a very pleasant and facetious companion.

** Reverend William Legard.

†† Lord Middleton, held to have not the most amiable disposition, and whose looks keep his temper in countenance.

‡‡ Major Topham, frequently distinguished by his whimsicality of dress; but more as contributing to the pleasure and vivacity of the Malton Meeting.

||| Young Will, remarkably little in his person, but not so in his understanding—a pocket volume of reflection.

§§ Mr. Darley, who shows a good deal of spirits—unadulterated.

¶ The remainder appear to be named.

What

What numbers beside in brisk motion are seen!

Gay Burton, a bottle of Rhenish, in green:

Watt-Crasus, whose riches can never be told—

A neat pocket phial of potable gold!

This groupe before night of their change became glad;

For, top-full of liquor, how could they be sad?

Till Mab sent her fairies next midnight, and then,

They back again chang'd them from bottles to men.

HUNTING SONG.

THE morning is charming, all nature looks gay,

Away, my brave boys, to your horses away,

For the prime of our humour's in quest of the hare;

We have not so much as a moment to spare.

Hark the lively ton'd horn, how melodious it sounds,

To the musical tone of the merry-mouth'd hounds,

O'er highlands and lowlands, and woodland we fly,

Our horses full speed, and our bounds in full cry,

So match'd in their mouth, and so swiftly they run,

Like the trine of the spheres, and the race of the sun.

Health, joy, and felicity dance in the rounds,

And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,

That the hare, though a stout one, begins to decline.

A chase of two hours, or more, she has led;

She's down, look about you,—they have her—she's dead.

How glorious a death! to be honour'd with sounds

Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds.

EPILOGUE TO MR. H*****.

IF we have sinn'd in paring down a name,
All civil well-bred authors do the same.
Survey the columns of our daily writers,
You'll find that some initials are great fighters:—

How fierce the shock, how fatal is the jar,

When Ensign W. meets Lieutenant R.

With two stout seconds, just of their own gizzard,

Cross Captain X, and rough old General

Izzard!

Letter to letter spreads the dire alarms,
Till half the alphabet is up in arms,

Nor with less lustre have initials shone,
To grace the gentler annals of Crim. Con.

Where the dispensers of the public lash
Soft penance give—a letter and a dash—

Where vice, reduc'd in size, shrinks to a failing,

And loses half its grossness by curtailing.
Faux pas are told in such a modest way,

“Th’ affair of Colonel B. with Mrs. A.”
You must excuse them—for what is there,

say,
Which such a pliant vowel must not grant

To such a very pressing consonant?
Or who poetic justice dares dispute,

When, mildly melting at a lover's suit,
The wife's a *liquid*, her good man a *mute*!

Even in the homelier scenes of honest life,

The coarse-spun intercourse of man and wife,

Initials, I am told, have taken place
Of Deary, Spouse, and that old fashion'd race:

And Cabbage, ask'd by brother Snip to tea,

Replies, “I'll come—but it don't rest with me—

I always leaves them things to Mrs. C.
O should this mincing fashion ever spread

From names of living heroes to the dead,
How would ambition sigh and hang her head,

As each lov'd syllable should melt away.
Her Alexander turn'd into great A;

A single C—her Cæsar to express,
Her Scipio shorten'd to a Roman S;

And, nick'd and dock'd to these new modes of speech,

Great Hannibal himself a Mr. H——.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JANUARY, 1807.

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Embellished with, I. A beautiful Engraving of The Recluse Angler.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR old humorous Essex correspondents, A. B.—J. M.—and J. J. B. will find some of their Communications where they ought to be, among the Feast of Wit and Eccentricities.

If J. M. Flindall will leave a line at the Office, directing where a note may be addressed to him, it will be esteemed a particular favour.

THE excellent Contrast between Tickell and Somerville is intended for next month.

TO SPORTSMEN.

OUR numerous Subscribers among the Lovers of the Turf will excuse us if we point out to them, with other advantages that our late arrangements have enabled us to possess, that of publishing in the present Number *the Races to Come, three weeks earlier* than they possibly could transpire through any other channel; thus we have given in the present Number a Correct Account of the Sweepstakes, Matches, &c. which closed on the first of this month, of Malton, Catterick-Bridge, York Spring and August Meetings, Skipton, Beverley, and Doncaster, where there are 41 Nominations for the St. Leger Stakes.—The Nominations for the other Meetings will be continued in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artist, and in the first style of excellence.

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The Recluse Angler.

2d. Ed. 1837. by J. Mickle, Warwick Square.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JANUARY, 1807.

THE RECLUSE ANGLER.

*Engraved by William Nicholls, late Pupil
to Anthony Cardon, Esq.*

THE picture of which the annexed engraving is a correct copy, was painted by that celebrated Artist — Eckstein, Esq. who in the early part of his life was so attached to solitude and the piscatory art, that he has for many days together been lost to his family among the wild and romantic scenes of Sweden, of which country Mr. E. is a native. It was his custom, when inclined to retire from the Palette, to search out the most quiet recess of nature, and when accommodated to his wishes, resign himself to those gratifications best known to the lovers of serenity.

The figure before us is a portrait of Mr. E. when a youth, the scenery a close copy from rural existence; the fallen trees across the water, and the umbrageous foliage around him is not the effects of imagination, as he has often declared, but a true sketch from one of those favourite haunts, in which he was wont to pursue his pleasures, and where he delighted to study the colour and motions of the streams, the changes of the clouds, and the variety of aquatic weeds, which gave such picturesque brilliancy to his landscapes. During

the summer months, Mr. E. was often found by his mother in situations of retirement, with his net, his basket, and other apparatus belonging to the sportsman, and at a late hour of the day, while other lads of the hamlet were preparing for sleep, or pursuing pleasures of a less interesting nature.

Mr. Eckstein is now about fifty years of age, and has composed a work called the *Haunts of the Fisher*. From this volume, the present subject was selected, and we make no doubt must be highly acceptable to the ingenious angler, whose first delight is to be reclused.

“Where not a sound interferes, except the whispers of Zephyr, through the branches that hide the nightingale, the hum of the wandering bee, or the butterfly’s wing flapping the leaf of the dog-rose, or the monotonous song of the grasshopper, calling forth, as the sun beams decline, the love-lighted fires of the glow-worm.”

FLETCHER REID, ESQ.

EXTRACT of a letter from a correspondent at Egham, Surrey, dated Jan. 29, 1807.

“Fletcher Reid, Esq. departed this life suddenly this morning, at Shapperton, Middlesex.”

X 2 MR. TAPLIN.

MR. TAPLIN.

LATELY died in Queen-street, Edgware-road, Mr. William Taplin, veterinary surgeon, author of the Stable Directory, and various other publications. His lively effusions, liberal opinions, and acute judgment, as a writer and veterinary surgeon, will long be remembered by the sporting world.—Among his lesser productions many are to be found in the early volumes of this magazine, particularly some delightful descriptions of the royal chace, in Windsor Forest, written in the genuine spirit and language of a true sportsman. About two years since, from family affliction, his faculties became impaired, and from which period his health had been declining, until his death. We understand, by an advertisement transmitted for the cover of our magazine, that the horse medicines—thought the best and most pure of any prepared in the kingdom—will be continued to be made up and sold by Mrs. Taplin: and that Mr. Davis, riding master, &c. in John-street, Edgware-road, will attend gentlemen's sick horses.

MR. SAMUEL CHIFNEY.

A FEW days since, died at his lodgings in Fleet-lane, London, Mr. Samuel Chifney, a well-known jockey upon the turf, author of a publication entitled "Genius Genuine," and sole inventor of the patent bits. He was formerly rider for the late Lord Grosvenor, the Duke of Bedford, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and several other noblemen and gentlemen:—He was not inferior to any jockey in the kingdom, though he was in several instances

much condemned; but his particular and easy seat on horseback; his occasionally riding with a slack bridle, for which he states his reasons, in "Genius Genuine;" and his very singular method of bringing his horse, when running at full speed, to change his leg, which he accomplished in so quick and masterly a manner; will cause him to be long remembered by the amateurs of the turf.

DOVERIDGE COURSING.

IN our last Magazine, page 104, is an article relative to this Meeting, and to which we have here to add the two following:

Mr. Swinfen's celebrated Snowball greyhound, that has beat every thing, in killing a hare at the last Doveridge Coursing Meeting, received so severe a strain, that it is not expected he will ever be able to run again. As a stallion, however, he will be invaluable. Mr. Cave Browne, it is expected, will not be able to receive much assistance from the gentlemen of Derbyshire, as the distemper has made wonderful havoc in all the great greyhound studs of that country. He is, however, preparing for his matches at Newmarket, against the Yorkshire greyhounds.

THE third meeting commenced on Tuesday last, Jan. 20. The hares ran extremely well, and very few were killed. The greyhounds belonging to Mr. Prinsep, and Mr. Noon, were perfectly recovered from the distemper, and ran in a most superior style of excellence. Mr. Cave Browne, whose dogs, heretofore supposed to be the best at the meeting, were obliged to yield the palm; his celebrated dog Rocket being most decidedly beat by Mr. Prinsep's Lingo: and Mr. Noon's

Lady

Lady Bird, gained a complete victory over Mr. Browne's young dog Bellario, the favourite son of Rock-et. Mr. Mundy's ran in their usual good style, as also did Mr. Swinfen's.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES

OF THE

Celebrated and favourite Race-Horse

HAPHAZARD,

The Property of the Earl of Darlington.

HE was bred by G. J. Legh, Esq. of High-Legh, Cheshire, and got by Sir Peter Teazle; his dam, Miss Hervey, (King David and Vision's dam) by Eclipse; grandam, Clio; (Horizon's dam) by Young Cade—Bolton, Starling—Mr. Bartlett's Childers—Bay Bolton—Captain Byerley's Turk, out of a daughter of Bustler.

In 1800, at Doncaster, *Haphazard* was beat for the cup by Dion; beating Fanny, &c. and the next day, He was beat for the 100l. Plate by Chance and Sir Solomon, beating Hyacinthus, &c. and at Malton, he was beat for a 50l. Plate by Lord Strathmore's b c by Walnut, out of Little Scot's dam.

In 1801, at Catterick-Bridge, April 9, *Haphazard* won a stakes of 100gs, for three and four-year-olds, three miles, beating Chaunter, Quiver, Cinamon, Takamahaka, John O'Grots, and Kite:—Even betting on Cinamon, and 7 to 1 against *Haphazard*. At Middleham May 13, He was beat by Lord Strathmore's b c by Walnut, out of Little Scot's dam, &c. At

Preston July 14, He won 50l. two-mile heats, beating Anniseed, Chaunter, &c. At Knutsford, July 30, He won 50l. distancing two others. At Richmond, Sept. 9, He was beat for the cup, by Agonistes and Alonzo; beating Lord Strathmore's Walnut colt, Jonah, and Constantia. At Pontefract, Sept 15, He won 50l. two-mile heats, beating Midnight, Lamp-lighter, and Myrtle. At Doncaster, Sept. 24, He won the 100l. Plate, beating, at four two-mile heats, Cinamon, Chance*, Miracle, and Trowers. At Carlisle, October 31, He won 50l. beating Mr. Bates's Chance, by Drone.

In 1802, at Catterick-Bridge, April 22, *Haphazard* won a Stakes 60gs, three miles, beating Wrestler. At York, August 21, at 8st 2lb, He won a Handicap Stakes of 300gs, four miles, beating Chance, 8st 5lb; Cockfighter, 8st 9lb; Jonah, 8st 2lb, &c.—This was one of the finest races ever seen. He also, at York, on Wednesday following, won the Subscription Purse of 268l. 15s. four miles, beating Chance and Marcia, 8st 7lb each. At Richmond, Sept. 7, He won a Stakes of 50gs, with 50l added, beating Dr. Solander. On the next day, He was beat for the Gold Cup, by Ashton, &c.—At Doncaster, Sept. 29, He won the Doncaster Stakes of 150gs, four miles, beating Marcia, Sparrowhawk, Lenox, and Belleisle. And at Carlisle, November 1, He walked over for the King's Plate of 100gs.

In 1803, at Newmarket First Spring Meeting, April 25, *Haphazard*, 7st 12lb, received 100gs compromise from Lord Sackville's

* On Wednesday before running for the 100l. Plate, *Chance* won the Doncaster Stakes, four miles, beating Hyacinthus, Cock-fighter, &c. and likewise the Gold Cup, four miles, beating Sir Solomon, Champion, and Attainment.

Dick

Dick Andrews, 8st 4lb.—B. C. 500gs, h. ft. At York, August 20, at 8st 6lb, He beat Lord Strathmore's b h by Walnut, out of Little Scot's dam, 8st, four-miles, 500gs. On Monday, August 22, He won a Stakes of 225gs, four miles, beating Lenox, Young Traveller, Primrose, Bagsman, &c. and on Thursday, August 25, He won the Subscription Purse of 268l. 15s. four miles, beating Marcia, and Cinamon:—This was a remarkable well-contested race; and was won by only half a head.

In 1804, at York, August 20, *Haphazard* won a Stakes of 225gs, four miles, beating Marcia, Lenox, Orville, &c. and on Thursday following, He won the Subscription Purse of 268l. 15s. four miles, beating Alonzo, Marcia, and Surprise: a very fine race, and won with difficulty. At Pontefract, Sept. 12, He was beat for the Gold Cup, by Marcia. At Doncaster, Sept. 24, at 8st 8lb, He beat Mr. Garforth's b h by Traveller, out of Faith, 7st 7lb, four miles, 200gs.

In 1805, *Haphazard* did not start, owing to his being matched against Sancho, at Lewes in 1806, for 1000gs.

In 1806, at Lewes, August 2, *Haphazard* received forfeit from Mr. Mellish's Sancho, 8st 7lb each, four miles, 1000gs. On the same day, He was beat for the Ladies' Plate by Dick Andrews, 8st 11lb each, four miles.—At starting, 5 to 4 on *Haphazard*; and at the Distance-Post, 10 to 1 he won.—A fine race, and won by a neck.

The above were his only engagements.—He will cover this season,

(1807) in the Earl of Darlington's Stud, at Raby Castle, near Darlington, and Richmond, Yorkshire, at nine guineas a mare, and one guinea the groom.

THE
LATE EARL OF CLERMONT'S
STUD, &c. &c.

Candour compels us to acknowledge that the whole of the following article was compiled by the Editor of the York Herald, in which paper it appeared on the 24th instant.

THIS nobleman died at his residence at Brighton, on Monday, November 29, aged 84. He first commenced upon the turf in 1751*, and was generally called "The Father of the Turf." His Lordship for a great number of years had one of the largest and most valuable studs of horses, &c. in training at Newmarket, where he frequently engaged them to run for very large sums. His Lordship was confederate for several years with the late Lord Farnham. The following is a list of part of his Lordship's stud, a considerable number of which were bred by his Lordship, and the others were purchased of various noblemen and gentlemen. From the names of the stallions, Creeper †, Conductor †, Il'mio †, Imperator †, Trumpator **, Marc Antony ††, &c. which his Lordship kept and bred from, have originated many curious and original names; his Lordship's mares were also frequently named with some resemblance to the names of their dams.—For the better infor-

* Lord March, (now Duke of Queensberry) commenced

upon the Turf in..... 1748

Peregrine Wentworth, Esq. in..... 1752

The Duke of Grafton, in..... 1758

And Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart. in..... 1764

mation of our readers, to whom we have little doubt this ORIGINAL MATTER will be highly gratifying, we have selected them into the following classes, viz.—

1.	Pillager	Cantor	Notator
Creepers	Jerker	Signor	Navigator
Merry Traveller	Rammer	Meteor	Ploughator
Passenger	Grumbler	Imperator	Spoliator
Sweeper	Rioter	Oculator	Drumator
Flyer	Tinker	Flirtator	Vernator,
Fusileer	Sweeper	Flyator	Bobator
Sober	Bunter, and a ..	Cantator	Piscator
Sandliver	Milliner.	Trumpator	Oateater, and a
Pippinsqueezer.	2.	Harpator	Formicator
Pinaster	Conductor	Pipator	3.
Toad-Eater ...	Dictator	Ramator	Ainderby
Cashkeeper...	Detector	Ventilator	Bungay
Premier	Collector	Doxvator	Challont
		Jubilator	Chippenham ..
		Speculator	Espersykes
		Aimator	Halkin
		Paynator	Hunston
		Crossator	Khalon
		Repeater	Louth

† Creepers, (own brother to Cripple, Cygnet, &c.) was bred by Lord Godolphin, and got by his Lordship's Arabian; dam, Blossom, by Crab, Childers, out of Miss Belvoire, by Grantham. Creepers was sire of Toad Eater, Woodbine, Merry Traveller, Horatius, Tonerre, Passenger, &c.

‡ Conductor, (own brother to Alfred, Dictator, &c.) was bred by John Wastell, Esq. and sold to Lord Clermont. He was got by Match'em; dam by Snap, Lord Cullen's Arabian, out of Mr. Grisewood's Ladythigh, by Partner. Conductor was sire of Vesuvio, Pippinsqueezer, Imperator, Flirtator, Oculator, Cantator, Trumpator, Navigator, Drumator, Collector, Flirtilla, Diana, Goose, Cat, Clara, Fantail, Confederate, Cheyeley, &c.

|| Il'mio, (own brother to Chequino, &c.) was bred by Lord Clermont, and got by King Herod; dam by Blank, Regulus out of Cypron, the dam of King Herod. Il'mio was sire of Scorpion, Iß, Ponto, Tally-hot &c.

§ Imperator was bred by Lord Clermont, and got by Conductor; dam by King Herod, out of Carina, by Marsk. Imperator was sire of Butterfly, Cinamon, Juno, Cordelia, Flyator, Harpator, Jubilator, Pipator, Ventilator, &c.

** Trumpator was also bred by Lord Clermont, and got by Conductor; dam, Brimette, by Squirrel, out of Dove by Matchless. Trumpator was the sire of Crossator, Paynator, Aimator, Repeater, Oateater, Ploughator, Spoliator, Vernator, Piscator, Buster, Carlo, Trumpetta, Spinetta, Royala, Young Peggy, Gipsy, Jenny, Hornpipe, Lavinia, Chippenham, &c.

†† Marc Antony was bred by the Duke of Ancaster, sold to C. Blake, Esq. and afterwards to Lord Clermont. He was got by Spectator; dam, Rachel, (Highflyer's dam) by Blank, Regulus, Soreheels, out of Captain Hartley's Blind Horse's dam, by Makeless. Marc Antony was sire of Mark-ho! Bag-ho! Sobol Furioso, Rutland, Cara, Fury, Kitten, George, Lady Harriet, Aimwell, Carate, &c.

Suffolk	Fanny	Trifle	Rumbo
Swaffham	Georgiana	10.	Soho!
Vauxhall, and a	Hollandoise	Cutleg	Toho!
Wentworth ...	Jenny	Hocks	Tally-ho!
4.	Nerina	Postboy	Trinidado, and a
Ireland	Noisette	Ploughboy	Vesuvio
Lingo	Papillon	Knife	13.
Patagonian	Peggy	Shovel, and a	Antelope
Paddy, and a	Polly	Mouse-trap	Dragon
Shelalagh	Rosaletta	11.	Scorpion
5.	Rosetta	Brunette	Fury
Africanus	Royala	Bonnylass	Furyband
Agamemnon ..	Sophinisba	Merrylassa	Fireaway
Aimwell	Soubrette	Dilettanti	Mistley
Alborac	Spinetta	Darling	Rapid
Antony	Squirrella	Dairymaid	Rainbow
Antoninus	Trumpetta and a	Doxy	Torch
Arabicus	Volantè	Demirep	Tonnere
Arbutus	7.	Flirt	Signet, and a
Bajazet	Prince	Flirtilla	Torrent
Bucephalus	Viceroy	Fantail	14.
Cheveley	Mareschal	Grace	Amethyst
Fannius	Governor	Gipsy	Ash
George	Cadet	Hoyden	Cinnamon
Gower	Confederate	Heroine	Flora
Henry	Truth	Infanta	Florus
Hercules	Orthodox	Moll Rowe	Holly
Horatius	Baronet	Nail'em	Jonquille
Herodotus	Curate	Scout	Laurentina
Hippolitus	Priestess, and a	Snail	Lime
Hippomenes	Cul-Blane	Sprightly	Mignonette
Hydaspes	8.	Symmetry	Pine-apple
Johnny	Amphytrite	Signora	Pulpe
Lebanon	Cupid	Modesty	Strawberry
Lacey	Diana	Maidenhead	Sweetwilliam
Marc Antony ..	Daphne	Impudence	and a
Polydore	Mercury	Laycock, besides	Woodbine
Rutland	Juno	several Ladies	15.
Ratoni	Iö, and a	and Misses	Cat
Sempropius	Pomona	12.	Kitten
Sir John	9.	Ario	Bustard
Theodore, and a	Granite	Bag-ho!	Bullfinch
Troilus	Entrance	Bellissimo	Chaffinch
6.	Lottery	Carlo	Fly
Antoinette	Joy	Cosmo	Butterfly
Ann	Masquerade	Chequino	Goose
Bajazetta	Hornpipe	Festino	Magpie
Brillante	Foppington	Furioso	Osprey
Cara	Punchinello	Il'mio	Partridge
Clara	Fandango	Musquetto	Poulette
Cordelia	Girandola	Mark-ho!	Tom-tit, and a
Cytheria	Toledo, and a	Ponto	Woodcock

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

A YOUNG nobleman, complaining to an author of a respectable publication*; that his papers were not *merry enough*, was advised to interlard them with some scenes out of our late *Tragedies*.

* The Looker-On.

SMART Repartee of a blue-coat boy to an April-fool-day wit.—One of these clever fellows thinking to make a fool of one of that fraternity, clapped him on the back, and asked him what he had behind him? To which the wag turning round, and staring in his face, laconically replied—"A fool!" which turned the laugh against the *would-be-wit*, and changed his "*mirth to melancholy!*"

ANECDOTE of Dean Swift, and his Barber.—The Dean, while resident on his living in the county of Meath, before his promotion to the Deanery of St. Patrick, was daily shaved by the village barber, who at length became a great favourite with him.—Razor, while lathering him one morning, said he had a great favour to request of his reverence; that his neighbours had advised him to take the little public-house at the corner of the church-yard, which he had done, in the hope that blending the profession of a publican with his own, he might gain a better maintenance for his family:—"Indeed!" said the Dean; "and what can I do to promote this happy union?"—"And please you," replied Razor, "some of my customers have heard

much about your reverence's poetry, so that if you would but condescend to give me a smart little touch in that way, to clap under my sign, it might be the making of me and mine for ever." "But what do you intend for your sign?" says the Dean. "The Jolly Barber, if it please your reverence, with a razor in one hand, and a full pot in the other."—"Well," rejoined the Dean, "in that case there can be no great difficulty in supplying you with a suitable inscription:" so taking up the pen, he instantly scratched the following couplet which was affixed to the sign, and remained so many years:—

"Rove not from Pole to Pole, but step
in here,
Where nought excels the Shaving, but—
the Beer!"

ELECTION Eloquence.—The period of a general election in this kingdom bears some resemblance to the *saturnalia* of the Romans. It is a season when "all jokes pass free."—In this spirit, we presume, the following anecdote has been conceived.—A gentleman, proposing a candidate for a southern borough, is *represented* as terminating his harangue with the following words.—"Gentlemen, it is of the utmost importance that we select men of tried and approved political abilities; that so, whilst the other nations of the earth are writhing beneath the *lash* of an unfeeling tyrant, we and our *posteriors* may haply escape the strokes of his afflicting rod."

Y

AN

AN ingenious fellow availing himself of the folly of the times, has advertised to sell patent whiskers and new improved *mustachios*.

ANECDOTE.—A little shambling journeyman tailor, of five feet, scarcely higher or thicker than a skain of thread, with every endowment of countenance, voice, and deportment correspondent to such a figure, waited upon Garrick, and requested to be received as a candidate for public favour, adding that he had fixed upon the character of *Richard the Third* for his first appearance. "What heh—heh—What—what! *Richard the Third*, say you? Egad a bold attempt! Have you studied the part?" said Garrick—"Yes Sir."—"Rehearse—rehearse a speech then," said Garrick, surveying him all over. The tailor, nothing dismayed, got at once into the bustle of Bosworth field, and proceeded, in a shrill tremulous treble, like that of a superannuated old maid, to repeat—

"A thousand hearts are swelling in my
bosom;
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the
head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in
blood;
And thou, our warlike Champion, thrice
renown'd,
St. George, inspire me with the rage of
lions."

Just as he came to the words, "rage of lions," his eye caught those of Garrick, who had summoned up all the terrors of his countenance for the purpose, which so dismayed the tailor, that he ran away in horror and trepidation, convinced (a little too late, however, for his credit) that he was better calculated for fingering the goose and the needle, than for wielding the sword of *Richard*.

THE final close of the Wrexham theatre this season was accompanied by a ludicrous circumstance: the play was *Romeo and Juliet*, and the bills of the day announced that the part of *Romeo* would be performed by Mr. R. Davies, Drum-major to the Wrexham Volunteers. He being a butcher, many heroes of the cleaver flocked to witness his *entré* in that celebrated character. Unfortunately *Romeo* became inebriated before the performance commenced, and came on the stage very much intoxicated, and after strutting, or rather staggering across the stage, he made his exit, without articulating a syllable, amidst the hisses, groans, and laughs of the assembly, which were chiefly of the lowest order. After degrading himself to the level of a common butcher again, he found his way into the gallery, but he was assailed by his comrades, who loudly called upon him to resume his character; and *Romeo, Romeo*, sounded from every part of the house, until at length the unfortunate would-be actor was obliged to retire with disgrace. One of the company took his part, but not having studied it properly, he was obliged to read it."

AN Irish grace.—An Irish self-taught poet, being asked to say grace over a small piece of beef, and a few potatoes, rather of the dwarfish size, pronounced it thus extempore:—

O! thou that blest the loaves and fishes,
Look down upon these two poor dishes;
And though the *tatoes* are but small,
Oh make them large enough for all;
For if they do our bellies fill,
'Twill be a kind of miracle.

It is not always necessary to go to Ireland for *Bulls*. A clergyman in the city, preaching, on Sunday last, took occasion to reprove some of

of his congregation for *sleeping in church*, and observed that many arguments could not be necessary to show the enormity of that offence, as it was one of those sins which people must commit with *their eyes open*!

A GENTLEMAN yesterday meeting a friend in St. James's-street, inquired if he could inform him what borough Mr. Russell Manners was returned for; to which the latter replied, "He could not recollect, but that Mr. John Manners was a short time since returned for *Roxburgh*."

HANGING the streets with tapestry.—We find this ceremony practised at the entrance of Lady Elizabeth, Queen of Henry VII. into the city of London. "Al the strets ther whiche she shuld passe by wer clenly dressed and besene with cloth of tapestrye and arras, and some stretes, as Chepe, hanged with riche clothes of golde, velvettes, and silkes." This was in the year 1481. (See Leland. Coll. in Opuscul, p. 220. edit. 1770.)

A FEW nights ago, a young sprig of fashion, not eighteen years of age, lost five hundred guineas, his gold watch, and his phaeton and horses, to the *merry caster* at one of the gaming-houses in St. James's Street.

A FOREIGN writer observes:—That there are more *well-bred* horses and *ill-bred* riders in England than in any other part.

A MILITIAMAN, detained a long time from his family by the duties of the service, found on his return to Leeds that his wife, in his absence, had engaged a matrimonial

substitute: enraged by her incontinence, he offered her for sale at three guineas, and her gallant not wishing to lose so good a bargain, applied himself, like an able financier, to procure the ways and means, and actually stole a silver pint by way of raising the wind; but it was an ill wind for him, for he has since been detected, and instead of enjoying the cheering light of the torch of Hymen, he is now bewailing his profligacy in the gloom of a dungeon,

A WRETCH in the shape of a man, by trade a white-smith, but now a private in the Third Royal Lancashire Militia, brought his wife, with a halter round her neck, to the Horse Shoe Corner, in Lancaster, (being the place of public sale for horses, &c.) and offered her to the best bidder. The father of the poor woman, retaining a paternal affection for her, bought her at the *high price of sixpence*; and loosing the halter from her neck, took her home, to the amusement of several hundreds of spectators.—Next day, however, the husband applied for *legal advice*, and finding that his singular divorce would not *stand good*, as he called it, he went to his father-in-law's, and re-purchased his wife for a *shilling*!

A FEW days since as a labourer was at work near the turnpike-road, between Downham Market and Denver, in the county of Norfolk, he discovered at the bottom of a dry ditch, three young hedgehogs, most curiously nestled within the warm and comfortable recess of a brown scratch wig; supposed to have been lost, a short time previous thereto, by some good humoured *happy* fellow, on his return from

from the *jollifications* of a tithe-feast. It is a singular circumstance, not unworthy the attention of the naturalist, that the dam should have made choice of such an habitation for her young, as, from its dishevelled appearance at that time, nay even in the good-looking days of its prosperity, it so much resembled the formidable exterior of the little animal. Near the same spot were also found, a law treatise, and a brace of brilliant seven shilling pieces, carefully folded up in the corner of a newspaper; the latter belonging to an honest innkeeper at Downham, and supposed also to have been other vestiges of that festive "Day of Jubilee and Jollity."—*Risum teneatis amici?*

PROCLAMATION for a dog, by a country town-crier.

O yes! O yes! O yes! This is to give notice, that on Thursday last, was lost a *little black dog*, all over *large white spots*, with *long cropt ears*, a *thin bushy tail*, and answers to the name of Trip, or any other. Whoever will bring him to me, the crier shall have half a guinea reward.—God save the King.

THE following curious notice lately appeared in a shop window, in Tottenham Court Road.

"This *Shop* will be an *Eating House* in a few days.

JOHN Tasker, ostler at the George Inn at Spilsby, and Rebecca Smith, of that place, lately went on foot 240 miles together, to Gretna Green, to be married. Having made this experiment of their fitness to tug through the rugged road of life together, to their mutual satisfaction, the Vulcan of

the borders rivetted them into one; and, turning their faces homewards, they re-trod their steps—whether with the same harmony as they went, "this deponent saith not."

SUBLIME GRUB STREET GARRET
SONNET!!!

I love to taste the nectar'd sweets of
Morn,

To climb the brow of purple-tinted hill;
While Philomela warbles on the thorn,
Responsive to the "babble of the rill."

I love to stroll along the grass-grown
vale,

When *Evening* clads the fields in sober
gray;

And meet the buxom milk-maid on her
way,

Returning with her full replenish'd pail.

I love to loiter by the streamlet's side,
And sit me on its daisied banks to view
"Night's argent Orb" reflected in the
tide,

Rolling along th' inverted arch of blue:

But more I love—yes! more do I hold
dear,

A Pickled Herring and a Pot of Beer.

Jacob Quirk, *Modern Sonneteer.*

THE unexpected surprise of Roger Highflyer.—Roger Highflyer's principal delight and amusement was in the field, he was a sportsman almost from his cradle, he loved his horses, he loved his dogs; he was married at twenty, and he loved his wife, who, not long after her union with Roger Highflyer, commenced the most frugal, and neatest woman in the parish. The dogs she hated, smoking she abominated, singing and hollowing she could not bear, boots were an odious horrid sight, spotted cloths gave her the vapours, and a dirty floor always set her a pouting; a source this of much disquietude and vexation to her spirited jovial partner,

partner, who would ride through a horse pond with as much unconcern as he would along a terrace walk. Fifteen years had elapsed since the honest hearty Roger commenced Benedict the married man, when he consoled his mind with reflecting that he had surmounted his vexation, for Mrs. Highflyer, was reported to be a dead woman. Honest Roger thought that the greatest respect he could evince on the melancholy occasion, would be to bury her in a similar manner to that in which it was her sole delight to live, viz. with frugality and neatness, and gave his orders accordingly, and Mrs. Highflyer was laid in a plain brown coffin, well wrought up of the best of wood. At this juncture, his friend Mr. Etiquette, whom he had not seen for two or three years, called on him; he seeing how things went, remonstrated with his old friend Roger, and persuaded him to bestow his wife with a little *éclat*, as the last act of a man on any occasion always made a lasting impression on the public; and said, that notwithstanding his neat and frugal plan were consistent with Mrs. Highflyer's living, manners, and likements, yet a misjudging and censorious public might construe it into want of respect, affection, &c. These arguments induced Roger to give orders for a decent set of handles, a breast-plate, and a few yards of lace, which master Chissel, his carpenter took into the room to put on; in doing which

He made such a tapping, such hammering and clatter,
Bridget open'd her eyes, and cried,
"What, what's the matter;
Why, the devil is in you, I verily think,
For you make such a racket I can't sleep a wink.

The affrighted Chissel was in the

position of a saint upon a monument when he heard these sounds, from which position he took no time to recover his feet, but threw himself back on the floor, rolled over and over to the staircase, down which he tumbled into the keeping room in a form nearly as globular as that of a hedge-hog when ferreted by a shepherd's dog. In vain honest Roger called out for an explanation, for poor Chissel was unable to utter a syllable. A voice above however, calling out—"Nan, Nan—why, husband, Roger, where am I—what, have you buried me alive?" soon explained the cause of their surprise. Here the writer must imitate the famous Grecian painter, who threw a veil over that grief which he could not express. Honest Roger was thinking of a decent concern, proper for the occasion; he was promising himself many years of happiness in the society of a spirited black-eyed girl whom he had in his eye. Alas, how did the voice alarm him! he fixed his eyes on his friend, but said no more than this—"Accursed, for ever accursed be all ambition and love of vain and empty ostentation.

THE following whimsical inscription is painted over the door of the Anchor public-house, at Watford, Herts.

Above, behold the *Artist's* touch
Doth cheering *Hope* express;
In *Painting* he excels me much,
'Tis *Drawing* I profess.

Yet *Pen* or *Pencil* use I not,
Nor wish I to use *Chalk*;
And though my *Drawings* go to *Pot*,
My *Heads* are all the talk.

THE audience in the Theatre at North Shields were lately thrown into great consternation, from an apprehension

apprehension that the house was falling. The alarm was occasioned by some boys, who had got upon the ceiling, part of which giving way, they fell into the pit, but fortunately no person was hurt, though several received slight bruises from the pressure of the crowd. The scene was truly laughable to those who knew that there was no real danger, for both males and females sprung upon the stage with the agility of harlequins. A corpulent musician cut the most grotesque figure, for, in attempting to jump upon the stage, he unfortunately fell among the lamps, which he upset, and was consequently drenched in oil. When extricated from his greasy bed, he had more discretion than to trust those legs which had so recently deceived him, for he rolled like a hogshead to the back part of the stage.

THE following is extracted from the Anecdotes of Mr. John Edwin, the late celebrated Comedian; from which it appears that he, in his day, was a Young Roscius.—“When only sixteen years of age, Mr. Edwin commenced an actor of *old men*, at the Theatre of Manchester, in 1765. Justice Woodcock and Sir Harry Sycamore, were two characters which were performed with great applause by our juvenile adventurer; and it is here to be observed as a circumstance not a little remarkable, that he played old men in his youth, and young men in his more advanced years.”

THE Prince of Wales lately passing through Tideswell in Derbyshire, in Church time, gave rise to the following:

Ye Tideswell-ites, can this be true,
Which Fame's loud trumpet brings,
That ye, the Cambrian Prince to view,
Forsook the King of Kings?

That ye, when swiftly ratt'ling whels
Proclaim'd his Highness near,
Trode almost on each other's heels
To leave the House of Pray'r?

Another time adopt this plan,
Lest ye be left i'th' lurch,
Place at the end o'th' town, a man
To ask him into Church.

ON THE ARMS OF BRIDEWELL HOSPITAL.

The cage of those who rake and thieve,
For arms the *rose* and *lily* bears;
Yet, lest such emblems should deceive,
A *dagger* underneath appears.

A COUNTRY fellow, in a loquacious mood, accosted a dragoon officer, and boasting of the military ardour of several of his relatives, said he had a brother in the artillery who had lately *got made to be something*—he believed it was a *dromedary*!

A DISCOVERY has been made at Lyons of a highly interesting piece of mosaic-work, representing chariot and horse-races in a circus.—It is fourteen feet and a half in length, and nine and a half in breadth. M. Artand has made a drawing of it, which is in the hands of the engraver. He observes, that the tails of the horses are here represented as docked in the English fashion, and imagines that this is the only instance of the kind that can be produced on antique basso-relievos. He supposes that this monument must have belonged to the house of Ligurius, superintendent of the public sports at Lyons, and Pontifex Maximus, of the temple of Augustus, from which his habitation could not have been far distant. It is well known that he gave sports of this kind to all the corporations of the city, who in gratitude engraved for him an inscription,

scription, which is still extant, and contains these words—*Ludos Circenses dedit.*

THE principle of objecting to a gentleman because of his being the son of a tradesman, reminds us of the following anecdote:—A noble earl, who was the son of a blacksmith, being twitted one day by a Duke on the obscurity of his birth, very coolly answered—"It is true, I am the son of a blacksmith; and if your Grace's father had been a blacksmith, *you would have been the same!*"

WHISKERS.—A whimsical investigation lately took place before Mr. Graham, in Bow-street; it was a kind of a double charge: the first, made on the part of Mr. Arthur Hill, of Carburton-street, against a Miss Alice Johnston, a Titchfield-street belle, for pulling off one of his whiskers, which happened to be of the *false* kind, in the coffee-room of Covent Garden Theatre.—The second, instituted by the lady; viz. that in consequence of this accidental derangement of the false whisker, Mr. Arthur Hill caught her in his arms, and, by a malicious dexterity, let her so far slide through her clothes, as to make that sort of public exhibition which even shocked a circle of spectators, who are pretty well accustomed to *strange sights*. Mr. Hill, who had previously passed the night coolly in the watch-house, being called on for his defence, justified his plea on the ground of retaliation; and the magistrate, finding that the former was rather an accidental assault, and that in the latter there was nothing to stir up his Majesty's liege subjects to any *breach of the peace*—although evidently a shameful *breach of deco-*

rum—dismissed the parties, with a reprimand, and an exhortation to better manners!

OUR young bucks of distinction, not content with their enormous whiskers, have mounted the Jewish mustachio on the upper lip. The ladies at first affected a dislike to this *odious barrier*; but as modern fashion soon reconciles the sex to any novelty, the *mustachio salute* is not only sanctioned now by the dowagers of the *whiskerando* tribe, but even voted by the young smooth-lipped belles, to be "*funny enough!*"

A DISPUTE arising some evenings ago, betwixt a Mr. K—— and Mr. M——, respecting the battle of Cape St. Vincent—"I'll lay my head against an apple dumpling," says M. "that what I assert is true."—"I beg leave to decline," says Mr. K. "I never lay odds."

IMPORTANCE OF FIVE MINUTES.

AT the court of King Francis the First, we are told,
To crack jokes on a lord his buffoon had made bold,
Who swore by his wife, (let us hope by a good one)
He'd cut off the head of King Francis' jack pudding.
The buffoon told the King what his Lordship had said,
As he firmly believ'd he would cut off his head.
"Aye, aye," says the King, between anger and laughter,
"If he does, Jack, I'll hang him up five minutes alter."
"You'd oblige me, great sire," said the jester, "much more,
If you'd hang up his Lordship—five minutes before!"

Kingsland.

J. M.

A CART of iron bars passing Mr. Sh—d—n, as he was turning into Somerset House, a friend who was

was with him, exclaimed "There's music!"—"Yes," replied Mr. S—, "speaking *iron-ically*."

THE invincible good humour with which Mr. Sheridan constantly met the ribaldry of the mob before the hustings, produced many pleasant turns between the rough-tongued mobility and the eloquent senator, and at last completely turned the most clamorous of them, with Berridge at their head. On the first day, the latter—Mr. Sheridan's broad-faced friend—reproached Mr. Sheridan with having rejected their support, when they would have chosen him unanimously, and turned them over to Lord Percy.—"Yes, Sheridan," continued the orator, "you were once my favourite, but I now withdraw my countenance from you."—"Thank you, my good friend," replied Mr. S. "for an uglier looking phiz I think I never beheld." Another 'lean unwashed artificer,' according to his lesson, exclaimed—"Sherry, I say, how came you to desert the Carnatic cause?"—"Because I heard you had taken it up, my honest fellow, and so I thought it in better hands," was the answer—the fellow himself laughing very heartily, who knew as much about the Carnatic as he did of Euclid.

A DUBLIN paper giving an account of an insane gentleman, cured by jumping into a horse-pond, remarks, "that however the faculty may despise it is a remedy, the gentleman is now in *perfect health*, with the exception of a *fever*."

Two quidnuncs reading in a newspaper of one John Smith being removed by *habes corpus*, one of them asked the other—"Pray

what is *habus coppus*?" "A *habus coppus*," replied he, "is—as I take it—what you may call, a kind of a—sort of a—*one-horse chaise*."

"What, is it one of the new-fashioned ones!" "No," said he, "it cannot be a new-fashioned one, because I have heard talk of it ever since I was a boy."

A PLODDING fellow in a country town,

Who oft by midnight pac'd it up and down,

Met with some soldiers in a lonely way,
Who took his money and his watch away.

In haste he sought the captain of the band,

And told his "tale of sorrow," cap in hand.

The captain heard—then with a martial frown

And look, that nearly knock'd the plain-tiff down,

Said—fellow, when this robbery was done,

Had you that waistcoat which you now wear, on?

"Yes," he replied, "I could be safely sworn,

This waistcoat I at that same time had on."

"Then," said the captain, "I am sure you're wrong,

The robbers to our regiment don't belong:

Had they, my friend, they'd laid you in the dirt,

And with your waistcoat even took your shirt."

Kingsland.

J. M.

ABSOLUTION.

IT blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,

The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd confess'd

Was transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest,

To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,

They toss'd the poor parson *souse* into the ocean,

CHARGE FOR A CHALLENGE.

King's Bench, Dec. 8.

THE KING V. GEORGE BRISAC, ESQ.

THIS was an information against the defendant, on the prosecution of Sir Charles Hamilton, Baronet. There were three counts; two of which set out a letter from the party accused to Sir Charles; the other charged the defendant generally with sending a challenge.

Mr. Garrow, for the prosecution said, that the gentleman against whom he appeared had been a captain in his Majesty's navy, and that Sir C. Hamilton now held that honourable situation, and was also commander of the sea fencibles on the coast of Essex. The former had been tried and convicted of a heinous offence against the regulations of the navy, to which he had belonged; in consequence of which he was sentenced to stand in the pillory, and was dismissed the service. Under these circumstances, he had been named a witness in a cause in the Admiralty, to which the prosecutor was a party, and therefore Sir Charles thought fit to acquaint his legal advisers of the facts stated. In consequence of this communication, an interrogatory was put to the defendant, as to their truth, which occasioned the following letter, nearly in the following terms:—

"London, Feb. 23, 1806.

"SIR,—I am aware of the advantage you will have over me from an unmerited sentence in the Court of King's Bench, but I cannot help observing upon the unmanly use you make of it, derived only from perjury and mis-statement. It is a cause in which more than two-

thirds of his Majesty's navy are as deeply implicated as myself, in the well-known practice of signing blank vouchers, in confidence, to the pursers, and I have thus been made the sacrifice to the whole navy.

"But, Sir, conscious of my own innocence and honour, I have supported myself through trials, which, I believe, few men would have strength of mind and nerve to sustain. The malignant have been employed to destroy my character, and they have put an interrogatory which reflects no dishonour upon me, but upon those who propose it. Does this do any good? Was it relevant to the question at issue between you and Captain Robinson? Even supposing the answer were given in the affirmative, would it resolve the doubt regarding the *Dido* and *Brilliant*? Would it remove the sand bank to which the cause refers? To what end and purpose, then, could such an unmanly interrogatory be put? It was meant, cowardly, and cruel, thus wantonly and unnecessarily, to harrow up the feelings of a man, who never did you, Sir, or any other an injury.

"Sir, I have served my King and Country as honourably, and I believe, as long as you have; and have shewn, when an opportunity offered, that I have done my duty as well as you. Why, then, should you make this unmanly attack upon me? I would willingly infer, that you were ignorant of the interrogatory, so disgraceful to the framers of it. I have answered it, and I will, when the cause comes on, if I am in town, be in court. Nor will I decline to say, when in Court, that I was not guilty of a fraud for so paltry a sum as five or six hundred pounds. I send you my trial, whereby you may judge how I have

been treated. I well know the shelter a mean despicable mind will find in my sentence, and use it as a means to protect himself from merited chastisement, when he dares to insult me: he will say that I am not in a rank to be met as a gentleman. I have, Sir, a better opinion of you, than to suppose you would avail yourself of such an expedient, and I flatter myself you will confirm that good opinion.

"In spirit and fortune I am yet independent, although my persecutors—whom I may with justice call my persecutors—have endeavoured to break the one and ruin the other. Thanks be to God, they failed in their generous and liberal attempts; not indeed from want of inclination, but through want of power; and be assured, that neither your title or your rank justify you in offering an insult; nor will I suffer it from you or any one: and nothing but the feeling, that you could not authorize the putting the interrogatory could have induced me to write to you. I have now only to add, that I wish the disgraceful interrogatory to be done away. I am so conscious of my innocence, and proud of my honour, that I am not ashamed or afraid to meet you, Sir, either privately or in a public Court, where I will be, if possible, when your cause is tried; and perhaps your attorneys or agents will find they have not served you when they meant to disgrace me. Anxious for a reply, I remain, &c.

"GEO. BRISAC.

"*To Sir Chas. Hamilton, Bart.*"

After the Learned Counsel had commented on the various parts of this letter, referable to the charges,

Sir Charles Hamilton deposed to the receipt of the letter at his house in Devonshire-place.

Mr. Raymond, of the Admiralty, and Mr. James Sykes, agent to the defendant, proved the hand-writing.

During the opening of the case on the part of the prosecution, Sir Vicary Gibbs and Mr. Lawes, on behalf of the defendant, took several objections in point of form to the information; in all which they were over-ruled by his Lordship.

Sir Vicary Gibbs then addressed the Jury, (which was a special one, adverting to the services of the defendant, the infirmity of his years, the irritability of his temper, and the pure and honourable character he had sustained, with the single exception of the occasion which had been observed upon with so much severity. On the whole, the letter was indiscreet; but in all fair and candid construction, it could not support any of the charges contained in this information.

Lord Ellenborough stated the nature of the information, and explained the counts it involved, distinguishing the offences to which they respectively applied. His Lordship said, that there were two facts to be examined; first, as to the instrumentality of the defendant in sending the letter, and, next, as to its publication within the county where the trial was conducted. Another question respected the contents of the letter, as containing or not, a provocation to fight. The irritation of the party was not to be taken into the account, although this might be a proper subject for the attention of the Court, if the degree of punishment should come before them. The noble and learned Judge having examined the more remarkable passages in the letter, to assist the Jury in their inquiries, the gentlemen withdrew from the box for 20 minutes, and returned with the verdict—Not guilty.

CRIM.

CRIM. CON.

Dublin, November, 26, 1806.

THIS day Mr. Serjeant Ball moved the Court of King's Bench, in the case of Lord Cloncurry, against Sir John Piers, "that the noble plaintiff might be at liberty to file his declaration, as on a common appearance, to be entered for the defendant by Walter Glascock, one of the attorneys of the Court." This application was grounded on an affidavit made by W. H. Carter, his Lordship's law-agent. Mr. Carter stated, that in the month of June last, the Chief Justice had been pleased to grant a *fiat*, marked for the sum of ten thousand pounds, against Sir John Piers, for Crim. Con. with Lady Cloncurry. That Sir John had contrived to elude being arrested, and had taken refuge in the Isle of Man, where he had been served with the process of the Court, and where he appeared publicly so late as the 25th of last month. Mr. Ball then proceeded to state several acts of Mr. Glascock, whence he endeavoured to shew, that he had been retained by Sir John Piers, in order to defend him in this action. He also read a letter from Mr. Glascock to Mr. Carter, in which the former undertook to put in bail for Sir John's appearance; but which he declined doing, when afterwards called on by Mr. Carter.

Mr. Glascock, who was in the Court, underwent a personal examination at his own request. He declared that he had acted merely as the friend of Sir John Piers, and by no means in a professional character: he admitted, however, that he had applied to the Chief Justice's Register, Mr. Pollock, to know what bail would be required; and

that he had been informed Sir John must enter into a recognizance of £10,000, and his two sureties in the sum of £5000 each: he also admitted that he had retained counsel for Sir John. The Court ordered Lord Cloncurry should be at liberty to file his declaration in the manner moved for by Mr. Ball.

ACTION UPON A BILL OF EXCHANGE.

Court of King's Bench, Dec. 1.

SALKELD v. LUCAS.

THIS was for £25, drawn by John Lucas on his Father, the defendant, who was the acceptor.

The bill was produced and proved, and that was the plain case, Sir V. Gibbs said, on the part of the plaintiff.

Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, said it was necessary he should inform the Court and Jury, that the plaintiff in this action was an attorney, and he hoped he would be careful how he appeared before the Court on such an occasion again; and hinted at the power of his Lordship over attorneys. The consideration given for this bill, he maintained to be such, as would not support the right of an action in the plaintiff, and would perhaps astonish the Court.—First he would observe, that the attorney had printed bills distributed, of a particular mode of doing business, by which he undertook to recover all sums of money under £10 for the premium of three shillings; and for £5 he would recover a sum of £100, and up to £500 if justly due, &c. Bills to this effect had

been distributed throughout the country, or in various parts; and he had further to observe, that the defendant had received in consideration of this Bill only £10 in money, as part of the £25, for which the bill was given, and the rest in goods, with an agreement to spend a guinea for supper, these goods being pawned by the young man who borrowed, and the plaintiff bought them afterwards, while in pledge, allowing to the young man who pawned the goods, at the rate of five shillings in the pound for the sum lent upon them. If he proved this, he should be sure to non-suit the plaintiff.

John Lucas said, that he received for the above bill of exchange of £25, only £10 in money, as part of the consideration, and the rest in goods, with an agreement on his part to spend a guinea for supper. &c. at which a gentleman at the bar was to be present. The goods were a hunting watch, valued to him at four guineas and a half, which he afterwards pawned, and the plaintiff bought the duplicate, giving five shillings in the pound upon the money advanced by the pawnbroker. He had a metal watch valued to him at two guineas and a half, which he pledged for thirty shillings, and which the plaintiff purchased upon the advance of five shillings in the pound on the sum lent. A gold seal and a piece of cloth were disposed of in a similar manner: the plaintiff purchasing the duplicates after the goods were pledged by this young man, at this small advance. The money lent by the pawnbroker, falling so very short of the price at which the goods were valued, when he had them of the plaintiff, as a part consideration of this bill.

Lord Ellenborough asked Sir V.

Gibbs, if he thought he could make any thing of this case on behalf of the plaintiff, in proving a more valuable consideration for this bill? —That learned Gentleman answering in the negative, the plaintiff was nonsuited.

DRAFT ON A BANKER.

ROBBINS, v. TUKES.

THIS action for £48 was brought in the Court of King's Bench, Dec. 1.—The plaintiff had a draft for £48 from a Mr Abel, and as he was going to his banker's to receive the money for it, he lost it by the way. It was picked up by a cobbler, who kept a green-shop, and lodged at the defendant's house. The defendant bought this draft of the cobbler, and received the money for it at the banker's. Some time after this, the plaintiff's clerk happened to be at a public-house, where the cobbler was, and half drunk, boasting of what he had done, saying how easily a man might make money in London, by picking up bits of paper for *nothing*, and selling them for *guineas*, as he had done. The clerk recollecting how his master had lost his draft, made further inquiries into the matter, and discovered the whole of it. At first the defendant was apprehended, and brought before the Lord Mayor as for a felony; but discharged of that, this action was commenced against him.

It was alledged that the defendant had a witness, who could prove that the cobbler was at another place at the time when this was related to have happened, but that the defendant was too poor to bring him before the Court.

Verdict for the plaintiff—damages £48.

A MILLINER

A MILLINER
AND
THE MILITARY MAN;
OR
A TRICK WITH THE TALLY-MAN.

Court of King's Bench, Nov. 29.

TYERS v. VERNON, ESQ.

SIR V. Gibbs opened this case for the plaintiff.—The plaintiff is a Haberdasher and Man-milliner living in Piccadilly, and brought this action against Captain Vernon, of the 36th regiment of foot, for the recovery of a sum of money for a quantity of goods;—articles of wearing apparel, furnished to the defendant's wife, to the amount of £146, in about fifteen months.

The first witness examined was a Miss Frances Thompson, who lived with the plaintiff as a shopwoman. She swore that she remembered Mrs. Vernon coming to the shop: the first article she purchased was a black silk hat and feather; afterwards she purchased many others. This witness proved the delivery of the other various articles in the plaintiff's bill, either by delivering them herself, or by leaving them at Mrs. Vernon's lodgings in Charles-street on the Hampstead-road.

Cross-examined by Mr. Garrow, she said that another witness, her sister, who is an unfortunate girl, had introduced Mrs. Vernon to the plaintiff's shop, to buy goods upon *Tally*. (This term *Tally*, Mr. Garrow said, was not much known to the public;—the meaning of it was, that such people as the plaintiff, sell goods to unfortunate women, at an extravagant rate, to bedeck them out in a gaudy manner,

and receive money weekly, or per month, or otherwise, as it may happen they should get it by prostitution; making large profits out of these unhappy persons, as soon as they get them into their books.) The witness then proceeded to state that her sister's name is Flora Thompson: that she had known Mrs. Vernon to pass by the name of *Massey*, and that she is now living with a Mr. *Dove*, an attorney of Lincoln's Inn Fields, (and who, Mr. Garrow said, was once, he believed, in partnership with the person who conducted this cause for the plaintiff.) The witness swore that she knew very well that Mrs. Vernon was living in a state of prostitution, but that she never mentioned it to the plaintiff; and it now turned out that Mrs. Vernon was now living with Mr. *Dove*, and they were visited by the plaintiff and his wife, as intimate friends, and that down to the present time, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at Mr. *Dove's* house.

Mrs. Rutledge knew Captain and Mrs. Vernon very well; they lived in her house in April 1805. Sometimes he paid for the lodging, and sometimes the lady did. Mrs. Vernon was the person who took the lodgings, and she settled with Mrs. Vernon finally, about the month of June, when they went away.

Mr. John Reed, of the 'Old Slaughter's Coffee-house, St. Martin's-lane, proved that Captain Vernon lodged at his house in April, May, and June, 1805; that he had no servants or horses, neither did he dash about with a carriage and groom, or any thing of that kind. He was ill for three months, and he never slept out for any one night during the whole of that time; so that it was impossible that he should

should be the person who had been represented to the plaintiff, as the husband of this lady, Mrs. Vernon, because that person had a groom and servants attending him, dashing about with fine horses and the like.

Mary Theobald proved the marriage of Captain Vernon with this Lady;—it took place eight years and three months ago at Chelsea. She had not seen Mr. Vernon for four years.—Mrs. Vernon was under age at the time of her marriage. About a month ago she called on the witness. To a question put by Mr. Garrow, the witness said she did not know that Mrs. Vernon had taken wings and flown away with a *Dove*.

Mr. Garrow most strenuously supported the defendant's case, and maintained that if he did not obtain a verdict, no man, who had the misfortune to have a faithless wife, could be secure from ruin; he was, however, confident that the Jury would see the true complexion of this case;—it was one of a most scandalous and infamous description.—The plaintiff was a man-miliner. The defendant had been represented as a gentleman of a very handsome fortune. He was an officer; and there was no evidence as to his fortune. He had the mischance to marry his wife about eight years ago. During great part of that time, he was unavoidably absent in the service of his country. While in England he occasionally saw his wife, but knew nothing of her infidelity, although she was pursuing the course of extravagance of which the evidence in this cause furnished only a part. He then under the correction of the Bench, proceeded to submit what the law was upon a case like the present,

and applied to tradesmen who trusted a wife without the knowledge of her husband. The articles in their nature and amount, must be according to the condition and degree in life of that husband; and if the tradesman does not know that condition and degree, he is bound to make inquiry before he gives the credit: he shall not take it from the appearance or the representation of the wife. If he furnishes the wife with any goods on credit, beyond the rank, condition, and degree in life of the husband, that husband is not bound in law to pay such tradesman. He then expatiated on the character of a *Tally-man*, which the plaintiff was—took up the items of his bill—enumerated the articles—maintained the charges to be extravagant. A black velvet hat and feather, £1 16s.—A thin muslin morning dress, and ostrich feathers, not fit articles for the wife of an officer living on his pay; rich white gloves, eight shillings a pair; a profusion of things thus furnished could never be adapted to the condition of this gentleman. A rich worked muslin dress four guineas—the first day's order £11 or £12. It was impossible to say that this mode of furnishing articles of dress to a wife of an officer in fourteen months, to the amount of £146, could be suitable to his pay, and therefore he submitted, that, according to the rule of law, which was in this case founded on the common sense of things, and the convenience of mankind, the defendant was entitled to a verdict.

Lord Ellenborough observed to the Jury, that this was an action against the defendant, a Captain of the 36th regiment of foot, for the amount of a bill of £146, for
articles

articles of personal ornament, and decoration for the defendant's wife, in fourteen or fifteen months. The liability of the husband stood thus. While his wife applies for things she wants, she carries with her a credit for them, suitable to the rank and condition of her husband, whose duty it is to provide her with things necessary for that rank and condition; but it is the person's duty who gives her credit, to ascertain what that condition is; for the instant he credits the wife to an excess upon that condition, he forfeits his claim upon the husband. This lady had contracted a debt, which it was impossible to say that the defendant's pay in the army was equal to: £146 in fourteen months for mere ornaments, was extravagant beyond endurance, considered with reference to the scanty means of an officer of the defendant's rank and condition. His Lordship commented, with a suitable reproof, on that part of the girl's evidence, wherein she said, Mrs. Vernon was first introduced to the plaintiff by a prostitute, upon whose representation he trusted her with these gaudy trappings. That fact alone was demonstration, that he knew the unhappy character in which Mrs. Vernon moved in life, and by which knowledge he forfeited his claim on her injured husband; and there was no proof of cohabitation between Mr. Vernon and this lady at this time; on the contrary, evidence that some other person had assumed the character of the defendant with the lady. Upon the whole of the matter, this case struck him so forcibly, that he did not see how the Jury could conscientiously, with justice, do otherwise than find a verdict for the defendant.

Verdict for the defendant.

LAW CASE.

Court of King's Bench, Dec. 3.

RAMSDEN v. MELLISH.

THIS action was commenced against the defendant as the acceptor of a bill of exchange for £100.

Sir Vicary Gibbs stated the different stages through which the note had passed, until it came into the hands of Mr Ramsden. He said, that when the bill was presented, Mr. Mellish, who was a constant frequenter of the Newmarket races, refused to pay it, without alleging any reason, and the plaintiff was compelled to bring this action.

After the testimony had been adduced,

Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, said, that certain punctilios were kept up among the visitors of the turf, which the Learned Counsel could not but censure; but certain it was, that were it not for the peculiar circumstances of this case, Mr. Mellish would never have attempted to defend himself by a legal objection. This bill was one of three which were given as security for a gambling debt, which became due to a reverend gentleman of the name of Ambrose, by a game at hazard at the Smyrna Coffee-house. A few days afterwards, Mr. Mellish had the good fortune to win back the same sum from Mr. Ambrose, and of course he expected that these bills would be restored to him.—This that reverend gentleman promised to do, but had never performed; and under such circumstances a gambling debt being the only consideration, the plaintiff could not recover.

The Rev. John Ambrose was then called, but not answering, his attendance

attendance was demanded upon his subpoena.

Mr. Garrow not being provided with any other witnesses, a verdict was found for the plaintiff—damages £111:13s.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

ABOUT the middle of last month, a bear, the property of Mr. Bradbury, one of the clowns of the Royal Circus, which was kept in a shed, built in the shape of an oven, in the yard of the Royal Circus, and chained to a post fixed in the middle of its den, which was driven nearly four feet into the ground, caused much alarm in that neighbourhood. The animal, become furious from hunger, in the course of the night had torn up the post, broke the part of the chain that was fixed to it, and made its way muzzled into the yard.—The first thing that it attacked was a dog, which it killed. The roaring of the bear, and the cries of the dog, soon brought several people to the spot. The first that came was one of the carpenters belonging to the Circus. The bear instantly pursued him; the man ran up some stone steps, and the bear followed. The man threw it back, and, with the force, fell over it, but escaped with the loss of the skirts of his coat, which the animal tore off.—The bear left him to attack a goat. By that time the alarm was so great that several people had collected in the yard. A boy, about thirteen years of age, was amongst the first. The bear pursued, overtook, and fastened upon him behind, with its two paws upon his shoulders. The boy instantly fell, inclined forward on his face, and the

bear tore the back part of his head as if it had been scalped. A man now got hold of the end of the chain which was still round the animal's neck, and with the assistance of the other persons, armed with sticks and pitchforks, tore the animal away from the boy, who was in a gore of blood; and one of the most shocking objects ever beheld, every one present thinking at first his head was torn off from his body.

He was immediately taken up, however, washed, and carried to the hospital. He came from the country only a few weeks ago; he lived with Mr. Wilson, who keeps the billiard tables, at the Circus, and used to attend the billiard-rooms.—We understand he is a relative to Mr. Wilson. At ten o'clock on the same night, there were some hopes of his recovery. This dreadful accident collected a vast concourse of people, who rushed into the yard; amongst them were two soldiers, one of whom split the bear's head open with a spade, and the other cut off one of its ears.—It was a young black bear. Mr. Bradbury, the clown, brought it from Liverpool on the top of the stage coach, the night of his benefit. It was so tame that he brought it to town unmuzzled. He used to exhibit it in the coffee-room of the Royal Circus, and take it to porter-houses, &c. where it used to sit up among the company, with a hat upon its head, and eat its loaf and drink its pot of porter. It used to follow its master like a dog, and was so familiar and gentle, the children in the neighbourhood played with it, without any apprehension. Mr. Bradbury, its master, being at Manchester several weeks past, the animal was left in the care of a porter, who did not supply it with sufficient food. It had not more than

than half a quartern loaf for sustenance in two days, and so became furious from hunger.

The above was written on the day after the accident. We have since heard that the boy is recovered.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SPORTS OF ANCIENT LONDON.

By Joseph Moser, Esq.

THE thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have been frequently termed the heroic ages, an appellation which they acquired from the prevalence of justs and tournaments; a species of amusement, if they may be so denominated, which was derived from the crusades, and which were first introduced into the metropolis in the reign of King Stephen, about A. D. 1140, until after the return of Richard the First from captivity. To celebrate this event, solemn justs were exhibited in Smythefelde, A. D. 1194.

These chivalrous exhibitions appear to have arrived at their greatest eminence in the reign of Edward the Third. This prince, whose character was tinged with a considerable portion of romantic extravagance, which that of his son displayed in still more glaring colours, was so infatuated with those *amicable* contentions, that he caused them to be conducted with more than Saracenic pomp, and displayed with even more than oriental splendour.

Out of these celebrations sprung the trial by combat; a mode of decision not unfrequently resorted to

in cases remediless by the old custom of England, and which the High Court of Chivalry marshalled by the law of arms.

Riding at the *Quintane* was a civic sport, that had in its idea something chivalrous; though it is said by Dr. Kennet, who quotes Dr. Plot, to have been derived from the Romans; which is very probable, as it was their custom to train their young men to military exertions, of which this is evidently a species. The champion who succeeded in breaking the board was accounted *Princeps Juventutis*, or Chief of the Youth.

Archery was another of our military sports, which has been lately revived, though with little success. This exercise, for which the English were famed in all parts of the world, was—when the archers of the city, those of Finsbury, and other contiguous districts were reviewed—attended with ostentatious circumstances of civic splendour and magnificence.

Of the triumphal shows exhibited in the city of London, although the vestiges are very numerous, we shall only mention one: which must, if we consider the state of the environs of the metropolis, and indeed that of the metropolis itself, from concomitant circumstances, have exhibited many picturesque scenes. This was the celebration of May-day, in those periods of simplicity when the King, Queen, their courtiers, and consequently the citizens, rode a Maying.

At the times of the celebration of the great festivals, we find that a lower order of the minstrels assumed the character of Mummers, and performed short dramas, dances, and tricks, before the doors and in the halls of the opulent.

On Allhallow's eve, the reign of

A a

the

the Lord of Misrule used to commence, which continued until Candlemas; so that we may observe, that the dark and dreary months of November, December, and January, were by our ancestors more particularly dedicated to sports and hilarity.

The Lord of Misrule, it would appear, from even a slight consideration of the subject, was an officer whose province was directly the reverse of that of a modern master of the ceremonies; for his business was to furnish amusement by a series of blunders, and with studied negligence to throw every thing into confusion, in order to increase the sport; whereas that of the master of the ceremonies is to introduce regularity into large assemblies, to keep order, to repress the ebullitions of passion, to banish, if possible, that contraction or thrusting out of the lips which Shakespear calls *pouting*; to prevent violent *suffusions* or *flushings* in the female countenance; to keep the ladies from *tossing*, and their noses from *turning up*, when *precedence*, *partners*, and *people that nobody knows*, with a hundred other *serious* circumstances, excite those emotions. He has also annexed to his office something *clerical*, it being his business to *join hands*: but

he goes still farther, he frequently *procures partners*, who sometimes under his banners *enlist for life*.

In the palace of every nobleman, whether spiritual or temporal, in the mansions of the Lord Mayor, and the Sheriffs, there were Lords of Misrule*, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make most diversion for the company.

The most remarkable of our civic shows in the fourteenth century, was that of the inauguration of the Chief Magistrate, which, as it has been annually continued, is too well known to afford entertainment in description. This procession, until the year 1453, was *unamphibious*; but at that period, Sir John Norman, draper, willing, like Cynion, the Athenian, to triumph

..... "Both on land and wave."

Caused a barge to be made at his own charge; in consequence of which the twelve companies had their several barges decked and trimmed to attend upon him; a circumstance that so delighted the watermen, that they composed a song on the occasion, the burthen of which was—

"Row thy boat, Norman,
"Row to thy Lemant."

* We fear that somehow or other, this office still exists, that it has become permanent, and has got into the hands of *graver* characters.—When we, as is frequently the case, hear of the *derangement* of affairs, we are always prone to suspect that a Lord of Misrule is one of the family, and that his endeavours to promote confusion, whether in accounts, domestic matters, affections, &c. are *no longer jests*. Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Paull assert, that Lord Grenville, the Marquis of Wellesley, &c. are at present the chief Lords of Misrule.

† Leman, (Sweetheart.) Surely these rogues did not by this piece of pleasantry mean to intimate that his Lordship was a bit of a wag, and had a girl over the water; as the *impures* at that time (just as at present) totally *banished* from the city, resided in Southwark on the Bank-side, to which there was a ferry, of which the *sober citizens* unquestionably experienced the *inconveniences*.

Though

Though the combats of the Roman gladiators had, under the Goths, expanded themselves into justs and tournaments, which were, as we have observed, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries generally adopted; yet, as fashion, particularly in matters of amusement, is ever fluctuating, we find the pomp and solemnity of these degenerated into prize fighting, which was one of the sports of our ancestors immediately subsequent; and, as it was attended with little expence, followed by them with great avidity. In consequence of this predilection arose an order of men, who termed themselves—"Masters of the noble art of Defence." These generally were, or pretended to be, old soldiers, persons who had seen much service, and who not only practised, but taught the science they professed: they existed in taverns, and while they astonished and awed our metropolitan youth, they lived upon the public*.

The sports of bull and bear-baiting were anciently the delights of the English: their passion for these savage amusements they also, it is probable, derived from their conquerors the *polished* Romans, whose imperial city abounded with amphitheatres, many of which were used for the combats of wild beasts. For this *laudable* purpose, no expence was spared to fetch them from the farthest parts of the world. It must be allowed, that in this sport, as in many others, the

Romans displayed more ingenuity than our ancestors, who merely contented themselves with chaining a bull or a bear to a stake, while they suffered the animal in this ignoble situation to be worried and torn by dogs; whereas the former used to pair a great variety of heterogeneous creatures for the combat. Sometimes we find a tiger matched with a lion, sometimes a lion with a bull, a bull with an elephant, a rhinoceros with a bear, &c. and very frequently men, who acquired the appellation of *Bestiarii*. Nay even women, as we learn from Juvenal (Sat. 1.) engaged in those combats, which as often terminated in what are called battles-royal.

Of the bear-gardens and bull-rings in the metropolis, no vestiges remain; though their number and sites may be pretty accurately traced by the names of the streets and places that have been erected upon their ruins, and by the notice that is taken of a few of them in the oldest map of London now extant†.

By this map we observe that Paris-garden, once so famous for its sports as to have attracted the attention of many authors, was a small hamlet, consisting of a theatre, and a few houses or rather cottages, on the banks of the Thames, nearly opposite to the Black Friars, to which there was a ferry.—A road took exactly the same direction as the London road does at present. Close to the play-house

* Of these characters Captain Bobadil is a humorous, and we believe, a correct portrait. He was, if not a prize fighter, at least a master of the noble science of defence, as we have an instance in the lesson he gives Master Matthew, who was an exact type of those youths whom such adventurers, under the disguise of old soldiers, used to sponge upon.—From these practices, it is probable, came the phrase—"To fight the Old Soldier."

† London and Westminster, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1563.

stood a cross. The Bear-garden* was irregular in its form, and had, it is most probable, been literally a garden, before it was used for the purpose of sports. The amphitheatre for the *Bowls-baytinge*, was a circular building situated at the back of the houses on the Bank-side; and at a short distance, in the immediate vicinity of the Stews, stood another building of the same form, and apparently of the same size, called the New Bear-garden, which was adapted to the same purposes as the old.

Cock-fighting, although equally cruel, was at this period a favourite amusement of the English in general. Tradition has frequently stated that the oppressed Saxons considered this animal as a type of their tyrants the "Lord Danes," and that the custom of throwing at them at Shrove-tide originated from and commemorated a massacre at that period.

From what circumstance the furnishing cocks with those dreadful weapons, spurs, and by pitting them against each other, making them instruments of gambling, arose, it is now impossible to say: that the sport was generally prevalent, and a cock-pit considered as a necessary appendage to many noblemen's houses, is certain. Of this custom we have still a vestige remaining,

in that part of the ancient palace of Whitehall, which still retains the name of the Cock-pit, though it is now used for a very different purpose. Here the minister and a few of his friends revise and read his Majesty's speech, previous to its being delivered in parliament.

FALSE ALARMS; OR, MY COUSIN.

An Opera.—Drury Lane.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Damon Gayland	Mr. Wroughton.
Edgar Gayland	Mr. Brabant.
Tom Surfeit	Mr. Bannister.
Lieut. M'Lary	Mr. Johnstone.
Flod	Mr. Mathews.
Gabriel	Mr. Penley.
Grinvelt	Mr. Wewitzer.
Bamper	Mr. Digoon.
Lady Gayland	Mrs. Mountain.
Caroline Sedley	Miss Duncan.
Emily	Mrs. Bland.
Miss Umbrage	Miss Pope.
Susan	Mad. Storace.

THE FABLE.

SIR Damon Gayland, who has recently taken Lady Gayland for his second wife, and for whom he really has more regard than he is aware of, is infatuated with the silly pride of exciting his wife's jealousy. It appears that he has been in habits

* The Old Bear-garden, wherein was kept "bears, bulls, and other beasts to be baited; and also mastives, in their several kennels, were there nourished to bait them," was once the resort of the nobility and gentry, as well as of the ferocious, idle, and dissolute. Whether from the performance of regular dramatic pieces the minds of the people took a more rational turn, is uncertain, but it is certain that its sports, once so celebrate, from that period declined.

Of the Bear-garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole, we have notices to the middle of the last century. What sort of company resorted to it may be learned from Mrs. Peachum, who says to Filch, "You must go to Hockley-in-the-Hole, and to Marybone, child, to learn valour."

BEGGAR'S OPERA, Act I.

Habits of correspondence with an incognita with whom he became acquainted at a private masquerade, but to whose person he has been kept a stranger. The jealous apprehensions of Lady Gayland are relieved by the unexpected arrival of Caroline Sedley, an old friend and school-fellow. Caroline declares herself to be the cause of Sir Damon's alienation, relates their meeting at the masquerade, and that, accidentally discovering in the person of her gallant the husband of her quondam friend, she had been induced to humour the intrigue, in the hope of avenging the wrongs of Lady Gayland, and effecting Sir Damon's reformation. To promote this design, she has obtained a letter of introduction to Sir Damon, under the disguise and character of Captain Bronze; and in this character she affects such an easy impudent freedom with Sir Damon's house, his servants, and above all, his wife, that the man of gallantry is confounded, his indignation is roused, his jealousy is alarmed, and, under pretence of indisposition, he determines immediately to hurry away his wife from so dangerous an intruder. This is the signal for Lady Gayland; she refuses to accompany him, accuses Sir Damon of infidelity, abashes him by producing the correspondence with his incognita, and peremptorily insists upon a separation. To increase Sir Damon's confusion, a billet arrives from the fictitious Rosalinda, stating that she is at hand, and can no longer endure suspense. The false captain, to whom Lady Gayland appeals, affects to recognize the handwriting of the fair Rosalind to be that of his cousin, and demands instant satisfaction from Sir Damon for the indignity offered to his

family. Sir Damon is overpowered with shame and penitence, and pleads for forgiveness. In the mean time, Edgar, the son of Sir Damon, has arrived in pursuit of Emily, the ward of Old Plod, to whom he is attached, contrary to the views of his father; after some of the usual difficulties in these cases, in which his jealousy has been needlessly alarmed, he succeeds in eloping with the object of his wishes, and Sir Damon's consent is extorted by Lady Gayland as a condition of their reconciliation.

A further interest arises out of the characters of Tom Surfeit and Lieut. M'Lary, who are rival candidates for the hand of Caroline.—The former, as an excuse for doing nothing, has assumed the character of a Temple student; but, despising the slow returns of half-guinea motions as inadequate to his fashionable pursuits, he conceives designs upon the superior fortune of Plod's ward. His attempts, however, are frustrated, and his vanity exposed in all quarters; while the mirthful Caroline finds a deserving and successful suitor in the brave and honest M'Lary.

There is a good deal of lively humour in the piece, and the dialogue is neat and spirited; but its chief recommendation is the music, some of which is very fine.—Mrs. Mountain and Mr. Brsham accompanied themselves in singing an air each, the former on the harp, and the latter on the piano-forte. These were both charming airs, and were loudly encored. All the performers exerted themselves, and were extremely successful. Miss Duncan, in the assumed character of Capt. Bronze, appeared in the dress of a smart light-horseman.

The piece having undergone some necessary

necessary curtailments, continues to be received by crowded houses, and, as well as Mr. Kenny the author, is likely to become a favourite with the public.

The songs also are excellent, and some of them appear in our poetical department.

OLD AND NEW FASHIONS IN DRESS.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis!

MR. EDITOR,

I WAS reading the other morning at breakfast, to a very worthy old lady—indeed, my grandmother,—the very amusing lucubration of your newly acquired correspondent, Mr. Merryman; but, to my astonishment, instead of appearing pleased, several deep sighs escaped her; and when I had finished, she broke out into lamentations upon the old worn-out topic—the alteration of the times: she observed that in her opinion, young Hopeful, as she called him, might think himself very fortunate in preserving his handkerchief at the expence of his letter; for she'd warrant, had he walked the streets of London in that careless and coxcomical manner, some of the wanton husseys, or pilfering boys, would have made a prize of it; and then, she observed, what a dilemma the coxcomb would have been reduced to!—I soon removed this insinuation, by telling her, that he could soon have replaced his loss, as trade was now carried on in so extensive a manner, that every second or third shop was a linen draper's: this she was very glad to hear; but yet it puzzled her, if trade was in so thriving a condition, to account for

the long lists of bankrupts that every Tuesday morning I read to her from your paper! it was not so in her time!—she really thought that the taylors and pickpockets were in a confederacy together; for if the good old fashion, in which usefulness and grace went hand in hand, and continued, when the pockets of a coat were well covered with a length of flap, and of a depth sufficient to contain a moderate sized bible—such a one as then lay before her—when the skirts hung gracefully in many folds down to the ankle, distended into a beautiful form, with horse hair and buckram; the latter of which she remarked—and a smile of self approbation, for a moment, took possession of her venerable countenance—was not, in her time, confined to their bills. But now, instead of the person's being protected and kept warm and comfortable; the dignity of the man preserved, and his property protected; the popping jays of the present day, by the absurd and horrid fashion prevalent in dress, were exposed to the cold winds and inclemency of the weather; all that dignified consequence totally extinguished; and our purses and handkerchiefs left an easy prey to the street walker, and public marauder; and looked, for all the world, like so many game cocks trimmed for the pit. Happening at this instant to cast her eye upon a whole length portrait of her late husband Mr. Alderman Molasses, adorned with a brigadier of immense dimensions; a full dressed suit of blue velvet, loaded with buttons of gold lace; ruffles of the finest cambric down to his fingers ends; a gold headed cane of size sufficient to level an ox; and a small silver hilted sword, peeping through the skirt of his coat; desired

sired I would mark the contrast between that dress and that of a print which happened to hang exactly opposite, dressed in the pink of the present costume; and which to avoid prolixity, I will just mention had the words following printed under it:—"John! don't the ladies admire me?"—In compliance with the good old lady's desire, I cast a glance at both, and at the same time taking out my watch, and finding it was 'change time, I told her I thought "much might be said on both sides," made my bow, and set forward to meet a merchant in the Irish walk, on the Royal Exchange.

For my part, Sir, I laugh at the present times, have laughed at the past, and, as long it shall please the Almighty Power to permit me, doubt not but I shall see occasion to laugh at the future; and cannot entirely agree with my worthy relation, when she insists most peremptorily on the *dignity*—a word she is as fond of as Col. Bath, in Fielding's *Amelia*—the delicacy—the gentlemanly deportment of the men of her day over the bell-swaggerers—as she emphatically calls them of the present day: and the prudence, reservedness, discretion, and virtue of the maidens of her time, over the hoity toity, bold, forward, pert flirts of the present day! now all are gadding, the mornings taken up in preparing dress for the evening ball, where they expose themselves—she is told, for she never goes to them herself—in dancing the Irish wriggle, with any fellow in a bit of scarlet and a feather, or gambling at the card table, losing their money, souring their tempers, and by their dissipated lives, giving the other sex an aversion to matrimony; for she is informed as a positive fact, that

in point of expence, the girl who has not a prospect of five hundred pounds to her fortune, will vie with one who has as many thousands; and hardly such a thing as a spinning wheel to be seen in any private house between Temple Bar and Hyde-Park-Corner: she really is tired of the profligate manners of the present day; it is this, and only this, that makes so many prostitutes: in her time, young women spent the morning in spinning linen—here she cast a significant look, and observed there were not such numbers of linen-draper's then—for the family, and the evenings in an innocent game of hot cockles and hunt the slipper; or, by way of variety, at cards: at the amusing games of my lady's hole, or Strip-Jack naked; names which, however sneered at in the present times, carried excellent morals with them, and were entirely free from the deep thinking in the game of whist, so much now the vogue; which she asserts, is full of artifice and contrivance, and only fit to teach young people to overreach one another, and fill their minds with hypocrisy and deceit; such women were unfit for wives; and were she a man, and young as formerly, she would rather live a single life than yoke herself to one whose mind was every where but at home—it was not so when she was young—then there were no false colours hung out to allure birds, no—a maiden depended then upon her discretion and housewifery for a husband, and having established that character, she had no occasion to wander abroad for lovers. Then the good old lady, placing her fore finger on her thumb, would begin to recount what lovers she had, all of whom she had dismissed in favour of Mr. Molasses; for she always

always thought—and a glow of pleasure and satisfaction sat upon her countenance when she said it—that a British Merchant was the first of all characters. I remain,

Your obedient servant,

TIMOTHY HOMESPUN.

Throgmorton-street, Dec. 8, 1806.

THE GRANDFATHER'S BUST.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING often been entertained by your amusing magazine, I beg leave to send you the following anecdote, the circumstances of which occurred last summer.

Your's &c. X. Y. Z.

Mr. B——r, having resided in Dublin the greatest part of the winter, determined to return to his country-seat in the spring; and he sent orders to the steward to get the house ready, and to paint most of the rooms. Having arrived late in the evening, he did not visit the apartments till the next morning. On entering the dining room he was struck with astonishment on beholding a fine marble bust of his grandfather dashing painted with rosy cheeks, that would not have disgraced a Bacchus. Honest Pat, the steward, who had been in the family during the lifetime of Mr. B's grandfather, was summoned to explain the meaning of it.

"Pat," says Mr. B. "how comes the bust to be so disfigured?" "Disfigured! does your honour call it?"—"Yes, disfigured." "Och ye powers, and you really call it disfigured!—well, I will be telling your honour all about it."

"Your honour, you know, ordered

the rooms to be all painted and beautified, so I sent for Mr. O'Daub the house and sign painter of the village, he lives near Mrs. O'Liffy's who keeps the Munster potatoe inn.—Mr. O'Daub, says I, you are to be after painting the house immediately, his honour my master *manes* to be here next month, and stay the whole summer among us, which will gladden the hearts of all the poor; and if every *jontleman* was to be after doing the same, so many domains would not be without Landlords, for if you *lave* your domain, why it will *lave* you and go to the devil. 'Arrah by my shoul and so they would, says O'Daub. "Well, well, go on to the bust."

"So as I was telling your honour, after he had painted the house, he says to me, 'Mr. Pat, who is that white *jontleman* stuck up there, he looks for all the world as if he had lived on butter-milk and potatoe, for the devil a bit of colour have they given him.'—Butter-milk and potatoe to yourself, says I, look at your own spalpeen face, before we fed you with colecannon and mutton; his honour's grandfather, there, had as fine a jolly a face as any justice in the county of Sligo. But, Mr. O'Daub, give me *lave* to be after letting you know the *jontleman* is in sculpture. 'Sculpture, did you say, Mr. Patrick, by my shoul I never *harde* of that kind of painting before; but I suppose it is a kind of a drawing which the great people get done for themselves after they are dead, and that is not a part of my profession; so Mr. Pat, if you *plase* I'll *mak'n* look as when he was alive. To be sure, do, so says I. Now, with my insructions and Mr. O'Daub's art, your honour may now again behold your grandfather just as when he sat at the head of the table, after a fox-

fox-chase:—for to be sure he didn't keep the best hounds and the fastest horses that ever ran over the Curragh. Do, your honour, now look up at him; he looks for all the world as when he used to say to me, when I was the height of a turf—'Pat,' says he, 'have you done your work?' Yes, your honour, says I; 'Then take this half of a thirteenth.' Och! long life to his honour's memory."

MEMOIRS

OF

A YOUNG GAMESTER.

Concluded from page 70.

I NOW frequented Newmarket, Epsom, York, and other races, was a constant attendant at billiard and hazard tables, and few could more dexterously slip a card or cog a die; in short, I was able to practise all the manœuvres in use among the family-men. I lived like a man of fashion, and although I was by this time known to have no other way of supporting myself but by gaming, and was a gamester professed, yet as long as I dressed well, paid my debts honourably, and entertained elegantly, I was intimate with, and visited by many people of fashion.

However, after some time, I found my finances rather impaired by too high expences; but as I had contracted a large acquaintance, I expected to reap the benefit of it, especially as I had luckily, as I then thought, gained a friend in the gaming way, who promised to let me into some schemes I was yet a stranger to, and we were by agreement to go shares in the profits.

My youth, which was my pro-

tection in gaming, ruined me in my connection with women. Vain and full of desire, I took pride in being thought to possess so fine a woman, and from her well-acted endearments I grew to dote upon her. For some weeks I observed her to be more thoughtful than usual, and involuntary sighs frequently to burst from her. I was uneasy, but she never would tell me the cause. I sent for her upper servant one day to a tavern, and desired her to tell me what was the matter with her mistress; upon which she, who had long been waiting for this cue, began a most melancholy story, how well her mistress had lived when the last gentleman kept her, whom she left for me, and ever since her mistress had been running behind-hand; but that she loved me so well, she was not willing for me to know it, because she said I might suspect it was only a scheme; but, continued the girl, as she hoped to be saved, and upon her honour, her mistress went in fear of being arrested every day, because she would not go into company, her love for me was so great.

I snapt at the bait, and ordered her slyly to get me a list of her mistress's creditors. She had it ready, she said, on purpose to shew me several times, but her heart failed her. Even this did not open my eyes: I could not discover that there must be some deep design in this ready-wrote-out list than I first saw.—No; I was prepossessed, and the next day discharged them by sending my girl the contents of the list, which I think came to two hundred and forty pounds seven shillings.

The person who had agreed we should share profits together called upon me next day, and told me he had a glorious scheme, but that I

B b

must

must bring about six or seven hundred pounds with me just to make a shew with, as he had one of the finest bubbles in the world, a young man just come of age, and heir to an immense fortune. I did not let him know that I had parted with the greatest part of my capital; but as I depended upon him, agreed to meet him next day, and pretending earnest business to transact, we parted.

I had so good an opinion of my new partner, that I reckoned all he said to be gospel; and as I had several valuable trinkets by me, I that afternoon not only disposed of them, but of my clothes, linen, horses, and every thing I could raise money with; and next evening, according to appointment, went in with between seven and eight hundred pounds in my pocket: of this I immediately informed my partner. A bank was made, the bubble ushered in, and we won five hundred pounds of him before twelve at night. This transaction took place at what is called a private card assembly. We went to supper about one, and what they gave me in my liquor I know not, but I soon grew fuddled, and remembered very little of what happened afterwards.

My servant the next day brought me a letter from my partner, which informed me, that I had, by getting drunk, ruined both him and me, because I would play myself, and there was no hindering me; he said, that I had not only lost what he had won, but also played away all our stock; that, for his part, he had been obliged to go a tick for a hundred pounds, which he desired I would send *per* bearer, and I should have it in the October Meeting.

I could not speak for some time:

nay, my servant desired to know what answer he should send by the messenger. At last I told him to say it was very well, and sunk down upon my pillow in horrors, which the honest part of the world cannot even fancy to themselves. After being tormented with all the agonies of mind it is possible I believe to feel from remorse for the crimes I had committed, I jumped out of bed, hurried on my clothes, and hastened to inform my girl of my d--d ill luck; as I felt certain she would not fail to assist me, since to my knowledge, she could raise something handsome on her plate; &c. some of which I had given her, and which her confidant had told me were in pawn when I sent her the money; but by an accident, as I lay there one night, on an alarm of fire, I discovered she had not pawned it. However, I made sure she would pawn it for me; and therefore determining not to make myself uneasy any longer, went to her house in very good spirits. The maid informed me her mistress was gone to one of those houses, where ladies and gentlemen usually meet in an evening: it was in the Strand; and remarkable not only for the resort of girls in low circumstances, but also for ladies of pleasure who were better provided for. The master and mistress of this house having always expressed the most cordial friendship for me, I was pleased to hear she was gone there; and as they had several times proffered to lend me a sum, and told me, and had sworn to it, that if ever I wanted any sum of money that they could command, it was only ask and have, I should be sure of it, I resolved to discover to them the situation of my affairs.

When I came into the room where

where my lady was, there happened to be only the landlord, landlady, and my mistress. As soon as I opened the door, the landlord shook me heartily by the hand, and the women each took me round the neck, and almost stifled me with kisses. "I'm sure," said the landlord, "if you wanted any thing, you might have all we are worth." My girl interrupted him with an oath, stretched out her arm, seized me by the hand, and looking me full in the face, exclaimed, that if she ever refused sharing her last sixpence with me, she wished the most bitter evils might befall her, that I ever heard expressed.

I thought this to be a good time to open what I intended, I therefore in a few words related my situation, and desired Jemmy would lend me two hundred pounds, for two months. I took notice, during the latter part of my relation that he was trying to put the cork into a bottle again; and when I had finished, turning his head to the door, he called out, "*coming Sir;*" and going out without giving me any answer, was instantly followed by his wife.

I was now left with my mistress; and on asking her if she thought there was any thing so very odd in what I requested of the landlord and his wife, that they should leave the room so abruptly, and desiring her to tell me what she thought of it; she, as if just waked, gave a start and replied—"Lord, don't bother one about it! To be sure every one knows their own affairs best! Do you ring the bell, will you? I want somebody to get me a coach."—Why, where are you going? "Why I must go to the Shakespeare: I promised."—But you promised to spend the evening with me—"But I can't

though—Can you now, in your own conscience, expect a girl who has her bread to get, can confine herself to one man? I'm sure it is an unreasonable out-of-the-way thing to suppose it."

Before I could reply, the landlord and landlady entered; and, after some altercation between them who should speak first, the landlord thus delivered himself. That as how truly, if he had any money in the house, why I was welcome to it; adding, "I'd do any thing to help any distressed gentleman.—Betty, why don't you take the cordial bottle away, and those two large spoons?—But indeed, Sir, I have so many bad debts, and am obliged to *tip* so much to folks of the *right sort*, to prevent informations—You take me—that nobody upon the face of the earth wants money so much as I.—Bess, haven't you got the gentleman's bill?—There it is, Sir; not much, every body knows I never love to spunge upon my friends; it is but twenty-five pounds in the whole; take your own time; a week hence, Sir, will suit me as well as now; only, Sir, I can't afford to give any more credit."—And away they went out of the room, the landlady telling my mistress she wanted to speak with her.

I sat a moment, and as my lady was rising to go out, I desired her to stop, just to tell me what she thought of such usage; when her reply was as follows: "They are a couple of *scrubs*; for my part, I'll never use the house again; and I shall look upon you to be a most mean-spirited fellow if you don't pay them immediately."—But how can I do it without money?—"How? why, before I would let such creatures dun me for money, dam me if I would not hang myself, or I'd

do something to deserve hanging, that I would. Pray are you the first gentleman that has come to misfortunes? See if I wouldn't make the public pay me! I'd try my chance on the road."

What, would you have me turn highwayman? "Lord, is that such a great matter? Haven't you been a gambler? And pray which is worse? Not a highwayman I'm sure"—Aye, but consider; suppose I should be taken? "Aye now that's the thing! I wish I was a man, see if I should be afraid of running any risk: I see what sort of a spirit you have. But mark me! If you don't find out some way or other to get yourself clear of these people, and prove to me you are a man of spirit, never shall you again come between a pair of sheets with me; so mind what I say to you; that's all, and I swear it."

She left me immediately; and, after about a quarter of an hour's reflection with myself, not from remorse, but to consider only how I might reconcile myself to my woman, and shew her I had not a mean spirit, I found no way so eligible as the road; and the next morning, properly equipt, I set out, met with some success, wrote her word how I went on, and remitted her money to pay the bill—as she desired I would in answer to one of my letters—but which is not yet paid; then I committed a robbery, for which a great reward was published to apprehend him or them that did it.

She only knew where I was; and since my conviction, I have ascertained that she went halves with the thief-takers. I was seized, at the last assizes at ———, was convicted, and received sentence of death; but through the humane in-

terference of my father and friends, obtained a respite; and through the clemency of my Sovereign since, a pardon, on condition of transportation to New South Wales, for my life: a living example of the bad effects resulting from an improper attachment to women, and gaming.

HUNTER'S STABLE.

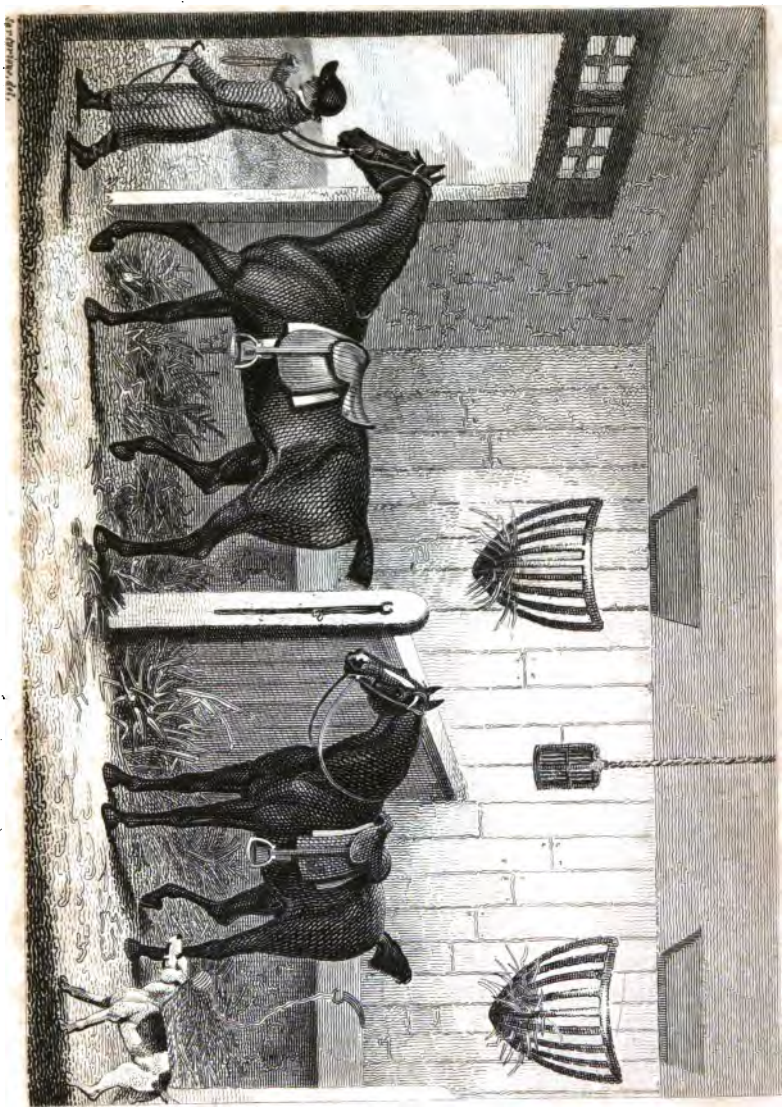
An Etching.

From a Design of the Younger Sartorius.

THE Hunter's Stable having been described in a former Magazine, neither description nor explanation will be wanted here; it is only necessary to say, that the print is to be placed opposite to the page in which it is here mentioned.

FRAUDS OF PORTERS AT INNS.

THE following instance of an abominable imposition, too frequently practised on the public, was brought before the sitting magistrate, at Marlborough street office, on Wednesday the 10th of December.—A porter, belonging to the Gloucester Coffee-house, Piccadilly, of the name of Judge, was charged with opening a basket containing game, and also with a fraud on Mr. Chambers. The prosecutor, a banker in Bond-street, received a basket containing a hare, from a friend in the West of England, on Monday, and also a letter; but to his surprise, the hare, which was exceedingly stale and paunched, did not answer the description of the one mentioned in the letter, which



W. H. H. H.

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was not paunched. The sum of 3s. 6d. was also demanded for the carriage of the basket, by a stranger, who delivered it; and in consequence of this complicated imposition, information was given at the coach-office, where it was ascertained, that the hare had not only been exchanged by the prisoner, but that he had altered the ticket of carriage delivered to him at the office from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. and he had employed another person to deliver the basket, who it appeared, had received the ticket after it had been altered. The prisoner was committed for trial for the fraud.

To the foregoing we have to add that a basket was some time since sent from Devonshire, to the above warehouse, containing two brace of woodcocks and a hare. On the arrival of the basket at the house of the gentleman to whom it was addressed, it was there discovered that the hare had been replaced by one about a foot long, which had the appearance of having been killed a month, and one of the woodcocks replaced by a stinking partridge. The gentleman could obtain no redress from the proprietors of the coach, not being able to fix it on any particular servant. They nevertheless were accountable, and bound to repair the injury, whether the servant was to be found or not.

PANTOMIMES.

THE holidays, as usual, have produced one at each house, viz. the Enchanters at Drury Lane, and Mother Goose at Covent Garden. In the former, the hall of audience, the view of the interior of Bagdad, the Arab's cave, the

Sultan's pavilion—are beautifully striking. Mother Goose, at Covent Garden, presents a series of legerdemain and laughable circumstances, and, of course, it has been highly gratifying to the boarding-school misses and their juvenile companions, during the holidays.

FOX HUNTING.

How great is the joy—how supreme the
delight,
Of scrambling o'er fences from morning
till night;
Sometimes on your head, in the midst of
the flood,
With your saddle and boot tops all cover'd
with blood,

SUCH was literally the case on Friday, December 26, with the Earl of Darlington's Foxhounds. They met on Clayton common, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and immediately found in a small gorse cover. The fox broke away for New-Park spring, and, passing over the bottoms, ran in a direct line towards Wakefield, when being hard pressed by the gallant pack, he turned and nearly retraced his steps into the wood; at the entrance of which he was viewed by the hounds, and narrowly escaped by getting to ground in some rabbit burrows, when they were close at his brush. As there appeared little prospect of digging him with success, and the pack not wanting blood, he was there left to afford a future day's sport. This run, including two very sharp rings round the cover, nearly knee deep for the horses, was one hour and fifty minutes of continual hard running; and if the severity of the leaps in the Wakefield country are considered, being in general ox-fences and large drains, we need not be surprised

surprised at most of the field, a very large one in the morning, being perfectly satisfied with the first run; and at their retiring, to "fight their battles over again," and to drink Fox Hunting in a cool bottle of claret at home. Lord Darlington, however, was not so easily satisfied; for, confiding in the stoutness of his famous York Mare, and the superior mettle of his celebrated pack, he determined on drawing Howell wood for a second fox, which was found at ten minutes past two; and after taking one ring round the cover, he went away over the common and the strong inclosures, down to Hemsworth town, near Norwood, over Kirby moor, up to Empsall-lodge; thence by Upton beakon to Badsforth, over the Went river to Darlington lees, by Carlton, nearly to Grove; and the hounds were stopped when hard running, at nearly dark, on Pontefract race-ground.—We need not be astonished at hearing that all the horses, with hardly one exception, were completely done up in this severe chase, and that lancets and laudanum were the order of the day. Amongst the hardest riders, and those who stuck truest to the hounds throughout both chases, we must notice Lord Darlington, Lord Barnard, the Hon. Martin Hawke, and Messrs. Gascoigne, Clough, Treacher, and Grey the whipper-in.

A chosen few alone the sport enjoy'd.

THE Berkley Hounds finished the old year with one of the finest runs ever remembered. They threw off at Bagshot-park, on Wednesday the 31st of December, and found a vixen fox at twenty minutes past ten in the morning, which was killed in the park, after having dodged about the shrubberies for nearly 25

minutes. As there was an idea that another fox was gone away, Tom the huntsman trotted off to the west side of the park, that he might if possible hit him off. At a few minutes after eleven, Tom padded a fox up one of the rides on Bagshot-heath. Instantly Gilder owned the scent, and they went away in most capital style to Caesar's camp; from thence almost to the obelisk, crossed the Hartford-bridge road, and, carrying a famous head, went over the new inclosures to Frimley heath, Minley warren, and Frimley bog, and by the side of the river up the low meadows to Blackwater bridge; here he crossed the high road, went away over Broad-moor, and Broad-moor bottom, to Sandhurst and Yatley heath, where he was headed; then turning to the left, went through the covert, by the back of the village of Yatley, to the common:—then leaving Finchamstead to the right, he went across Eversley green, and through Eversley wood, over Hartford-bridge flat, turned short to the right for Beamshill, Sir Richard Cope's seat, went through the park, into a turnip field, where the hounds ran into him, after a chase of an hour and three quarters, as severe a one as ever was known. The distance from point to point is about twelve miles, and the ground the fox went over about twenty-five. The hounds particularly distinguished were Mystery, Maiden, Gilder, Bluecap, Collier, Sanguine, Crouner, Ramper, and Chaser.—Merrylass found both the foxes. The dog fox had half an hour's law.

Mr. Watt's and Sir Mark Masterman Sykes's fox-hounds had, on Wednesday, Dec. 31, one of the hardest and best days that the oldest sportsman remembers.—They were met at Bishop-Burton village,

in the East Riding of Yorkshire, by upwards of an hundred horsemen; from whence they proceeded to Mr. Watt's Whin, where they found immediately; and after running a quarter of an hour in covert, the fox broke away, and afforded a most excellent run of an hour, when they ran into him in an open field; they then proceeded to Bygate wood, and found in a small covert of Sir F. Legard's, adjoining from whence a fox went away upon hearing the first whip crack, and never turned his head or owned any covert, until he went to ground at Nunburnham-Brat, which, in the line he took, was sixteen miles, from the place he was found, over the finest country in the world, being the greatest part turf, and hardly a fence the whole way, till the first check, which was about seven miles. The hounds were never known to go faster; and during the whole of this extraordinary run, which tired all the horses, they never went less than three quarters speed. The day was the finest possible, and the brilliancy of the scene was highly heightened by several ladies in carriages, who seemed to enter as much into the joys of fox-hunting as the keenest sportsman.

BOXING.

A MATCH made at a few days notice, between Tony, a second-rate pugilist of some note, and a Bristol man of the name of Hall, who came to town to fight any man of his weight, was decided on Tuesday the 6th instant, on Old Oaks common, near Wormwood Scrubs, with very little satisfaction to the patrons of bruising, or the gazing multitude. The con-

test was for twenty guineas; and though Tony, by his former exhibitions, was thought to possess most of the requisites of a bruiser, the idea of a Bristol man had such an ascendancy over the lovers of pugilism, that six to four was betted on Hall. After half an hour's bloodless fighting, Tony accused his opponent of falling without a blow, and the stakes were drawn. The amateurs gave a five-guinea purse for a renewal of the contest, which proved equally bloodless, and was decided in favour of Hall.

WEDNESDAY, the 7th instant, a battle of a novel nature took place in the presence of a considerable field of sportsmen, at Hook common, near Barnet, for ten guineas, between Fisher, an expert bruiser, five feet two inches in height, and an untaught ploughman, near six feet in stature, which was speedily decided in favour of the former.—The battle lasted only twelve minutes, during which time the countryman took especial care, after having had a proof of his opponent's skill in the first round, not to give him a second opportunity.—He had his nose split in the first round, while making some awkward attempts to hit his adversary; and all attempts to get him to face his man again were fruitless, until the last round, when by stratagem he received a blow in the throat, and resigned the contest.

On the Monday previous, a fight took place at Islip, Oxon, between William Lay, of Yarnton, and a man who is stated to be a brother of the Game Chicken, which was decided in favour of the latter.—The battle lasted about forty minutes, during which time the combatants fought thirty-five rounds.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Duke of Rutland and his two brothers did Mr. Smith, the present manager of the Quorndon hunt, the honour to meet him on Monday the 19th, at Syston, when two foxes were killed.

SIR Gilbert Heathcote, we understand, has disposed of his celebrated pack of hounds to Lord Lowther, to whose kennels at Cottesmore they are to be transferred in the course of a month.

MONDAY the 13th was the appointed day for determining the challenge by the chesnut mare, late belonging to Mr. Felton, against all England, to trot sixteen miles, 8st. 6lb. and accepted by the London sportsmen. The ground, from Cambridge to Huntingdon. The chesnut mare was accordingly ready, and the London gentlemen had the phenomenon mare on the ground, mounted and ready, but, at the time appointed to start, they declined, consequently, the chesnut mare walked over the road for the wager.

At Up-Park, Sussex, the seat of Sir H. Featherstonhaugh, the extraordinary quantity of five hundred and one brace of game was shot, from Wednesday morning the 7th, to Saturday night, the 10th instant, by a party visiting at the above mansion.

A MATCH for fifty guineas has been made between two gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Sleaford, to ride a steeple-race for ten miles, on some day in this month. Much interest has been excited, and large

bets are depending upon the performance. The riders are not to go through any gateway, nor is either to take the same leap as the other. We have not yet heard the result of this match.

OTTERS.—On Wednesday, Mr. Edward Humphreys, jun. of Walcot, near Chirbury, in Salop, shot a dog otter on the river Cemblet, which weighed 22lb. and measured from the head to the tail four feet. There are also now at Gunley, near Chirbury, two tame otters, taken when young, from the said river; they are so tame that they will follow the servants to the spout when washing, and one was so voracious as to seize a living toad and devour it immediately.

A RACE against time was run on Monday the 19th, upon Barham Downs, for 100 guineas. A swift-footed Yorkshireman, was the hero in this arduous enterprise, against the old gentleman. The distance was half a mile, to be run in two heats, of a quarter of a mile each. Each heat to be executed within a minute, and both to be executed within the space of an hour. The Yorkshireman won with apparent ease.

MR. Arthur's brown horse Sir David, which was never beaten in the year 1806, is sold for 3000 guineas; the purchaser is as yet unknown to the public.—Mr. Melish's famous horse Sancho, which fell lame at Lewes in running with Pavillion is now cantering, and it is supposed that he will stand
sound

sound.—Mr. F. Neale's bay horse Goth, bought of Lord Grosvenor, is broken down, and it is feared will never be able to start again.

Mr. T. Cave Browne has sold his favourite bay horse, Watchman, to his Grace the Duke of Rutland, for 500gs, and he has since sold Assassin to General Grosvenor, for 400gs. He has refused 500gs for Vesper.

THE late Duke of Richmond, in particular regard for Madame Leclerc, his *protégée* from early youth, she being passionately fond of hunting, has by his Grace's will left her six of his finest high-bred hunters; he has also left her the smallest of his town-houses to enjoy her £2,000 per annum in, during her residence in the capital. All deductions being made, Col. Lenox will have £18,000 income to honour his Dukedom of Richmond with!

A FOOT-RACE for 20 guineas took place on Friday the 9th instant, in the fields near Cannonbury-house, Islington, between Capt. Balling and a Mr. Jacques. One hundred and fifty yards were measured, and at starting Mr. J. was the favourite. The match was well contested, and won with difficulty by the favourite by about a yard. Another match followed between two carpenters, which was won hollow.

EXTRAORDINARY Pedestrian Performance.—On Friday Dec. 26, Glanville, a Shropshire man, started in the morning, at seven, at the 14th mile stone on the Bath road, to go to the 85th, and back to the 14th, a distance of 142 miles, in 30 hours. From the great distance, at this season of the year the odds were 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 against him. He went off at a brisk walk, and for two miles to-

gether he broke into a shuffling walk, at the rate of six miles an hour. His first stoppage was at Twyford, at which place he arrived and took a bason of soup, at five minutes past ten o'clock. He stopped about five minutes at this place, 34 miles from town; and refreshed again at Marlborough, and arrived at the 85th mile stone at ten minutes past eight in the evening. This half of his journey was performed at something less than five miles and a half an hour. He returned a few miles on his way back, and refreshed himself on a bed between blankets for an hour and a half, and arrived at Reading at a quarter past six o'clock on Saturday morning. He had now 25 miles to perform in five hours and three quarters; he appeared a good deal fatigued. After reclining on a chair for about 20 minutes, and drinking half a pint of mulled wine, he renewed his task, and arrived at his journey's end at a quarter before one o'clock, and won with difficulty by a quarter of an hour. He was attended the whole of the way by two horsemen.

HARRY Lee has again challenged Mendoza.—Mendoza, in answer, says, he fights no more. The challenge and answer are given, in all due form, in a Daily Paper. Mendoza, by his epistle, kills two birds with one stone; he tells Lee he will never fight another pitched battle, but at the same time—to answer the purpose of an advertisement—that he teaches gentlemen the art of self-defence.

SOME time ago, a gentleman at Paisley, in Yorkshire, sixty years of age, undertook to walk, for a bet of one hundred pounds, 50 miles in 24 hours. Previous to setting out, 1400 more was offered, and readily accepted. He started at

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one

one o'clock in the morning of the 2d of January, without having been in bed, and after having spent the preceding night with several friends in the most jovial manner. During the first three miles, owing to the extreme darkness of the morning, he fell several times; however, not discouraged by the untowardness of the commencement, he continued his exertions, and, with ease, accomplished the journey in seventeen hours and fifty minutes.

PIGEON Shooting.—Saturday January 10th, a match of pigeon shooting took place between two sportsmen, named Green and Wilkinson, in a meadow between Kilburn and Hendon, for 100 guineas, which should kill the greatest number of pigeons at fifteen shots. Mr. Green missed his second bird and his twelfth, and Mr. Wilkinson his first and fifteenth. The competitors, conscious of superiority, waited the arrival of more birds, and by mutual consent killed 23 pigeons in shooting off the ties. Mr. Green made the first miss, after having killed 11 birds successively, and lost the match.

New mode of Pigeon Shooting. On Tuesday the 20th instant a number of gentlemen, 16 of a side, assembled at Ninfield Stocks, Sussex, to take the diversion of pigeon shooting, or rather to amuse themselves by shooting at pigeons, as of the seventeen that were first turned out, one only had its pinions clipped. To prevent further escapes, the new mode (tying the legs of the birds) was then adopted, but with no advantage to these celebrated knights of the trigger, as their subsequent shots proved equally unsuccessful.

Last Monday, two male and two

female badgers of more than ordinary size, were taken alive in their haunts at Swanburgh, near the town of Lewes.

On Wednesday the 21st instant, Lord Derby's hounds had the severest run they have experienced this season. The deer was turned out at Addington-street, near Croydon, Surry. It took towards Sandstead, but headed back to Addington, through the Lodge, leaving Farley to the right; passed Chelshani, running hard towards Limpsfield, where most of the horsemen were thrown out, and of course the field became thin; then taking to the left of Tunbridge, by Lingfield, over a very heavy and strong inclosed country, through East Grinstead, was at last taken about five miles below, near the Lewes road, after running in one continued burst for two hours and a quarter, without the smallest check. Of a numerous field there were but a chosen few in at the taking of the deer, one of whom was his Lordship; also Messrs. Hobson, Minshall, Morten, and Jonathan the whipper-in. The deer was one of the two presented to his Lordship by His Majesty.

On Wednesday, Dec. 31st, a Sweepstakes was run for on Norbrook Downs, Oxfordshire, by Mr. Haynes's grey horse Country Lad; and Mr. Norton's Bloxam-Lass, by Critic. Mr. Faulkner's Single Peep-er paid forfeit. The distance was six miles, carrying 12st. each, and was won easy by the former.

A SHORT time since a man from Hunslet, near Leeds, in the prime of life and health, after following the Leeds harriers, and witnessing the death of the hare, himself fell down a lifeless corpse.

BREACH

BREACH of Honour.—A meeting took place in the Isle of Man, between Sir John B. Piers, Bart. who has taken shelter in that island. from the writs issued in the Irish courts on Lord C's crim. con. action, and a Mr. Meredith; the result of which was so curious, that the seconds have published the following statement:—"It was agreed upon by the seconds of the parties, that they having taken their ground, three signals should be distinctly given, before either of the principals should discharge his pistol; which signals were to be the words *one, two, three*: and this arrangement was twice distinctly announced to the principals. But shortly after the first signal was given, and before the second, Mr. Meredith took deliberate aim at Sir John Piers, and discharged his pistol, contrary to the terms agreed upon.

"On this most gross violation of honour on the part of Mr. Meredith, both seconds expressed their horror and indignation. Sir John Piers then advanced, and having used many opprobrious epithets towards him, Mr. Meredith on his knees begged for pardon and life. It has been stated that Mr. Meredith's pistol had gone off by accident; but this could not happen, as Mr. Meredith's pistol had no feather spring, and was fired whilst Mr. Meredith took deliberate aim.

W. RICHARDS,
Second to Mr. Meredith.

H. WARRINGTON,
Friend to Sir John Piers.

Douglas, Isle of Man, Dec. 27, 1806.

"N. B. Through motives of delicacy, this transaction would not have been published, had not a statement of an ambiguous nature appeared in the *Munks* paper of this day."

A SINGULAR and desperate battle was fought on Thursday morning at North Shields, between two old soldiers, one of whom was an Irishman. As each of them wanted an arm, it could not be expected that the *noble science* was so scientifically displayed as to please an amateur of that *fine art*. Both stumps and fists, however, were vigorously employed, and the battle at length terminated fatally to the gigantic Hibernian, who receiving a kick, accompanied with a shove from the stump of his antagonist, though little more than half his size, fell to the ground and broke his leg.

On Wednesday the 7th inst. Mr. Gascoigne, the son and heir of Sir Thomas Gascoigne of Parlington, near Aberford, Yorkshire, having attained his majority, very handsome dinners were given to the tenantry at Aberford, Sherburn, Milford, Saxton, Garforth, Bawick, Bramham, and Clithero; to each of which places Sir Thomas sent a fine haunch of venison; and such freeholders in the neighbourhood as had previous to the late county election declared themselves in the interest of Walter Fawkes, Esq. were invited to partake of the festivities of the day. At three o'clock in the afternoon a very handsome entertainment was given to the populace in the park, consisting of the true old English fare, roast beef and strong beer. Twenty-four gentlemen, intimate friends of the family, sat down at five o'clock to one of the most sumptuous dinners ever given on a similar occasion, and the evening closed with the utmost hilarity. During the day, Sir Thomas's racing stud was brought out and exercised in the park, for the entertainment of the visitors, who

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amounted to at least two thousand persons.

THE son of a rich cow-keeper, who lately came into possession of a very large fortune, has, it is said, lost no less a sum than £60,000 at the gaming table. A noble lord, as stated by fashionable report, is amongst the fortunate winners.—The gentleman who is minus, has, we understand, nothing left to lose! he has, of course, proved a complete *milch cow*.

RABY CASTLE.—The splendid hospitality with which the Prince of Wales was received at this ancient mansion, exceeded every thing in his northern tour. When his carriage drove into the great hall, which was illuminated with thirty chandeliers, Lord Darlington's volunteers were drawn up to receive his Royal Highness under arms.—The sight was so striking, that the Prince, after he had paid his compliments to the ladies in the great saloon, begged he might be again permitted to view the great hall for a few minutes. And after dinner, when his Lordship gave the health of the Prince of Wales—so dear to every Englishman—by a secret signal which he contrived to give his attendants below, a royal salute of 21 guns was fired from the walls; the effect of which to the company was almost magical, while the repetition of the echoes amongst the battlements and distant hills appeared to realise the words of Shakespeare—

And let the kettles to the trumpets speak,
The trumpets to the cannoneers without,
The cannons to the heavens—the heavens to earth!

THE practice of purloining, as well as changing game, by porters and others at the inns in London; (see page 200) makes it necessary

to recommend it to those who send presents from the country, to be particular in giving letters of advice to their friends, with a minute description of the articles sent.

JOHN Clarke, one of the gang of poachers who for several nights infested the plantations and preserves at Crowfield-Hall, armed with guns and bludgeons, was this month committed to the county jail at Ipswich. One of another gang had narrowly escaped being taken, having left part of the calf of his leg, and a piece of a ribbed grey worsted stocking in one the man-traps set in those premises.

FROM the Salisbury Journal, Jan. 19.—Our readers may have observed an advertisement in our last paper, offering a reward for the detection of the persons who had committed an outrageous assault on Lord Arundell's game-keepers.—It appears that the gang of poachers, which has for a long time infested the neighbourhood and woods of Wardour, are not yet satisfied; as on Monday evening last, when it was known his Lordship's keepers were at Marlborough sessions, to prosecute some others, a gang of daring villains came into his Lordship's grove, not far from the house, and fired. On the following evening, a few of his Lordship's workmen went out with an intention, if possible, to detect the poachers; when, in the same grove, two of his workmen were most dreadfully assaulted. One of them, George Burton, who works in the woods, had his arm broke, and was otherwise so unmercifully beaten, that he now lies at the Arundell Arms Inn, unable to move himself in bed.—The other, Joseph Martin, a carpenter, was beaten by the gang so as to be left for dead.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE STOCKS.

LET some sing of love, and describe
 their fierce pains,
 Or the colour of some fair one's locks;
 But if I must sing, as love don't plague
 my brains,
 I shall warble the praise of the Stocks.

Not those that you find by some lone
 common's side,
 Which the mind over delicate shocks;
 Nor those do I mean of some garden the
 pride,
 But I sing of Threadneedle-street
 Stocks.

A stranger might think who had never
 been there,
 They were like the new West India
 docks;
 For we hear about Ducks who plunge in
 without care,
 That come out sadly lame from the
 Stocks.

Or should it be told to his terror-struck
 ear,
 Bulls and Bears thither come in large
 flocks;
 No wonder 'twould be, if convuls'd with
 wild fear,
 He should fly far away from the
 Stocks.

Though when once acquainted, no hor-
 ror we feel,
 But dash freely in 'mongst its rocks;
 Regardless we seem if it works woe or
 weal,
 So fond are mankind of the Stocks.

Nor is man alone fond, for the females
 we know,
 Before they are well out of frocks,
 Are glad to be told that their aunt so
 and so,
 Has left them some three per Cent.
 Stocks.

That beauty has pow'r all mankind must
 confess,
 Yet money too oft at it mocks;
 And not the least chance has youth,
 beauty, or dress,
 'Gainst a widow with cash in the
 Stocks.

Here Infidels, Christians, Turks, Hera-
 tics, Jews,
 Together will lay their wise blocks,
 And oft conjure up some most terrible
 news,
 To raise or to lower the Stocks.

When a visit to pay which to all men he
 pays,
 At the door of the miser Death
 knocks;
 "Dread Sir," he exclaims, "let me
 stay a few days,
 I've some bargains to make in the
 Stocks.

Both the Drunkard and stock-broker
 seem to agree
 With the rogue without stockings on
 socks,
 That nothing on earth can afford them
 more glee,
 Than to hear of the fall of the
 Stocks.

J. M. L.

But when I was knock'd up, and my
horses knock'd down,
Tom Surfeit's disaster soon ran through
the town;
Then seeking my friends, my misfortune
to smother,
When I look'd at them one way they all
look'd another.
But if rattling, and dashing, and splash-
ing away,
Again I recover, and blaze into day,
How their necks will relax, and their
mem'ries come home,
And my ears again ring with their—
"How d'ye do, Tom?"

And if you but get a red coat to your
back,
In Russia, in Prussia, in France, or in
Flanders,
All the pretty ma'am'selles have a mighty
neat knack
Of cocking their chins both at men and
commanders.
Then heigh for the petticoat—that is
my joy—
Go where I will my time merrily
passes;
Search the world over, sure Paddy's the
boy
For banging the men and for kissing
the lasses.

BEFORE young madam, now-a-days,
her pretty sweetheart blesses,
He sobs, and swears, and sighs, and calls
it paying his addresses;
With their interviews and Billy-dooes,
and all such kick-shaw stuff,
Before they go to church they've had of
loving quite enough,
With their tiddy dol, &c.

When sweet Kitty Connor pierc'd me
through the heart,
And chose Teddy Blarney, a big man
of honour;
One moon-shiny night, to give ease to
my smart,
I kick'd Mr. Blarney, and kiss'd Mrs.
Connor.
And the little plump God, for his mother
knew what,
Was the son of old Mars, or he'd
never alarm ye;
And if he'd be growing as tall as he's fat,
You'd see master Cupid brought up
to the army.
Then heigh for the petticoat, &c.

But when I courted Mrs. Plod, Miss
Polly Jones as was,
Now if so be as you like me, says I, I'll
have you, poz;
So then says Polly Jones, says she, I'll
ax my Pa's consent;
And then she gave a smiling look, and I
know'd what she meant.
It was tiddy dol, &c.

SAID a smile to a tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
And beam'd like the sun inspring wea-
ther,
In sooth, lovely tear,
It strange must appear,
That we should be both here together.

Then in the Morning Post you'll see,
while modern gentry falter,
That Mr. this will shortly lead Miss
t'other to the halter.
But Poll and I we kept things hush—I'm
sure the plan was wiser,
And just when over clapt it in the Daily
Advertiser.
With a tiddy dol, &c.

I came from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief:
And I, said the smile,
That heart now beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

OH! a petticoat, Honey, 's an Irishman's
joy,
Go where he will his time merrily
passes:
Search the world over, sure Paddy's the
boy
For banging the men and for kissing
the lasses.

Oh! then, said the teas,
Sweet smile, it is clear,
We are twins, and soft pity our mother;
And how lovely that face
Which together we grace,
For the wee and the bliss of another!

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1807.

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Embellished with, I. A beautiful Engraving of The Lion and Tiger.

II. An Old Welch Poney.—An Etching.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.

WE wish to call the particular attention of our Readers to the circumstance of the Earl of Clermont's Stud, as it appeared in our last.—It was compiled previous to that Nobleman's death by Mr. W. Pick; and is now in the press, with several additions for the third Volume of his *Turf Register*, intended for publication in the next York August Meeting.

SEVERAL Poetical Pieces by J. M.—J. M. L.—&c. are received, and only deferred for want of room.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

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Lion, and Tiger.

Engraved by J. M. W. Turner, R.S.A.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR FEBRUARY, 1807.

LION AND TIGER.

A Beautiful Engraving, by H. R. Cook.

THE original picture from which this plate is engraved, was painted by that highly celebrated painter of animals, Mr. J. Ward.—The Tiger is here supposed to have caught the small antelope deer, and at that moment he is sprung upon by the lion.—In the encounter between them, the deer is struggling to escape.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES

OF THE

CELEBRATED RACE-HORSE, BENINGBROUGH.

*Late the property of Mr. John Hutchinson,
of Shipton, near York.*

HE was got by King Fergus; his dam, (Zachariah's dam) by King Herod; grandam, Pyrrha, (sister to Dux, Phœnix, Chymist, and Playfellow) by Match'em; great grandam, Mr. Fenwick's famous

Duchess, (Le Sang's dam) by White-nose, out of Miss Slamerkin, (sister to Bustard, Othello, Oroonoko, and Conqueror) by Crab.

At York Spring Meeting, 1794, *Beningbrough*, (the first time of his starting) was beat by Prior; but beat Prince de Cobourg, Temperance, &c. On Wednesday in the York August Meeting, *Beningbrough* won a Stakes of 450gs, beating Brilliant and Fergulus:—And on Saturday, He won a Stakes of 700gs, beating Eliza, Brilliant, Kilton, Prince de Cobourg, Cade, &c. On Tuesday, at Doncaster, He won the St. Leger Stakes of 25gs each, (19 Subscribers) beating Prior, Brilliant, Ambush, Allegro, Tim Tartlet, Cockade, &c.—And the next day, He won the Gold Cup*, value 100gs, four miles, beating Constant, 5 years old; Rally, 4 years old; Ninety-three, 4 years old; Bradamante, 3 yrs old; Wentworth, 5 years old; and Kerrenhappuch, 5 years old:—2 to 1 on Beningbrough.

At York August Meeting, 1795, *Beningbrough*, (on the entering-day) was sold to Sir Charles Turner; and on Friday following, He was beat

* It is remarkable that Mr. Hutchinson, at Doncaster, in 1791, also won the Gold Cup, with Young Traveller; in 1792, with Overton; and in 1793, with Oberon:—And Hambletonian, who was bred by Mr. Hutchinson, after he was sold, won the Gold Cups, at Doncaster, in 1795 and 1796.

by Brilliant and Bennington. On Tuesday, at Doncaster*, at 7st. 7lb. He beat Bennington, 8st. four miles, 500gs.—On Wednesday, He won the Doncaster Stakes of 150gs, four miles, beating Brilliant and Eliza:—And on Thursday, He won the 100l. Plate, two-mile heats, beating Brilliant, Marsk, and Moorcock.

On Saturday before the York August Meeting, 1796, *Beningbrough*, 8st. beat Ormond, aged, 8st 4lb, four miles, 500gs.—On Wednesday following, He was beat by Eliza for the Subscription-Purse, for five-year olds. He was then purchased by Mr. J. Hutchinson.

On Saturday before the York August Meeting, 1797, *Beningbrough*, 7st. 4lb. received forfeit from Mr. Tatton's Yorkshire Bite, 7st. two miles, 200gs, 50gs ft.—And on Thursday following, He was beat for the Subscription-Purse, by Hambletonian; beating Trim-bush and Brilliant. The above were the only times of his running.

After which, *Beningbrough* was a Stallion in Mr. J. Hutchinson's stud, at Shipton, near York; and will cover at the same place this season, (1807.) He is 15 hands 3 inches and a half high, and is allowed to be one of the finest bred horses in England. He is sire of Ashton, Blue-Devil, Orville, Maidstone, Harefoot, Strap, Brandon, Earl of Chester, Flockton, Sky-Blue, Transit, Twizzle-her, Firelock, Patricia, Primrose, Sir Bertrand, Lady Mary, Hippolytus, Centurion, Brafferton, Shipton, Fortuna, Barabbas, Banker, Oulton,

Rosette, Statira, Maida, Windle, Delville, Margaret, Phlebotomist, Scud, Bedalian, Harry Longlegs, Buttercup, Companion, Sourkront, Young Constant, Imma, Patroclus, Briseis, and a great many others.

Zachariah, (brother to *Beningbrough*) is engaged to cover this season in the neighbourhood of Berwick-upon-Tweed.—He is sire of Lord Foley's Knee-Buckle, the only one of his get that has yet started.

COURSING.

MALTON MEETING.

THIS Meeting commenced on Tuesday the 17th inst. but owing to the lateness of the season, and the very thin attendance of the members, it was but a meager concern. The diversion, however, for one day, was very respectable; and considering the absence of Lord Middleton, Major Topham, and several other gentlemen, the whole went off, though perhaps not with its usual éclat, yet still with some degree of reciprocal satisfaction.—Many matches were decided, and the hares in general ran very stout. Owing to the late alteration in the rules, the Cup is not run for now till the Thursday, on which day that, as well as many other sporting matches were to have been decided. Amongst the many dogs that showed great superiority, we must particularly notice Sir T. Slingsby's two bitches, Serpent and

* There were only seven races this year at Doncaster; six of which were won by Sir Charles Turner, viz. three as above stated by *Beningbrough*; a Match with Confederacy against *Evelina*; also the St. Leger Stakes and the Gold Cup, both by *Hambletonian*.—The Corporation Plate was won by Lord Grosvenor's *Capsicum*.

Queen; and Mr. Lascelles's red dog Poacher; all from the Derbyshire breed.

THETFORD MEETING.

THE Coursing at this Meeting commenced on the 9th day of February, 1807, viz.

Monday—West Hurling Field.

Mr. Redhead's Lightning, agst Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Ermine, 1g, undecided.

Mr. Redhead's Lovely, beat Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Earnest, 1g.

Mr. Redhead's Lively, against Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Elephant, 1g, undecided.

Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Esther, against Mr. Hamond's (Col. Leathes') Sprite, 1g, and 4gs bye, undecided.

Mr. Hamond's Woodbine, beat Col. Lovelace's Midas, 1g.

Mr. Hamond's (Colonel Leathes') Sprite, against Col. Lovelace's Mouse, 1g, undecided.

Tuesday—Weeting Field.

Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Emperor, beat Mr. Page's (Mr. Moore's) Nutcracker, 1g.

Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Earnest, beat Mr. Page's (Mr. Moore's) Novelty, 1g.

Col. Lovelace's Mademoiselle, beat Mr. Hamond's (Col. Leathes') Spinner, 1g.

Mr. Hamond's (Colonel Leathes') Strippling, beat Col. Lovelace's Magic, 1g.

Col. Lovelace's Monkey, beat Mr. Page's (Mr. Moore's) Needle, 1g.

Col. Lovelace's Midas, beat Mr. Page's (Mr. Moore's) Nonpareil, 1g.

Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Eleanor, beat Colonel Lovelace's Madge, 1g.

Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Empress, agst Mr. Hamond's Woodbine, 1g, and 1g bye, undecided.

Mr. Moseley's Bellissima, beat Mr. Galway's Wagoner, 1g.

Wednesday—Brettenham Field.

Mr. Redhead's Lightning, agst Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Earnest, 1g, undecided.

Mr. Redhead's Lively, against Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Elephant, 1g, undecided.

Mr. Hamond's (Col. Leathes') Sprite, agst Col. Lovelace's Mouse, 1g, undecided.

Col. Lovelace's Monkey, beat Mr. Hamond's (Col. Leathes') Strippling, 1g.

Mr. Hamond's (Col. Leathes') Spinner, against Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Ermine, 1g, not run.

Mr. Hamond's (Colonel Leathes') Wowski, against Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Esther, 1g, not run.

BRIEF RECAPITULATION OF LATE MEETINGS.

THE last Swaffham Meeting.—Mr. F. Hamond's Woodbine won the Prize Cup.—Illesley, Berkshire—Ld Rivers's Rosemary won the Cup, after seven severe courses, beating seven others: Mr. Greenwood, the celebrated *sporting hatter* at Reading, maintains his Lordship's breed of greyhounds to be one of the best in the kingdom.—Doveridge Third Meeting—Mr. Mundy's four greyhound bitches, the daughters of Galliard, (now Major Topham's) were allowed to be the best of the Meeting. The hares ran uncommonly well, considering that in the warmer soils they have continued to breed through the year.

COCKINGS.

COCKINGS.

YORK.

THE Long Main of Cocks between Sir Francis Boynton, Bart. (Thompson, feeder) and H. F. Mellish, Esq. (Potter, feeder) commenced fighting at the Grand Pit without Bootham Bar, on Monday, Feb. 9, and continued the five following days. The Main consisted of 36 battles—the Byes of 14.

	Thompson, M. B.	Potter, M. B.
Monday	4 1	2 1
Tuesday	2 0	4 2
Wednesday	4 1	2 1
Thursday	5 0	1 2
Friday	5 1	1 2
Saturday	4 2	2 1

24 5

12 9

Setters.—For Sir F. Boynton, Thompson, the feeder; for Mr. Mellish, Young Potter.

The above Long Main between Sir F. Boynton and Mr. Mellish, with regard to the event, finished on Saturday, the 14th, the former having won at the end of the day's fight by three battles a-head.

There has seldom been finer cocks or more superior feeding shown, than by Thompson; and indeed, throughout the whole main, his superiority to Potter was decided.

Betting.—Before fighting, 1 guinea for 20 on Potter; after Monday's fight, 5 to 4 on Thompson; after Tuesday's fight, 6 to 4 on Potter; after Wednesday's fight, 6 to 4 on Thompson; after Thursday's fight, 20 to 1 on Thompson. The betting on Saturday, 2 and 3 to 1 on Thompson for nearly every battle.

PONTEFRACT.

On Thursday, the 19th instant, a Main of Cocks was fought between H. F. Mellish, Esq. (H. Har-

rison, feeder) and W. Lee, Esq. (D. Burnill, feeder) of eleven cocks, for 10gs a Battle, and 100gs the Main, which was won by Mr. Lee by five a-head. The cocks fought well and strong.

DURHAM.

We hear that the Long Main at Durham, between Mr. Mellish and Mr. Trotter, when each party was to have fed and set his own cocks, is off, on account of the former's engagements at Newmarket unavoidably claiming his presence there.

RACE IN JAMAICA.

Kingston, December 3, 1806.

ON Thursday last, a race was run on the parade at St. Ann's, between Capt. M——'s bay mare, and Mr. C——'s chesnut poney, which afforded very little sport to the amateurs of the turf, but was attended with many serious accidents, and one most lamentable catastrophe. On starting, the mare proved restive, but the poney went off in good style, and would have distanced the other before she took the course, had not a negro boy imprudently crossed immediately before the poney, by which the rider, a gentleman named Maiben, was thrown, and the negro had his knee luxated; by which the mare had the opportunity of coming up, although it still proved a dead heat in favour of the poney.

The fall of Mr. Maiben being perceived by his father, a respectable man in the naval storekeeper's department, he, with many others, set off in full gallop to his assistance; but in a moment, a gentleman

man coming in contact with him, he was precipitated to the ground, and the horse on him, bearing his whole pressure on his chest, which instantly deprived him of speech; and notwithstanding medical aid was immediately afforded, after lingering totally insensible for three hours, expired without a groan, leaving a widow and eight children. Owing to the immense crowd, the fall of Mr. Maiben senior was not known to his son till after the second heat, which was won by the poney with ease; during which another negro got his skull fractured, and a gentleman his arm broken.

SPORTING BIOGRAPHY.

FLETCHER READ, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, well known in the Sporting world, particularly among the gymnastic professors, departed this life on Thursday morning the 24th of January, in the fortieth year of his age, at his apartments at Shepperton, in Middlesex, where he has resided for the last two years.

This event was briefly mentioned in the last Sporting Magazine.

He had spent a jovial evening on Wednesday, amongst some select companions; and at a late hour went to bed, after having drank freely. In the morning he was found dead by his servant, having, as it is supposed, died through suffocation. The deceased had been one of the chief patrons of boxing, for the last three years; and in him have the professors of that art lost their best friend. He had expended considerable sums of money in backing fighting men.

Mr. Read was a native of Dundee, in Scotland, near to which he

had succeeded to estates, by the death of his mother, the intelligence of which event he had received only two days previous to his decease. He has left a wife and two children, who resided with his mother in Scotland.

EXTEMPORE.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. F. READ.

IN the still of the night, Death to Shepperton went,
And there catching poor Fletcher asleep,
He into his wind such a desperate blow sent,
That no longer "the time could he keep."

Thus forc'd to give in, we his fate must lament,

While the coward, grim Death, is to blame;
For if in the morn he to Shepperton went,
He fear'd Fletcher's true science and game.

Then, repose to his ashes, soft rest to his soul,
For harmless was he through life's span;
With the friend of his bosom, enjoying the bowl,
And wishing no evil to man.

York, Feb. 1807.

M. H.

AN EPIGRAM.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO CELEBRATED
SPORTING CHARACTERS.

SWIFT as the wind o'er fam'd Newmarket's down,
Though CHIFFNEY oft triumphantly has flown;
And oft, though FLETCHER, in gymnastic schools
Had baffled Science, and defied her rules;
Superior matches both at length have found,
And each alike compell'd to yield his ground—

TIME'S

Time's fleetest pinions ran one out of
breath,
The other perish'd by the blow of Death.
York, Feb. 1807. WHO-OP.

MR. JOHN TESSYMAN.

ON Sunday, the 18th of January, died, in the 64th year of his age, Mr J. Tessyman, of Moor Monckton, near York, farmer. He was brought up in the racing stables; was a rider and trainer for William Garforth, Esq. and rode his favourite horse, Euryalus, at York in 1774, against Pioneer, &c. which he beat at three heats, although the betting was 20 to 1 in favour of Pioneer.

He was also, for several years, trainer for the late William Jolliff, Esq. and afterwards for John Wetherell, and George Baker, Esqrs. He trained the two famous horses Cavendish and Windlestone. He was universally respected by the gentlemen of the turf, and others who had the pleasure of knowing him.

THE CURFEW.

Drury Lane Theatre, Feb. 19.

THIS play was written by the late Mr. Tobin, author of the *Honey Moon*. A Norman baron, who came over with William the Conqueror, is secretly and most malignantly pursued by a young officer who had been disgraced by him in Normandy. This young Norman (another Zanga) is the instrument by which the Drama is moved; distress, separation, love, with the feats of a merciless banditti, furnish out the scenes. The map who rings the Curfew is made instrumental to a discovery, and at

his signal, according to the will of the Conqueror, all lights are to be put out. Mr. Tobin seems to be more lucky in illustrating the ideas of others than in the adoption of any original ones of his own. The *Honey Moon* is a happy improvement of Catherine and Petruchio; and this new production has all the progressive workings of the passions to be found in Zanga, without the dreadful termination of that frightful drama. It was well received, and has been repeated with increased approbation. In fact, this seems to be one of the very few modern plays that will afford great pleasure on repetition. The sentiments are bold and striking.—Many of the points display great humour, and the language is peculiarly vigorous throughout. The characters in general are very well assigned to the respective performers, and are supported with such ability as renders full justice to the sterling merits of this excellent piece.

Among other attempts at wit we find the following:—Conrad, one of the banditti, "*Putting out the light* by the Curfew, is said to be a new mode of your great statesmen to keep people in the dark.—[Loud applause.] It is then a misdemeanor for a horse-shoe to strike fire from a flint. *Lightning* is to be put down by act of parliament! It is high treason for a star to wink in the firmament, or a glow-worm to carry light in its tail! Nay, the moon has already drawn in her horns, as a great reward has been offered for whoever will apprehend and keep her close prisoner in a warming-pan!"—[Loud and reiterated plaudits.]

Walter, speaking of the Curfew, "It may be called a sort of eight o'clock extinguisher!"

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

THE BOTTLE CONJURER.

AN account of the famous Bottle Conjuror, in the years 1748—9, with the advertisements &c. &c. that appeared in all the public papers of that period, relative to that entertaining and extraordinary imposition.

January 12, 1749.—At the New Theatre in the Haymarket, on Monday next, the 16th instant, is to be seen, a person who performs the several most surprising things following; viz.—1st, He takes a common walking cane from any of the spectators, and thereon plays the music of every instrument now in use, and likewise sings to surprising perfection.—2dly, He presents you with a common wine-bottle, which any of the spectators may first examine; this bottle is placed on a table in the middle of the stage, and he—without any equivocation—goes into it, in the sight of all the spectators, and sings in it; during his stay in the bottle, any person may handle it, and see plainly that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle. Those on the stage, or in the boxes, may come in masked habits, (if agreeable to them;) and the performer, if desired, will inform them who they are.—Stage, 7s. 6d. Boxes, 5s. Pit, 3s. Gallery, 2s. Tickets to be had at the Theatre. To begin at half an hour after six o'clock.—The performance continues about two hours and a half.

Note.—If any gentlemen or ladies, after the above performance,
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either single or in company, in or out of mask, is desirous of seeing a representation of any deceased person, such as husband or wife, sister or brother, or any intimate friend of either sex, upon making a gratuity to the performer, shall be gratified by seeing and conversing with them for some minutes, as if alive; likewise, if desired, he will tell you your most secret thoughts in your past life, and give you a full view of persons who have injured you, whether dead or alive.—For those gentlemen and ladies who are desirous of seeing this latter part, there is a private room provided.

These performances have been seen by most of the crowned heads of Asia, Africa, and Europe, and never appeared public any where but once; but will wait on any at their houses, and perform as above, for five pounds each time. A proper guard is appointed to prevent any disorder.

THE following is an account of the performance, as published in one of the newspapers the following day:—January 13.—Last night the much-expected drama of the Bottle Conjuror of the New Theatre in the Haymarket, ended in the tragic-comical manner following.—Curiosity had drawn together prodigious numbers. About seven, the theatre being lighted up, but without so much as a single fiddle to keep the audience in good humour, many grew impatient. Immediately followed a chorus of cat-calls,

calls, heightened by loud vociferations and beating with sticks; when a fellow came from behind the curtain, and bowing, said, that if the performer did not appear, the money should be returned. At the same time, a wag crying out from the pit, that if the ladies and gentlemen would give double prices, the Conjuror would get into a pint bottle; presently a young gentleman in one of the boxes seized a lighted candle, and threw it on the stage. This served as the charge for sounding to battle. Upon this, the greatest part of the audience made the best of their way out of the theatre, some losing a cloak, others a hat, others a wig, and others hat, wig, and sword also.—Que party, however, stayed in the house, in order to demolish the inside; when the mob breaking in, they tore up the benches, broke to pieces the scenes, pulled down the boxes, in short dismantled the theatre entirely, carrying away the particulars above mentioned into the street, where they made a mighty bonfire; the curtain being hoisted on a pole by way of flag. A large party of the guards were sent for, but came time enough only to warm themselves at the fire. We hear of no other disaster than a young nobleman's chin being hurt, occasioned by his fall into the pit, with part of one of the boxes, which he had forced out with his foot.—It is thought the Conjuror vanished away with the money.

ANOTHER account says:—January 13.—Last night there was a very numerous and polite modern company of *choice spirits*, to see the extraordinary performance of the Haymarket Conjuror. When the

time was elapsed, according to his conjuring advertisement, a great uproar was made: when one of the conjuring tribe appeared on the stage, and made a speech; declaring, among other things of equal importance, that if the gentleman did not appear in a quarter of an hour, they should have their money returned: but, to the great surprise of the company, their money was conjured away, without any other performance. Immediately a great confusion ensued; the benches were torn up, bonfires were made of them; and happy were they who got off safe with their watches, &c. It was reported, that a great General* lost his sword in the quarrel; *cum multis aliis*.

THE following advertisement appeared a few days after this affair: January 13.—Lost, last Monday night, at the Little Playhouse in the Haymarket, a sword, with a gold hilt and cutting blade, with a crimson and gold sword-knot tied round the hilt. Whoever brings it to Mrs. Chevenix's toy-shop, over against Great Suffolk-street, near Charing-cross, shall receive thirty guineas reward, and no questions asked.

To this the following appeared as an answer:—January 18.—Found, entangled in the slit of a lady's demolished smock petticoat, a gold-hilted sword, of martial length and temper, nothing worse for wear, with the river Spey curiously wrought on one side of the blade, and the Scheld on the other; supposed to have been stolen from the plump side of a great General, in his precipitate retreat from the battle of Bottle Noodles, at Station Foot.—

* The Duke of Cumberland was there.

Inquire at the Quart Bottle and Musical Cane, in Potter's-row.

N. B. Every word of a certain late advertisement is true, except the whole advertisement.

THE following advertisement was inserted, assigning the reason why the Bottle Conjuror did not perform:—

Whereas various stories have been told the Public, about the Man and the Bottle, the following account seems to be the best as yet given of that odd affair; viz. A gentleman went to him the same evening he was to perform in the Haymarket, and asking him what he must have to perform to him in private, he said £5, on which they agreed: and the Conjuror getting ready to go into the bottle, which was set on a table, the gentleman having provided a parcel of corks, fitted one to the bottle; then the Conjuror having darkened the room as much as was necessary, at last with much squeezing got into the bottle, which, in a moment, the gentleman corked up, and whipt into his pocket, and in great haste and seeming confusion, went out of the house, telling the servants who waited at the door, that their master had bewitched him, and bid them go in and take care of him. Thus, the poor man being bit himself, in being confined in the bottle, and in a gentleman's pocket, could not be in another place; for he never advertised that he would go into two bottles at one and the same time. He is still in the gentleman's custody, who uncorks him now and then to feed him, and to let in some fresh air to him; but his long confinement has so damp't his spirits, that instead of singing and dancing, he is perpetually crying, and cursing his ill fate. But though the town

have been disappointed of seeing him go into the bottle, in a few days they will have the pleasure of seeing him come out of the bottle; of which timely notice will be given in the daily papers.

THE following pamphlets, prints, &c. were published in consequence of this affair:—

The Bottled Heroes; or, Madness and Folly A-la-mode. Humbly inscribed to Mr. H—g—h, and Mr. G—k. With a humorous copper-plate head-piece. By Anglicanus, M. D. To be had, by the author's appointment, of T. Ewart, publisher, facing Slaughter's Coffee-house, St. Martin's-lane; P. Griffin, in Fleet-street; and at all the shops in town and country.

ENGLISH Credulity; or, Ye're all bottled.—A humorous print.—Exactly representing the particular characters that attended at the Haymarket Theatre; together with their different requests, according to their several stations, to converse with the inhabitants of the lower regions; viz. the Soldier, Engineer, Parson, Physician, Pop, Sailor, Fille de Joye, &c. To which is annexed, a Poem, properly adapted to the subject. Printed for B. Dickinson, the corner of the Bell Savage Inn, Ludgate Hill.

Note.—All the Bottle Prints that have been published, are by this print out-bottled.

A MODEST Apology for the Man in the Bottle. By himself. Being a full answer to all that ever was, or ever will be said on that important occasion. Containing among other curiosities, a particular account of the Scheme; some Sketches of a late Minister, in the Year 1720, with the S. S. Directors; a

Dialogue between Mordecai and a Christian, on Foreign Loans; the Bottleman's Name; what, and who the greatest Impostors, and why; the Blind lead the Blind; Foreigners most encouraged; the Bottleman not the Aggressor; Miracles proved ever since the Revolution, &c.—*Ridentem dice e Verum.*—Printed for J. Freeman, near St. Paul's; and sold by the booksellers in London and Westminster.

AN Apology to the Town for Himself and the Bottle.—By J. Nick-all. N. B. Mr. P—— was mistaken in the name. To which is prefixed, an exact representation of the Scene of Harlequin's Escape into the Bottle, introduced in the Pantomime Entertainment of Apollo and Daphne, or the Burgo-Master tricked; the character of Harlequin by Mr. Phillips. Printed for B. Dickinson, the corner of Bell Savage Inn, Ludgate Hill.

THE Bottle Conjurer's reflecting Mirror; or, One Fool makes many, from the Head to Foot, without Equivocation.—Sold in May's Buildings, Covent Garden; where may be had, The Wheelbarrow Cries of Europe.

Apollo and Daphne; or, the Burgo-Master tricked. In which will be introduced, an additional Scene of the Escape of Harlequin into a Quart Bottle.—Boxes, 5s. Pit, 3s. First Gallery, 2s. Upper Gallery, 1s. To begin exactly at six o'clock.

Apollo and Daphne; or, the Burgo-Master tricked. In which will be introduced the Escape of Harlequin into a Quart Bottle.—Also Don Jumpedo, (though not the original) will jump down his own throat; and, as a new addition, afterwards jump up again!—

Boxes, 5s. Pit, 3s. First Gallery, 2s. Upper Gallery, 1s. Tickets delivered out for this night will be taken. Places for the boxes to be taken of Mr. Page, at the Stage door. To-morrow will be presented, the Careless Husband, for the benefit of Mr. Leveridge.

LATELY arrived from Italy.—Sig. Capitello Jumpedo, a surprising dwarf, no taller than a *common tavern tobacco-pipe*; who can perform many wonderful equilibres on the slack or tight rope: likewise he will transform his body into above ten thousand different shapes and postures; and after he has diverted the spectators two hours and a half, he will *open his mouth wide, and jump down his own throat!* He being the most wonderfulest wonder of wonders, as ever the world wondered at, would be willing to join in performance with that surprising musician, on Monday next, in the Haymarket. He is to be spoke with at the Black Raven, in Golden Lane, every day from seven till twelve, and from two to all day long.

LATELY arrived from Ethiopia. The most wonderful and surprising Doctor Benimbe Zaminampoango, Oculist and Body Surgeon to the Emperor of Monæmungi, who will perform on Sunday next, at the Little P—— in the Haymarket, the following surprising operations; viz. 1st, He desires any one of the spectators only to pull out his own eyes, which as soon as he has done, the Doctor will shew them to any lady or gentleman then present, to convince them there is no cheat, and then replace them in the sockets as perfect and entire as ever.—2dly, He desires any officer, or other, to rip up his own belly; which

which when he has done, he (without any equivocation) takes out his bowels, washes them, and returns them to their place, without the person's suffering the least hurt. 3dly, He opens the head of a J— of P—, takes out his brains, and exchanges them for those of a calf; the brains of a beau, for those of an ass; and the heart of a bully, for that of a sheep; which operations render the persons more sociable and rational creatures than they ever were in their lives. And to convince the town that no imposition is intended; he desires no money until the performance is over. Boxes, 5 guin. Pit, 3. Gallery, 2.

N. B. The famous Oculist will be there, and honest S— F— H— will come if he can. Ladies may come masked, so may fribbles.— The faculty and clergy gratis. The Orator would be there, but is engaged.

DON John de Nasaquitine, sworn brother and companion to the man that was to have jumped into the bottle at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, on Monday, the 16th past, hereby invites all such as were then disappointed, to repair to the Theatre aforesaid, on Monday, the 30th: and that shall be exhibited unto them, which never was heretofore, nor ever will be hereafter seen. All such as shall swear upon the Book of Wisdom that they paid for seeing the Bottle-Man, will be admitted gratis; the rest at Gotham prices.

THIS is to inform the Public— That, notwithstanding the great abuse that has been put upon the gentry, there is now in the town a man, who instead of creeping into a quart or pint bottle, will change

himself into a Rattle; which he hopes will please both young and old. If this person meets with encouragement to this advertisement, he will then acquaint the gentry where and when he performs.

BUT notwithstanding all this exercise of wit and humour upon the credulity of the times, it seems, a foreigner still thought there was some room left for a further trial; he therefore published the following advertisement:—

To be seen, at Mr. Leader's, the Old Horse-shoe, in Wood-street, Cheapside, from nine till twelve, and from four to seven o'clock, lately brought from France, a full-grown Mouse alive, confined in a small two-ounce phial, the neck of which is not a quarter of an inch in diameter. This amazing creature hath lived in the phial three years and a half without drink, or any sustenance, but bread only. It cleans out its little habitation, and hath many other pretty actions, as surprising as agreeable; but particularly creates wonderful diversion with a fly, and is allowed to be an extraordinary curiosity, never before seen in England; at the expence of 6d. each person.

Note.—Gentlemen or ladies who don't chuse to come, it shall be carried to them, by sending a line to Mr. Leader.

A CURIOUS occurrence happened a short time since at Limehouse.— The wife of a poor man, of the name of Jasper, was much addicted to liquor; and whenever she could procure money used to decamp, and stay away as long as it lasted.— About a month ago, on her not reappearing, after a full week's absence, Jasper, his two sons, and two daughters, became alarmed for the

the safety of the fugitive. At the expiration of the tenth day, a neighbour of Jasper's informed him that his wife was lying at the bone-house, having been taken out of the Thames that morning in a very putrified state. Jasper, accompanied by his eldest son, went and claimed the body, which was put into a shell, and carried home. Being in very indigent circumstances, he was indebted to the assistance of a few charitable neighbours, in raising the sum of fifty shillings, when Mrs. Jasper was decently interred. Two days after, however, to the astonishment of Jasper and his family, a friend informed him that he saw his wife on the preceding day at Dartford, drunk, in the streets.—Jasper was accordingly induced to send one of his sons to Dartford, to inquire into this mysterious affair, where, to his horror and astonishment, he found his mother in the situation described; when she accompanied him home, swearing vengeance against her husband for his cruel treatment. The woman who was taken out of the river was the wife of another man.

ANECDOTES respecting marriage. Sir J. M. had two uncles, who, when they were hard on seventy, were disputing in his presence as to the superior discretion of their marriages, both having lately married, the one a lady far stricken in years, the other a very young lady.—The uncle who had married the more experienced dame, had jeered the other on the ridiculousness of marrying so young a person, had threatened him with the ribaldry usually referred to on such occasions, and had particularly urged, that he could not expect more than the *half* of her to himself. Sir J. appealed to, who, with due reve-

rence first expressed for both his aunts, begged leave to ask a question:—"Should his uncle Thomas be really cuckolded, which," says he, "is better; the *half* of a young woman, or the *whole* of an old one?" The elder uncle never appealed to him again.

A LATE bishop having married at 75, was pressed by his son to know his reason for marrying at so advanced a time of life. "Son," says he, "my reason is—I have done a foolish thing at 75, that I may not do a more foolish thing at four-score."

A GREENLAND Feast.—The following is a bill of fare of an entertainment given by some principal Greenlanders to a factor:—1. Dried herrings. 2. Dried sea-fish. 3. Boiled ditto. 4. *Mimiak*, a favourite dish, composed of half-raw and rotten fish. 5. Boiled willocks.—6. A piece of rotten whale's tail. This was the *bon bouche*, the haunch of venison to which the guests were principally invited. 7. Dried salmon. 8. Dried rein-deer. 9. A dessert of crowberries, mixed with the chyle from the maw of a rein-deer. 10. The same elegant confection enriched with train oil.

A FEW years ago, a traveller arrived at an inn in Liverpool, late in the evening. Being shewn into the room appropriated for gentlemen of the road, he, with great pomposity inquired, whether the travellers were all gone to bed?—"Yes, Sir," says the waiter, "except that gentleman," pointing to one at the other end of the room, apparently preparing to retire.—"Waiter," says the newly-arrived gentleman, "be quick, and let me have a cold fowl for my supper."—The cloth was immediately laid, the

the fowl brought in, and the gentleman lounged into his chair.—“Waiter, I say, cut up that there fowl.” He did so. “Put the two wings and the breast on my plate.” He did so. “Put some salt on my plate.” He did so. “Cut the fowl on my plate into pieces.”—This he did also.

The solitary Being before alluded to, having observed the proceeding of the *gentleman*, now said—“John, let me have a cold fowl for my supper,” imitating the manner of the loungeur. The fowl was brought. John, being requested, cut it up, helped him to the breast and wings, salt, &c. and cut it into pieces for him, “John,” said he, “put a piece into my mouth.” John did so. “John, wag my jaws for me.” John, being aware of the joke, complied with his request. The *gentleman* immediately left the room, and was no more seen at that inn.

THE following curious manuscript is in the possession of a person at Oldham, and bears date as follows: Anno Christi 1571, Anno Eliza Regina 13.—It seems to be a Knight of the Thimble’s mode of disposing of his house.

“I Benjamin *ye* Tayleor surnamed of Murf’ do ordain that myn hous & all *ye* appurtaynanc now bein and lyin at Bangs or otherwyse the Syde of Bangs do & be Judgged for in *ye* following tyght and dextroys Manner—That there be & shall bee formed XII Tykets accordin to the Number of Months in *ye* Yere—That each Man or Women that Juddgges shall peye One Pece of Gould Markyed with *ye* Hede of our guid Ladye the Queen that *ye* Judgglers shall have one guid Tyket marked I, II, III, and so forth to *ye* end The guidest Judgler Man or Mayd shall ha

the House the warst o’ *ye* Judgglers & the best save one shall have XLVIII gould Peces or thereabout One Judgler XXX one XX one X & one V—The rest of the Judgglers shall have one Pece of guid Oxen and one huge Cabbidge of myne own growth, and one Horn of true Beer. Each Judgler shall then peye XLVII gould Pieces, more to me for myne House & to depart peaceably.”

ONE friend speaking to another about a person who lived upon charity, and occupied the ready-furnished first floor of a respectable house; said, he thought it must be *too high* for a person in his circumstances.—“Oh no,” replied the other, “not at all; the garret would be considerably *higher*, and yet better adapted to his means.”

A POOR fellow being told by his acquaintance that he should always find him a *ready friend*; the other answered—“Sir, if it is the same to you, I had much rather find you a *friend with the ready*.”

THE following is the literal copy of an advertisement that appeared in the Ipswich Journal about twelve months since.

TIMBER BILLY, of Poplar Hall, ever wishes to be kind to his neighbours and friends; begs leave to announce to them, that the eleven poplar trees taken down by him; or order, on the 28th of December, 1805, cannot be sold, as they are not altogether his property to dispose of.

N. B. If the above *gentleman* is from home, *Simple Simon*, his assistant on that day, may be heard of, by applying to the overseers of the parish of ———.

A YOUNG

A YOUNG lady just returned from boarding-school, called on an old acquaintance of her father's, who immediately accosted her with—" Bless me, Miss, why you are grown quite out of knowledge.— The young lady instantly retorted, " I hope not, Sir; for I have been at school these seven years, for the sole purpose of increasing my stock of that very valuable commodity."

AN elderly person describing the situation of Mary-le-bonne Church some years back, before the immense additions to the metropolis had commenced, was asked if it was standing still. The ancient wag replied—" No doubt, Sir, for to the best of my knowledge and belief, it has not moved an inch since its first erection.

ON VIEWING THE UNITED GRAVES
OF MR. PITT & MR. FOX.

HERE, almost hand in hand, repose,
Two " Great, Great Men," indeed !
Had they been friends before, God
knows,

Our wounds had ceas'd to bleed.

Full twenty years, these heroes bright,
(Perhaps a trick of state)
Engag'd in most tremendous fight,
Concerning Britain's fate.

Placemen, the while, sat sly and snug,
And solemn in their places;
John Bull huzza'd each cornish hug,
And grin'd at their grimaces.

Delighting in each boxing scene,
John gloried in the battle;
So may we please a child, I ween,
By giving it a rattle.

So an old woman left her cot,
To see two boar-cats fight;
When, lo! her hard-earn'd porridge-pot
Was robb'd of ev'ry mite.

WILLIAM I. of Prussia, had a
taste above mediocrity in painting.

He used to show his paintings, and they were of course admired.— " How much do you think this might *sell for*?" said he, one day to his courtiers. " At a *hundred ducats*, Sire."—" It would be *dog cheap*," replied one of them.— " Well," said William, who loved money, " I will give it to you for *fifty*, because I see you are a *good judge*, and am happy to do you a *pleasure*." The poor courtier, obliged to carry away, and, what was worse, to pay for this miserable daubing, resolved in future to be more circumspect in his praises.

A YOUNG girl, who had not the courage to refuse a husband who was offered to her, although she disliked him, being asked—" You will marry him then?" " *Me marry him!* it is quite enough that he marries *me!*"

FONTENELLE, at the age of 97, after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed before her, in order to place himself at table.— " See," said Madame Helvetius, " how I ought to value your gallantries; you pass before me without looking at me." " *Madame,*" said the old man, " *If I had looked at you I could not have passed.*"

SIR Walter Raleigh says, that the difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats *when he pleases*, and the latter *when he can get it*.

A BUTCHER being asked what was meant by the words *bona fide*, answered—" I suppose it is a brother of the cleaver that sells more *bone* than flesh."

WHEN

WHEN the Theatre in Goodman's Fields was opened, a certain comedian, who well knew an Englishman's love of curiosity, advertised in all the papers—"For the entertainment of the Morocco Ambassador and his retinue."

To represent these illustrious personages, he hired four of the most ill-looking, hard-featured Irish chairmen he could get; made their countenances more fierce with whisks, and darkened their complexion with walnut juice. Having dressed them in character, and placed them in an odd-fashioned coach with three or four of the same country metamorphosed in the same manner behind it, the cavalcade, as it passed through the city, drew along with it a great concourse of people, and consequently produced, as the manager wished, a crowded house. The four chiefs were seated conspicuously in the stage-box, with their attendants behind them, to the admiration of the audience. They sat quietly for some time, till at last they could not help jabbering to one another in the Irish language; which, however, passed off very well to those within hearing, for the Morisco. At last they grew impatient for want of drink, till they were supplied with repeated pots of porter, which they tossed off, to the great joy and astonishment of the spectators, who said to one another—"Mind how they swig our English beer; they have none such in their own country."—Towards the end of the play, the fumes of the liquor made them so far forget the dignity of their characters, that they began to fall out among themselves, as if they were quarrelling about a fare! Nothing was heard now but—"tunder a noons—arrah, by Jasus, &c." At length, as it were to crown all, his

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Excellency the Ambassador, called out—"If Maaster will give lafe, by St. Patrick we'll have a tight set-upon the stage, before all the papple." The consequence need scarcely be mentioned: the audience, enraged at the affront put upon them, tore up the benches, cut the scenes, threshed the performers; and the sham ambassador, with his mock retinue, were taken before a magistrate, and committed to Clerkenwell Bridewell.

OPERA-HOUSE MASQUERADE.

ON Thursday evening, the 5th inst. the King's Theatre in the Haymarket was metamorphosed into the Masquerading Temple of Heydegger. The thrilling tones of the Catalani, the comic extravagance of the inimitable Buffo, Naldi, the fascinating gestures of Parisot, the sweet smile of Cranfield, and the elegant activity of Deshayes, were superseded by a motley inundation of Cyprians, Sailors, Watchmen, Harlequins, Clowns, Flats, Sharps, and Pick-pockets!

The high tide of fun and merriment was about the hour of one, when the theatre resounded with shouts of hilarity. Dominos, as usual, were prevalent; but the following characters were extremely well supported:—

A *Sylvester Daggerwood*, from the Dunstable Theatre, distributed so many tickets, that he must have a very crowded benefit; but, like many other celebrated performers, he made nothing of his part.

A *Watchman* was so extremely vociferous, that he received a blow, which caused a purple effusion from the olfactory nerves; upon which

Ff Dogberry

Dogberry exclaimed—"Past three o'clock, and a bloody morning."

A *Politician* was so noisy, that it was feared he was *run mad*; and there were so many *puppies* present, that the ladies were in dread of the *hydrophobia*; more particularly as the *animals* seemed very much averse to *drinking water*.

Mother Goose cackled very well, and *hatched* much amusement.

An *Irish peer* was told, that he was all *blarney*.

A *convivial Duke* amused himself with the frail fair, notwithstanding an admonition of—"Jockey of *Norfolk*, be not too bold."

A *sporting Lord* swore to a lady, that he was ready both to "SAY and SEAL."

Lord M. and his two brothers appeared as the "*three Mr. Wiggins's*."

A *fair Creole* from Brighton, was as cunning as a *Fox*; and the *Brewer's chere amie* worried the waiters for *sweet wort*.

A *dashing actress* exclaimed to a youthful baronet, as a clown—"a murrian seize thee, *Gilbert*, thou must be warm in that *Heath-coat*."

A female *Smuggler of Lace* was so pointed in her demands as a *dun*, that several ladies were alarmed at the supposed detection of their extravagance, particularly those East of Temple-Bar!

It was observed, that the boxes never contained more than a pair at once; upon which a *Natural Philosopher* quoted from Tom Jones—"that love was never good company for more than *two at a time*;" and a *Schoolmaster* gravely observed—"Speluncam, *Dido et Dux Trojanus ad eandem deveniant*."

Notwithstanding the activity of Towashend, and other Bow-street

officers, many watches, and even hearts, were entrapped. The supper, wines, and accommodation were excellent; and the company did not separate "until night's candles were burnt out, and jocund day stood tiptoe on the misty mountain's top."

SOMERVILLE AND TICKELL, ON HUNTING.

MR. EDITOR,
AMONGST the authors who have made the attractive pleasures of the chase the subject of their composition, there is one whose name I have never yet seen noticed in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, though highly worthy the attention of every polished sportsman. Tickell is the poet to whom I allude: a small but beautiful fragment of a poem on hunting has been left by him; and it is much to be regretted that it never was completed, or that any part has been lost. Dr. Johnson blames Somerville for having chosen blank verse for his two celebrated poems, the *Chase*, and *Field Sports*; this objection is done away in the lines of Tickell, for one of their beauties is the being written in very melodious rhyme. Somerville and Tickell were cotemporaries, being both of them born towards the latter end of the seventeenth century*. It is pretty evident, from comparing their compositions, that the first who wrote had been read by the other, though to say with certainty which of the two this was is not so easy, as we have no positive date affixed to the poem of either. In many parts of both are passages

* Tickell, in 1686—Somerville in 1692.

and ideas very similar. The commencement of Somerville's Chase is rough and uneven, not unlike the rude blast of the "hoarse-sounding horn" he professes to make use of:

"The Chase I sing, hounds, and their
various breeds,
And no less various use."—

Tickell's first lines are infinitely more smooth and harmonious, though perhaps not so nervous as those of the Chase—

"Horses and hounds, their care, their
various race,
The num'rous beasts that range the rural
chase;
The huntsman's chosen scenes, his friendly
stars,
The laws and glory of the Sylvan wars;
I first in British verse presume to raise,
A vent'rous rival of the Roman * praise."

After an invocation of Diana, Tickell proceeds to enumerate and describe the different species of hounds—

"See'st thou the gaze-hound, how, with
glance severe,
From the close herd he marks the destin'd
deer;
How ev'ry nerve the greyhound's stretch
displays,
The hare preventing in her airy maze;
The luckless prey how treach'rous tumblers
gain,
And dauntless wolf-dogs shake the lion's
mane."

The epithets in these lines will, I think, be esteemed particularly happily chosen. It is well known that the gaze-hound derives his name from the peculiar keenness of his look: the "close herd," in allusion to the constant habit in a herd of deer, of clustering together on the approach of a dog. In portraying the blood-hound, Somerville undoubtedly bears away the

palm far before Tickell, though the description of the latter is certainly not without elegance and nature—

"O'er all, the blood-hound boasts superior
skill;
To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly
kill.
His fellow's vain alarms rejects with
scorn,
True to the master's voice and learned
horn:
His nostrils oft, if ancient fame sing true,
Trace the sly felon through the tainted
dew.
Once snuff'd, he follows with unalter'd
aim,
Nor odours lure him from the chosen
game;
Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd
he views,
Springs on relentless, and to death pur-
sues."

These lines swim harmoniously along; but the same notes, when sounded on the horn of Somerville, are infinitely more gratifying and attractive—

..... "Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage
wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from
his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their
way.
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hounds he leads, then with
a voice—
That utters loud his rage, attentive
cheers:
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending plies
around;
His busy nose the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried.
Till conscious of the recent stains, his
heart
Beats quick; his snuffing nose, his ac-
tive tail,
Attest his joy; then with deep-op'ning
mouth
That makes the welkin tremble, he pro-
claims

* Alluding probably to Grotius, whom he quotes as his motto.

Th' audacious felon; foot by foot he
marks
His winding way, while all the list'ning
crowd
Applaud his reasonings.—O'er the wat'ry
ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts
distain'd,
Unerring he pursues; till at the cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his sense!"

BOOK I. 335.

What can be more evident than
that one of these authors had read
the other's composition, from these
following lines?—

"Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er
the plain."

SOMERVILLE, b. ii. 145.

"....." Some hounds
Puff'd with conceit run gadding o'er the
plain."

TICKELL, line 41.

Numberless other passages might
be adduced, to shew the similarity
of ideas in the two works, as far as
they go; but I shall content my-
self with noticing the description of
the shape of a perfect hound, as
given by both of these poets—

"Such be the dog I charge, thou mean'st
to train,
His back is crooked, and his belly plain;
Of fillet stretch'd, and huge of haunch
behind,
A tap'ring tail that nimbly cuts the wind;
Truss thigh'd, straight haum'd, and fox-
like form'd his paw,
Large legg'd, dry sol'd, and of pretend-
ed claw;
His flat wide nostrils snuff the sav'ry
steam,
And from his eyes he shoots pernicious
gleam;
Middling his head, and prone to earth
his view,
With ears and chest that dash the morn-
ing dew:
He best to stem the flood, to leap the
bound,
And charm the Dryads with his voice
profound;

To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
And crown the sylvan hero's plenteous
board."

TICKELL, line 69.

These lines of Tickell's may cer-
tainly be a judicious description of
an excellent hound, but are very
deficient in poetical beauty; the on-
ly tolerable line is borrowed from
Shakespear's *Midsummer Night's
Dream*.

Who does not prefer the follow-
ing lines of Somerville, though they
are blank verse? Who will not al-
low that they are infinitely more
spirited and beautiful, and equally
natural?—

.... "See there, with count'nance blithe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning
hound

Salutes thee cowering; his wide-op'ning
nose

Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black
eyes

Melt in soft blandishments and humble
joy;

His glossy skin, or yellow, pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by Nature's pencil
drawn,

Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs
Fleck'd here and there in gay enamell'd
pride,

Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown
tail

O'er his broad back bends in an ample
arch;

On shoulders clean upright and firm he
stands;

His round cat foot, strait hams, and wide
spread thighs,

And his low dropping chest, confess his
speed,

His strength, his wind, or on the steepy
hill,

Or far extended plain."

SOMERVILLE, b. i. 239.

This latter description is truly
beautiful; and I confess, my ear
would not feel more gratified, had
there been "the jingle of rhyme"
at the end of every couplet.

I am, Sir, your obedient and ne-
ver-failing Reader,

VENANDI CUPIDUS.

CHARACTER
OF
SAMUEL CHIFNEY, ESQ.

MR. EDITOR,

IN a late paper I observed a notice of the death of the celebrated Mr. Chifney, in which, I know not by what mistake, (but probably an error of the press) he is called *Jockey*.

As it would be wrong to suffer this mistake to descend to posterity uncorrected, justice to his memory requires it to be told, that he was one of the most eminent CONVEYANCERS of his time; and that more property has been transferred by his practice than by that of the most laborious of the profession in our *Hons of Court*. This was, no doubt, owing in part to the ability he displayed in his professional engagements, but perhaps more to the wonderful *expedition* with which he *did the business* of those gentlemen who employed him. A few minutes were with him quite sufficient to make over an immense property, which would have cost the lawyers scores of weeks, or months, and many acres of parchment. Yet while outstripping all competition in this way, he was never known to admit any of those flaws or errors which render possession dubious or precarious. The *course* he took was that which generally tended most effectually to reach the main object. Amidst doubts and perplexities, he saw his way clearly before him, and pursued it with an ardour which *distanced* all competition. Popular, however, as he was in this line, it must be allowed that his employers did not commission him to do business for them, without much circumspection.— Besides the recommendations of

persons of judgment, his merits were well *weighed* before they intrusted him either with money, *plate*, or landed estates.

It cannot be a matter of surprise, if such unbounded confidence sometimes made him vain. He might well be vain of the easy familiarity with which he was treated by persons of the highest rank. It could not but be very flattering, that he had often the eyes of half a senate fixed upon him, and that they who could not enjoy this happiness, read of his exploits with an impatience and ardour which is often denied to heroes and statesmen.

His temperance was most exemplary. He often practised abstinence to a degree that made it be believed that he had much to answer for. But those who knew him best, considered this rather as a matter of personal convenience than of conscience. He studied his health that he might not be burdensome to those he was most closely connected with; and avoided every thing that had a tendency to pamper the flesh, or to lessen the *weight* he had attained by a punctual discharge of his duty.

He possessed a singular acuteness of understanding. Without the parade of a long train of argument, he comprehended, as if by instinct, the instructions given him, and readily took a hint, where circumlocution might have been unnecessary, or explanation improper. Although of a highly animated turn, and not easily overtaken, he has been known to restrain himself in a most wonderful manner, and to yield the superiority while he seemed to be struggling for victory.— Like other wise men, he knew the value of delay, and the motto on some of his *rings* was

"*Cunctando restituit rem.*"

His

His manners, though professional, were without pedantry. He never affected to speak above the level of his hearers. He understood the terms of *breeding* perfectly, and knew how to deal with the ignorant and the *knowing*.

Of his lesser accomplishments, he was a master of the science of *pedigree*, and the only branch of it that is now thought of any value. He was often consulted in the forming of tender connections. In the union of the sexes, he not only discouraged the alliance of age with youth, or debility with vigour, but was a decided enemy to the contamination of noble *blood* with any mixture of the low or degenerate kind. It must be owned, indeed, that he sometimes promoted unions that had not received the sanction of the church, but his extensive usefulness in the way of his profession, and his attention to his *betters*, enabled him to live on pretty good terms with many of the clergy, particularly those of Cambridge and York.

His charities were so extensive, that few persons have been known to convey more money into the pockets of the poor. In this virtue, however, his system has been sometimes confined, and some writers on the subject have doubted whether he did not *create* as many poor as he *relieved*. The truth, however, was, that he had long contemplated the evils arising from unbounded wealth, and therefore was induced to fix a price upon experience, which was thought to be too high by all, except those who paid it.

His *race*, however, is now *run*; and whatever his failings, he will be long remembered as one who taught with success the uncertainty of all earthly possessions, and to whom

there are few families of rank who do not owe their present estimation in the opinion of the world, as well as the character they are desirous of handing down to posterity.

A DEAD SHOT.

Boasting, or lying, never mind the name, In spite of fashion, they are still the same.

MR. EDITOR,

AS an old sportsman, permit me to express my disapprobation through the medium of your interesting publication, of the conduct of those *would-be marksmen*, who are continually boasting of exploits they never performed, and imposing on every company they happen to mingle with, by a relation of the shots they have had, and the game brought down by their superior skill in the terreflegiac art; when it frequently turns out, that their great adventures are merely the coinage of the brain.

During a ramble a short time since, with my dog and my gun, I stopped at a house by the road-side for refreshment. I had not been long seated over my jug of brown ale, before a farmer's man entered with a broad grin on his countenance, and I heard him tell the landlord that he had just observed a very pleasant circumstance.—“A gentleman,” said he, “just now crossing farmer Adams's field, bought a hare of our man Robin; and what do you think he did with it?” continued the rustic; “why, he took the dead puss, laid her in the hedge, and fired some shot at her; he then took the animal up, and I suppose means to tell his friends that he shot it himself.”—The man had scarcely finished his story,

story, before the cockney sportsman entered the inn with his hare. We all began to chuckle at the idea of roasting him, and a gentleman in company made many merry remarks on the beauty of the creature, and the fairness of the shot; which induced the new comer to relate the excellent sport he had met with during the morning, and with the most unblushing effrontery to assert, that he had started the hare, and shot her after the run of a mile. Being, as I have before declared, an enemy to these boasters, I immediately offered to bet him a rump and dozen that he had not killed the hare that day. My opponent was rather astonished at my confidence, but thinking himself secure, accepted the wager. I then made the landlord procure the man who had sold the hare, and the fellow who saw the "Dead Shot," as we may fairly term it, both of whom confronted the gentleman, and he was at last forced by the burning blush of shame, to own the deception, and to pay the wager.

It is astonishing to me, Mr. Editor, how persons apparently tenacious of honour, and ever solicitous of being thought gentlemen, can descend to a vice disgraceful to a ploughman. Though but little evil may arise to society from a propensity so vulgar, this is certain, the conduct of the boaster is disgusting to men of sense, and attaches to him the proverbial saying—"A liar is hardly to be believed, though he may speak the truth."

If this instance of boasting detected, is likely to prove the means of deterring persons from descending to the ungentlemanly practice of lying to support their sportive tricks, it will afford great satisfaction to Your's, &c.

ACTÆON.

AN EXTRACT
FROM
ECKSTEIN'S REMARKS ON
SWEDEN.

IF the inhabitants were industrious above what necessity forces them to, they might at least have corn sufficient of their own; but, as things are managed, they have not, nor can they subsist without great importations of all sorts of grain; and notwithstanding these supplies, the poorer sort in many places remote from traffic are forced to grind the bark of birch trees to mix with their corn and make bread, of which they have not always plenty. The cattle, as in other northern countries, are generally of a very small size, neither can the breed be bettered by bringing in larger from abroad, which soon degenerate, because in summer the grass is much less nourishing than in the place from whence they came; and in the winter they are usually half-starved for want of fodder of all kinds, which often falls so very short, that the farmers are forced to unthatch their houses to keep a part of their cattle alive. Their sheep bear a very coarse wool, only fit to make clothing for the peasants. The horses, especially of Finland, though small, are hardy, vigorous, strong, sure-footed, and nimble trotters, which is of great use to them, because of the length of their winters, and their fitness for sleds, which is their only carriage in that season; and the soldiers pretend, that in war they are not only able to resist, but to break a body of German horse. Of wild beasts they have great plenty; and no country to the northward is better able to accommodate the sportsman or hunter than this: their bears, elkes, deer, and hares, are

are pursued for their flesh; their wolves, foxes, wild cats, &c. for their furs and hides.

They hunt with less ceremony than is elsewhere practised, taking all advantage to shoot their game, at which they are generally very expert: parks they have but few, and meanly stocked, the charge of feeding deer all the winter exceeding the profit. There are no rabbits in this country except what are brought in for curiosity. In winter their foxes and squirrels change colour and become greyish, but hares turn as white as the snow they pace; and the sportsmen find much difficulty in obtaining this delicacy. Fowl, both wild and tame, are very abundant and good of their kind, except their sea fowl, which feed on and taste of fish: the most common are *orras* and *keders*; the former the bigness of a hen, the latter of a turkey. They have plenty of partridges, and of a bird somewhat resembling them, called a *yerper*. In winter are taken great numbers of small birds, as thrushes, black-birds, and *sydenscwans*, the last of the bigness of *veldefares*, but better meat, supposed to come from Lapland or yet farther north, and have their name from the beautifulness of their plumage, some of which are tipped at the point with scarlet. The wood pigeon is very rare, because of the hawks; and of the house pigeon they have none, because their food is scarce, and the danger, if they go abroad, of the eagles and other rapacious birds. The principal lakes of Sweden are the *Wetter*, the *Wenner*, and *Maeler*; the first, in *Ostrogothia*, is remarkable for fore-telling storms, by a continual thundering noise the day before in that quarter whence they arise; as also for the sudden breaking of the ice, which sometimes

surprises travellers, and in half an hour becomes navigable. Their rivers are stored with fish of great variety; salmon, pike, perch, tench, trout, eels, and many other sorts unknown in other parts; of which the most plentiful is the *streamling*, a fish less than a pilcher, taken in great quantities, salted in barrels, and distributed over all the north of Europe.

THE LATE CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

MR. EDITOR,

THE renovated spirits of the adm—st—n, on discovering the flourishing state of our resources, which, on their first entrance into office, ignorance had led them to descry as at the lowest ebb, have produced in the first min—st—l circles a delirium of delight. The ebullitions of pleasure arising from this circumstance, as well as from the success of certain manœuvres at the late election, overflowing at the present joyous season, have naturally taken the shape of Christmas Gambols, a few of which I have been favoured with an account of, through the kindness of one of the party, who having, *at present*, no other means of paying me a considerable debt, sometimes honours me with official chit-chat. At a very merry meeting a few evenings since at the Adm—lt—y, when the dignity of senatorial rank had yielded to the incessant attacks of the juice of the grape, and reflection on the momentous crisis of the country had been banished by repeated bumpers, the good old customs of our forefathers were commented on, and at length introduced. Before I proceed, however, I must defend myself

myself against the cavilling of those who may refuse credit to the assertion that such great statesmen should descend to the games of children. To this I can only reply, but I hope satisfactorily, by asking whether every one of the measures proposed and executed by the present admin—n, since their assuming the seals of office, have been ought but *puerilities*? But to proceed—*Puss in the Corner* was proposed by Lord H—k, it being a game of which that nobleman is particularly fond. Although the proposition was opposed by some of the party, it appeared to meet the wishes of the majority, and accordingly the whole assemblage, with abundance of noise, commenced the gambol. Lord G— and Mr. Secretary W—, being formerly much practised at this amusement, were particularly successful in retaining possession of a corner; and although several vicissitudes occurred, such as Mr. B—th—st changing with Mr. Sh—d—n, and L—d S—dm—th wavering here and there in search of a corner, the game terminated, after much noisy merriment, leaving poor Mr. Wh—tb—d, as puss, without any corner. L—d T—m—le, being remarkably bulky behind, was not to be tempted to remove from his seat, however alluring might be the chance of a different chair.

Hunt the Jack Boot, an improvement on *Hunt the Slipper*, was next suggested by L—d S—dm—th, which produced much jocularly, and much disappointment: L—d G—nv—le was at length declared the favourite holder of the jack-boot. Mr. Sh—d—n proposed playing at soldiers, to which Mr. S—y Wind—m peremptorily objected; but offered to box any one of the party for a year's cheese-parings. Cards

were at last introduced as a change, still preserving the old English games. How Mr. Pl—m—r, the Counsel, got in, I know not, but he sat down to "*beat the knave out of doors*," with the Treasurer of the N—y, who, with sorrow I relate it, was compelled to yield to his forensic opponent. The first Lord of the T—s—y was very anxious to play at *Brag*; after which, taking a pool at quadrille, he discovered himself to be an *Ombre*. The Ch—ll—r of the E—q—r the whole evening amused himself with *building card houses*, and with push-pin. The amusements of the evening concluded with *laugh and lie-down*.

I am, Sir, Your's, &c.

Farmer Flamborough.

P. S. The Lord C—ll—r was not present the latter part of the evening, he having left the party for a ball at Lady N—th's, his Lordship being an elegant dancer.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE leaders of the *Pic-Nic* society, disappointed in their dreams of *Private Theatricals*, have turned their thoughts to *music and dancing*. In these times of peril and danger, when every man should be at his post, and the GREAT especially should, for their own sakes, endeavour to conciliate all descriptions of Britons, these silly people invite the *privileged orders* to draw a line around them, over which the men of science, professional men of the most splendid talents, or the opulent merchant, shall not step. Among other inducements to join this scene of *refined luxury*, every *lady* is allowed to nominate the *gentleman* whom

she wishes to recommend! There are also to be *other* conveniences, which the *modesty* of the leaders does not permit them to mention.

Indeed, the present rage for *private* amusements exceeds any thing ever witnessed. A minor Theatre has lately been built, for the purpose of *this* description of performance, in Catherine-street. The actors are shop-boys, clerks, and apprentices, who form themselves into companies.

Of the *female* members of these associations we shall speak gently; some of them may be seen nightly in the purlieus of *Covent Garden*, and others are, we learn, on their passage to *Botany Bay*!

Each member of a company pays to the proprietors of the Theatre 7s. every night of his performance; for which he is furnished with dresses, and every requisite for the *business of the stage*. The use of the scenery, machinery, &c. &c. is also included in this charge. He has likewise the liberty of giving admission to three or four persons on the nights of performance. There is also a few *private* subscribers, who do not feel disposed to "*strut the hero*" on the stage, that pay their subscription merely to be entitled to a few tickets of admission.

The Theatre at the Lyceum, in the Strand, is likewise engaged three or four times a-week for similar purposes, and by a similar set of people. There is also another Theatre of this description in Berwick-street, Soho. These Theatres are usually thronged every night of performance beyond all conception. Of the performance it is impossible we can say much, as our patience has always been exhausted, and our disgust so completely marked before the conclusion of any performance we have ever yet witnessed,

that we have always found it difficult to remain till the curtain dropped; and the spectators, generally speaking, are much on a *par* with the actors. We may perhaps, however, at some future opportunity, take notice of some of the most able of these *would-be actors*, in order that their *name* and *abilities* may be *handed down to posterity*. How far it may be proper and advisable to *suffer these schools for folly and idleness* to exist, remains for the magistrates, or rather their superiors, to determine.

FASHIONABLE DISTINCTIONS.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE often wondered that nature should commit such a great oversight in not establishing proper distinctive marks for the various ranks of society. If things had been so arranged that all in a certain circle, our *fashionables*, for example, should be tall, slender, handsome, and elegant; and that all who were translated from an inferior sphere to this upper region, should instantly acquire these qualities, there could be little difficulty in distinguishing a person of fashion from the vulgar. But unluckily, nature has neglected to make any such provision. We have the short, the squat, the crooked, the clumsy, the awkward, and the boobyish, even at Mrs. T——'s routs, and the Countess of K——'s suppers.—There is, indeed, a particular *air* which is said to distinguish those who move in a certain region, and to be altogether unattainable beyond its boundaries. Such, however, are the effects of imitation in the circles below, and such the unkindly nature of some of the materials

rials which fashion has to work upon, that even the initiated are often unable to trace a brother fashionable by his air.

The members of the *haut ton* have therefore been obliged to supply the defects of nature by their own ingenuity; and hence arises the numerous refined contrivances which are daily invented, to separate the pure region of fashion from the gross atmosphere that hovers round it. Dress and equipage were formerly considerable badges of distinction; but the rich citizens, incited by a laudable ambition, soon broke through their old restraints of economy, and deference to their betters; and Mrs. Flounder, having transferred her residence from Cornhill to Cavendish-square, it was no longer possible to discover her origin, either from her jewels or her liveries. This barrier being thus broken down, an immense gap was left in the fences of the fashionable world, through which multitudes from Change-alley, and even Pudding-lane, are daily forcing an entrance.

Rich dresses were now given up; and it was resolved that the intruders, by being deprived of ornament, should be exposed to derision in their native vulgarity. A rapid succession of whimsical fashions, and something new for every day, now distinguish the ladies of the *ton*. The industrious directresses of the *Magazins des Modes*, however, rendered all these measures abortive; for the *nobodies* were never above a day behind in their imitations, and the very waiting-maids were apt to be mistaken for their mistresses. The ladies of the first fashion, indeed, some time since made a bold effort, in which they thought none of the little could have the assurance to follow them; and, in

order to set all competition at defiance, actually appeared in public somewhat more than *half naked*.—The enterprise, however, was not attended with that success which its boldness merited; for instantly the whole necks, arms, shoulders, and bosoms, in the kingdom, were thrown open to the eye of the gazer. It is but yesterday that I cheapened a pair of gloves with a little damsel, who, in point of *nakedness*, might have vied with any duchess in the land.

The male fashionables have, indeed, adopted a more vigorous mode of revenge, for the encroachments made upon their dignity in the way of dress. They have begun by direct acts of retaliation; and, as their valets and grooms had most impudently aspired to their dress and manners, they have, in their turn, usurped the garb and habits of these *gentlemen*. Is it not to be doubted that this vigorous measure will have its due effect; for a groom must be exceedingly mortified to find so little gratification to his vanity in rising to his master's level.

But it is in their amusements that the fashionables have made the most strenuous efforts to preserve their circle inviolate; and their zeal has at length been rewarded with success. As long as the Theatres, or Astley's, or the Circus, or Sadler's Wells, or, in short, any place which offers the least entertainment, is to be found, there is no danger that the fashionables will be followed by the crowd to the Opera-House. There they may in perfect security enjoy their *tête-à-tête* and their scandal, and perhaps listen at a few intervals to the Queens and Kings, who are torturing their vocal organ in wonderful modes, to draw an inspiring *bravo! bravissimo!*

Other methods of distinction have been devised with equal zeal and ingenuity. The fashionables, perceiving that the vulgar were contented to have the stage and orchestra filled with professional people, determined to make this a ground of distinction, and thence forwards to *play and fiddle* for themselves, with the addition of a *Pic-Nic* supper. The crowd, however, who were scrupulously shut out, could not endure that heroes and heroines should be stabbed and poisoned in the ordinary way without themselves having any part in the amusement. The hue and cry was therefore set up with such fury, that the fashionables were obliged to put an end to their *mysteries*, lest they should be actually violated by profane hands. The other resource of *amateur* concerts, is by far more advisable, and will be found perfectly secure. The crowd cannot be prevailed upon, even by their desire of appearing fashionable, to listen whole nights to the enchanting Signora *Squallanté*, uttering unknown words and unknown sounds; and surely it is far less to be apprehended, that they will be seized with any irresistible inclination to drink up the melodies of Lady *Louisa Thrum*, and the Honourable Mr. *Hum*.

To do justice to the taste and ingenuity of the *great*, there is something in all their pleasures, which distinguishes them from those of the *little*. The form, indeed, is soon copied by the latter; and there are routs and card-parties found in every quarter as idle and insipid as any in Portman-square. The *little*, however, on those occasions, pay some attention to the *convenience* of their guests, and make some calculation of the *size* of their rooms, before they issue their cards. The *great*, on the contrary, invite *all the*

world; and the hostess is rendered the happiest creature in the universe, if there is not a single corner in her rooms where a living creature can sit, stand, or walk, with comfort. A *squeeze* certainly formed a very agreeable variety, amidst the languor of a rout; but since the accompaniment of *hot suppers* has been introduced, it has not been found altogether so pleasant. Every one has heard of the affair in ——— Street, where two hundred fashionables were pent up in the corners of the supper-room, and had nothing to do but to look on, and make wry faces, while their fellow guests made away with the chickens, and swept off the green pease without mercy. On talking of the affair to a young lady who was present, she said, with much emphasis, that she had seen all the delicacies of the season there.

Great revolutions may be expected to arise in the fashionable world from these circumstances; it is whispered that the ladies *en bon point* will be quickly out of all repute; and the price of vinegar and salad is in consequence about to experience an extravagant rise.— A very fashionable lady, who has as much money as she can spend, and consequently many more guests than she can well accommodate, has devised a very pretty method of preventing inconvenience, by introducing a fresh supper and a fresh set of guests at certain intervals, till the whole have partaken of the pleasures of the supper-room. It is said that this lady, who has discovered such a tasteful method of prolonging a party, has resolved to improve still farther on the idea; and is to have such a crowd of fashionables, that the supper-rooms shall be replenished with new guests and delicacies every two hours, and yet

yet the entertainment will extend through the whole four-and-twenty.

Such a plan is truly grand, and there is no danger of its being imitated by the little. It is only to be regretted, that it must necessarily give rise to a number of *eclipses*. An eclipse in the fashionable world is a temporary obscurity, in which those who have no perennial mints in Lombard-street, find it convenient to shroud themselves. When all the old woods have disappeared, when trades-people become important, and the Jews saucy, and when therefore it is no longer practicable to see one's friends by hundreds, a fashionable retirement is the resource. The little, in these circumstances, would begin to retrench, and think of only having ten guests where before they had twenty. But this is out of all rule in the circle of fashion; one must never seem less than he has once been. It is indeed a very easy affair to disappear from the fashionable world, as no one thinks more of the matter, till the absentees find it convenient again to emerge in all their glory. Whoever thought of the charming Mrs. —, during her last eclipse? And yet what parties are more frequented than her's, since she re-appeared? Her spirit indeed deserves the highest commendation; for it is well known that she mortified two whole years in an old castle, in order to enjoy her present blaze; and it is allowed her parties yield to none, either in superiority of numbers or splendour, although the flash of the season must immediately be followed by another eclipse. Fashionable happiness is indeed something quite beyond the comprehension of the vulgar.

But of all the means by which the great set the little at a distance,

there are none so effectual as trampling with contempt on certain restrictions, which the little are compelled to observe with reverence.— Those old crabbed fellows, the *Laws*, indeed, in this age and nation, are extremely unpropitious to the distinctions of high life; a lord and his tradesman are quite on a level in Westminster-Hall, nor have the surly jurors civilization enough to acquit a person on the plea of his being a man of fashion. But in spite of these untoward circumstances, there is still a sufficient degree of respect paid to morals and religion among the *nobodies*, to afford considerable distinction by breaking through all their restraints; and a man of high fashion may be profligate and profane far beyond what his inferiors can openly venture. The vulgar, indeed, advance with rapid strides in the footsteps of their betters: they have also their affairs at Doctors' Commons, their E. O. table, and their Sunday gambols; but things must with them be done in as private a way as possible, for they know that the *Society for the Suppression of Vice* is every where at their heels.

NEW PROPHECIES FOR 1807.

IN the course of this year a great many ladies will catch cold, for want of clothing, while others will carry their whole wardrobe on their back, and yet be starved to death.

Many chimneys will be carelessly set on fire, for which servant maids will be warmly reprimanded with the blazing oratory of their mistresses: some commotions and revolutions in family circles will be occasioned.

A number

A number of shops and houses will be broken open, and a deal of valuable property stolen; after which it will be easy to discover what a remissness there has been in the fastening of doors and shutters, and your wiseacres will attend to their bolts, bars, and watchdogs, in future.

Three or four young ladies of good property or expectation, will fall violently in love with young men of neither property nor expectation; and some dreadful disappointments will happen on both sides, which will verify the old saying, "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

Several coaches carrying too many outside passengers, will be overturned, and some of them will be severely bruised, but when the parties commence actions for redress they will generally obtain damages.

Several young children will put their eyes out with scissors, and some nurses will be the cause of broken backs; the conduct of servants will be severely reprimanded by old maids particularly, who vow they will never trust any of the children *they* may have out of their own sight.

The general topic of tea-table conversation will be the plague of servants, that they are above their work, and that they dress as fine as their mistresses.

Several capital failures will happen in the course of this year, and when the affairs of the bankrupts come to be investigated, it will appear they should never have cut nor supported the figure and consequence they did; the downfall of these would-be great, will afford high entertainment to those who envied them, and are not sufferers

in the general calamity; they will examine their plate, linen, and furniture, when it comes to the hammer, and it will be a high treat to invective declaimers at a pool table.

A few distant invitations to card parties will be given, and when the time of their meeting arrives, it will be the surprise of some, and the condolence of others, that such a one is dead and buried, poor woman! who was to have been here.

Two or three duels may occur, where the parties have missed fire, never meaning to hit each other; and one or two where the consequences are more serious, the parties may be tried at the Court of Sessions, but the laws of honour will prevail in favour of their acquittal.

A general taste for the reading of novels will prevail, and many will get up late in the morning, because they went to bed late at night.

Some thousand sermons will be preached and not attended to, and many that are attended to will not be understood.

Some deaths will happen from an over-gormandizing stomach, and some for want of bread to eat.

It will be the fashion for ladies to wear no pockets, and a variety of circumstances may occasion some men to need none.

Many old maids who have lost all the vigour of youth and the charms of beauty, will revile at and condemn the frivolities of the present age; long heads have but short memories in these cases.

Several dashing fellows will play a high game at hazard and speculation, when they have nothing to lose, and infamously defraud a set of incautious creditors; they will assume the consequence of a flourishing capital, by a certificate they

they carry about them, called impudence.

Great preparations will be made for travelling excursions, but little pains taken to prepare for that journey, *from whence there is no returning.*

THE
BOHEMIAN FORTUNE-TELLER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

AN Austrian officer, named the Baron de W——, who served with the Hussars of Czekler, in the last war against the Turks, resided a few years since at B——. He loved to recount the extraordinary events which had occurred during his campaign, from which we have selected the following, as most worthy of commemoration, and shall give it in the words of the Baron himself.

"It was in the spring of the year 1788, that I quitted Miclos-Var, in Transylvania, to conduct several recruits to my regiment, which, at that time was posted in the environs of Orsawa. In a village contiguous to the army lived a Bohemian woman, who supported herself by selling provisions to the soldiers. My recruits being extremely superstitious, requested her to tell their fortunes. I laughed at their credulity, and, by way of ridicule, held out my hand to the Sibyl. "*The 20th of August,*" said she to me, in a very solemn tone, and without adding a syllable more. I entreated her to be explicit, but she only repeated the same words; and as I retired to my tent, exclaimed in a voice still more emphatic—"*The 20th of August!*"—It may be easily believed, that this

date made an indelible impression on my memory. We arrived at the army, and experienced our share of military danger and fatigue. It is well known that in this war the Turks made no prisoners. Their officers had engaged to give a ducat for every head that should be brought into the camp, consequently both Janissaries and Spakis were emulous to obtain the tempting prize. This arrangement was particularly fatal to our advanced post; scarcely a night passed, but the Turks came down in superior numbers in search of heads. Their expeditions were conducted with such secrecy and celerity, that they seldom failed in their design; and in the morning it was by no means unusual to discover a part of our camp guarded only by *headless bodies*. To counteract this species of warfare, the Prince de Cobourg ordered every night a strong detachment of cavalry without the lines to protect them. These piquets generally consisted of from one to two hundred; but the Turkish generals, irritated that their men should be disturbed in their traffic, sent to their assistance detachments still stronger and more numerous than our piquets, which, of course, produced to the Musselmén a still more plenteous harvest of heads. The piquet service thus became so hazardous, that it was thought prudent for an officer previously to his departure to make his will. Affairs continued in this state until the month of *August*. Several skirmishes had taken place, but without altering the position of either army. Eight days before the portentous 20th, I was surprised by the appearance of the Bohemian prophetess of whom I had frequently purchased provisions.—She entered my tent, and earnestly entreated

entreated that I would bequeath a legacy to be possessed by her in case I should die on the day she had predicted, in consideration of which, she engaged on her part that should I survive the eventful period, she would gratuitously present me with a hamper of Tokay, which at that time was very valuable in camp by reason of its scarcity. I really thought the woman had lost her senses. It was true that, in my circumstances, a sudden death was not at all improbable, but there was no reason to suppose that such an accident would occur precisely on the *20th of August*. I therefore agreed to the proposal, and staked two horses and fifty ducats against the Tokay of the antiquated sorceress. This merry bargain was drawn up and formally witnessed by the paymaster of the regiment.

"At last came the ominous *20th of August!* There was not the slightest symptom of an engagement; for though it was the turn of our regiment to furnish the piquet for the night, yet *two* of my comrades were in precedence to me. In the evening, just as the hussars were preparing to depart, the surgeon announced to the commandant, that the officer appointed to the piquet was suddenly seized with a dangerous malady. The next in rotation was immediately ordered to replace the invalid. Accordingly he quickly accoutred himself, and came to join his troop; but his horse, which had always been remarkably quiet, turned restive, and reared and plunged so violently, that his rider was dismounted, and had a leg broken by the fall.

It was now my turn, and on this mysterious *20th of August* I left the camp with my men, but candidly confess, my thoughts were

not free from embarrassment. I commanded 80 men, and being joined by 120 from another regiment, my whole force amounted to 200. Our post was 1000 paces in front of the line upon our right wing, and close to us was a morass covered with very lofty reeds. We were without sentinels. Our orders were not to dismount, but to remain during an hour and three quarters with sabres drawn and carbines cocked. Presently we heard loud cries of "Allah! Allah!" and the next minute all the horses of our first rank were thrown to the ground either by the fire or the attack of from 7 to 800 Turks, who also fell in equal numbers from the impetuosity of their own charge and the effect of our carbines. They were acquainted with the ground, and we were surrounded and defeated. The greatest confusion ensued, both sides cutting, thrusting, and firing at random. I received eight sabre wounds, some from the enemy, and some from my friends. My horse was mortally wounded, and falling upon my right leg, fixed me to the goary sand. This gloomy scene of massacre was only illumined by the flashes from the pistols, by the aid of which I occasionally saw my men defending themselves with the courage of despair; but the Turks, maddened with opium, made a most horrible slaughter. In a very little time, not a single Austrian was left standing. The conquerors took possession of the horses which remained serviceable, first pillaged the dead and wounded, and then proceeded to cut off their heads and put them into sacks, which they had brought for the purpose. My situation was far from enviable; being tolerably conversant with the Turkish language, I heard on all sides the enemy encouraging

encouraging each other to conclude their *decapitating* employment before the arrival of a reinforcement, and not to miss a *single head*; by which means they should obtain on their return about two hundred ducats. This proved them to be well informed of our numbers. In the hurly-burly, my horse, by a convulsive motion proceeding from another wound, left my leg at liberty: and I immediately conceived the idea of endeavouring to throw myself among the reeds of the morass. Many of our men who had attempted the enterprise had been detected; but the firing was relaxed, and the increased darkness encouraged me to hope success from the effort. I had only twenty paces to go, and after many desperate leaps, and overturning several Turks who tried to impede my progress, at last dashed safely into the morass. I heard a Turk exclaim, "An Infidel has escaped—let us seek him." Others replied, "It is impossible that he should be in the morass." I heard no more, for the loss of blood occasioned a fainting fit, in which I must have continued several hours; for when I recovered my recollection, the sun had been long risen. In this swamp I was up to the hams; my hair stood an end at recalling to my mind the events of the night, and my thoughts were completely occupied by the fatal 20th of August. I counted my wounds to the number of eight; neither of them were dangerous, but consisted of flesh wounds by the sabre on the arms, back, and breast. The nights in this country being very cool, I wore a thick pelisse, which in some measure weakened the effect of the blows. I heard the groans of the mangled horses from the field of battle; with respect to the men,

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the Turks had left them *quiet enough*! I endeavoured to extricate myself from this unpleasant situation, and after an hour's struggle, at length succeeded. Though a Turkish war may be supposed to deaden all sensibility, I could not repress an emotion of fear at viewing the desolate scene around me. I advanced, and contemplated the field of slaughter; but what language can truly paint my horror at finding myself suddenly in the grasp of a gigantic Turk, upwards of six feet high, who had no doubt returned for the purpose of discovering whether any plunder had eluded his former search—never was any hope so cruelly deceived! I addressed him in the Turkish language—"Take my watch, my money, my uniform, but oh! do not kill me." He replied, "All your possessions belong to me, and I must have your head besides;" upon which he untied the string which fastened my hussar cap under my chin, and then loosened my cravat. I was unarmed and defenceless; at the least movement he would have plunged his immense cutlass into my bosom. In the most supplicating manner I embraced him by the middle of the body, and implored his clemency; but, regardless of my entreaties, he continued his occupation of baring my neck. "Pity me," I exclaimed, "my family is rich; take me prisoner, and you shall have a considerable ransom." "That process," he rejoined, "will be too tedious; only keep yourself quiet, that I may cut off your head;" and then he deliberately took out my shirt pin. He made no resistance to my embracing him, probably through reliance upon his superior strength, or a remaining spark of pity, which, however, the hope of a ducat for my head, entirely extinguished. As he

he took out my shirt pin, I felt something very hard at his girdle, it was an iron hammer! He repeated, "Be quiet," which were doubtless the last words I should have heard in this world, if the dread of so horrible a death had not induced me to snatch the hammer! He did not perceive it, and had already got my head in one hand and his cutlass in the other, when by a sudden motion I disengaged myself from his grasp, and with all my strength discharged the hammer, which was very heavy, at his face. The blow took effect—the Turk staggered—I redoubled the stroke, and letting his cutlass slip, he fell to the ground. It is needless to add, that I plunged the weapon several times into his body. I ran towards our advanced post, whose arms were glittering in the sun, and arrived in safety at the camp. My commander at first fled from me, as if from a spectre. I was soon seized with a burning fever, and carried to the hospital, whence, however, I returned to camp in about six weeks, entirely cured both of my malady and my wounds.—On my arrival I was visited by the Bohemian Fortune-Teller, who punctually paid me the *hamper of Tokay* she had lost. I was informed that during my absence many of her predictions had been precisely accomplished, by which she had obtained several handsome *legacies*. To me this seemed most astonishing!

At length there came to us two deserters from the enemy; they were Christians from Servia, who had been employed in carrying the baggage of the Turkish army, and had deserted to escape a punishment they had incurred. The very instant they saw the Fortune-Teller they recollected her, and declared,

that she had frequently come by night to the Turkish camp, and discovered to the enemy the motions of our army. We were all amazed; for this woman had been serviceable to us on many occasions, and we often admired the dexterity with which she executed the most dangerous commissions. The deserters persisted in their accusation, and declared they had been present several times when she had revealed our positions to the Turks, had disclosed our schemes, and encouraged the attacks which had been made upon us; and that as a passport, she was furnished with a Turkish cypher. This convincing proof of her treachery being found upon her, the Bohemian Fortune-Teller was condemned to death as a spy!

Before execution, I interrogated her on the prediction she had made respecting me. She confessed, that acting as a spy to both armies, she received a double profit, and had frequently disclosed to each the intentions of the other. In fortune-telling she drew many anecdotes from the simplicity of the persons who consulted her, and not unfrequently was indebted to chance for the accomplishment of her predictions. In what regarded me, she said that it was to strengthen her influence that she fixed the period of my decease at so distant a date; and that as the time approached, she prevailed upon the Turks to attack the piquet of our regiment on the night of the 20th of August.—Understanding that there were two officers before me on the list for this service, she sold the first adulterated wine, which rendered him indisposed; and as the second was mounting, she privately insinuated into the nostrils of his horse a piece of burning charcoal, which produced the consequences before related.

AN

AN OLD WELCH PONEY.

An Etching.

THERE is a history belonging to this characteristic subject—a faithful Portrait of an Old

Welch Poney—which, should we be favoured with, it shall appear in a future number of our Magazine. The Poney has been in the possession of a gentleman in Sussex for 36 years.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

NORBROOK RACES.

THESE races, we understand, are fixed for Wednesday the 1st of April next, in the neighbourhood of Bicester, Oxfordshire.—This annual meeting, established and supported by the gentlemen of Sir Thomas Mostyn's hunt, is expected this year to afford a high gratification to every amateur of the turf. A Cup of 50gs value for the best, and 10gs in specie for the second, will be given to horses, &c. the property of farmers within the limits of the hunt; the best of three heats; to be rode by farmers.—There will also be a Sweepstakes for hunters, and another for hacks; to be rode by gentlemen. Should the day prove favourable, the company will doubtless be more numerous than it was last year; and it then exceeded every expectation that had been previously formed of it.

THE Earl of Derby has had several very good runs with his Stag-hounds this month. On Saturday the 21st, he turned out a hind on the side of the Oaks. His Lordship arrived on the ground at eleven o'clock, in a chaise and four, from London; and the Countess of Derby and several Ladies were present to see the deer turned out, and the hounds laid on. The deer took a direction for Woodmanton, then made a head to the right, and turn-

ed for Banstead, where she remained in the environs for some time, then bore away for Beggar's-Bush, turned to the right, and bore off for Riddlesdown, near Wallingham, where she was taken in a farm-yard, after a run of an hour and three quarters. The chase from Banstead was allowed by the sportsmen to be complete racing till the deer was taken.

SHOOTING.—The late season afforded much sport to Lord Rendlesham and his party, and proved unusually destructive to the game on his extensive manors, in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, the total number having amounted to 3795 head during the last week of the season. The account stood thus:—Monday, at Butley, killed 70 pheasants, 46 hares, besides partridges, woodcocks, and rabbits; on Tuesday and Friday they shot partridges only; on Wednesday, at Butley, again 80 pheasants, with other game; Thursday, at Whitmore Wood, 192 pheasants, with woodcocks, &c. and on the last day, 195 pheasants, besides hares, &c. &c.

On Thursday the 19th instant, an extraordinary match was decided on the Ferrybridge road, between Mr. Welford's bay mare, six years old, and Mr. Campey's brown mare, aged, 11 stone each, 20 miles, for 40gs, which was performed by the former in one hour and a minute,

Hh 2

leaving

leaving her antagonist near three miles. They started from the guide-post at Tadcaster town end, and ran to the ten mile stone on the Ferrybridge road, and back again. The winner was purchased of Mr. John Furnish, coach-master, York, out of a straw-yard, only five weeks before.

A TRIAL was lately made to ascertain what a horse could draw on the railway, from the harbour of Ayr, to the Newton coal pits.—— Six waggons were loaded with three tons each, and the waggons exceeded two tons, making in all twenty tons. A cart horse was yoked, but in starting, the chain that bound the fifth waggon to the fourth, gave way, and the horse proceeded with the four waggons with ease; thus pulling a load of nearly fourteen tons.

COLONEL Thornton's lap-dog beagles threw off at Aldborough, near Boroughbridge, on the 26th ult. and after one of the most beautiful and true-run chases for near four hours, killed in a gallant style, amidst a numerous field of old sportsmen, who had many a good burst with the Colonel.

The Colonel was mounted on the well-known Esterhazy, who was much admired, and allowed by all judges to be the noblest and most valuable horse ever seen. His huntsman and whippers-in also on very superior horses; and one of the latter on Louisa, sister to Kill-Devil, (who beat Buckle riding the sister to Allegranti, over York) had some spinniug leaps against Mr. Thompson of Minskip, riding his famous Jupiter mare. The whole afforded no small gratification to the foot people, and particularly to the spectators on the surrounding hills, as the kill finished very desir-

ably in sight of almost all the company, and on the very spot where the well-known Capt. Andrew Wilkinson's Whiu—noted for many a game fox—formerly stood. This gave the Colonel an opportunity he did not lose, of desiring the inhabitants of Aldborough to accept of some gold to drink to the memory of that very honourable family, "the best sportsmen of their day." And as some of the Colonel's soldiers were amongst the company, he hoped that the memory of honest John Smith, and the soldiers of the York, might not be forgotten.

ON Tuesday, Jan. 27, Colonel Thornton's stag-hounds unharboured a brace of male deer, in a cover called Colonel Thornton's Delight. They went off gallantly, bounded over the fences, and after a very sharp burst, Modish, of known celebrity, passed all the pack, and ran into view of the deer; and had not Lyland's Wood given the game so much advantage, one of them must have forfeited his life. The deer then divided, and after a run not easily to be equalled, certainly not to be surpassed, and a succession of *entapis* and views innumerable, the oldest deer was taken dead-run, but uninjured, except by one hold, and that slightly, by Modish, in the midst of all the company. This run was mostly in the sight of at least 150 people; and as the deer were unharboured at eleven o'clock precisely, and was taken at 49 minutes past two, at the pace the hounds went they must have run at least thirty-five miles. The company then were invited to a public breakfast on the following Friday, to try for another deer; but, alas, on the Colonel's return home to dinner with some of his tenants, the scene of festivity
and

and conviviality was changed; as a letter, intimating a most melancholy event, (the death of the Colonel's sister) was opened and necessarily read. The tenantry, with becoming propriety and unfeigned sorrow, decently retired; of course all sporting ideas and plans previously formed, as far as related to the Colonel, ceased; orders were given to apprise the company invited, and the deer hunt was postponed.

The two foregoing articles appear to us to be a little *too highly finished*; our regard, however, for a gentleman so celebrated in the sporting world as the chief character therein mentioned, will not suffer us to omit their insertion.

FOX-HUNTING.—The run with Sir Gilbert Heathcote's hounds on Thursday the 12th instant, though not the longest, may be considered as one of the severest among the many they have had this season. They ran a burst of one hour and forty minutes, over a very heavy and inclosed country, with the exception of one check of about two minutes. On finding at Hardwick Wood, they went through Greatham, Stretton, and Morcry Woods, and then straight away to Osgodby Coppice, near Falkingham, where they changed foxes and were obliged to whip off. Two excellent hunters died the same evening; one of great value belonging to Capt. Crawford. The field consisted of upwards of sixty horsemen, out of which number not more than twelve were up when the chase ended.

PIGEON Shooting.—The shooting match, at fifteen pigeons each, for fifty guineas, between Messrs. Moreton and Withey, took place on Monday, the 2d. instant, in a

field near the Mitre Tavern, on the New Paddington Canal. From the celebrity of the candidates, a number of persons were present at the match, which however afforded but little diversion. Withey killed his first bird, and here his skill ended, for every other bird escaped him until he had fired ten times, when the stake was lost. Moreton hit his fourth bird and missed his fifth, and the other thirteen he killed with great dexterity. The match was decided when Moreton had killed his ninth bird, but he fired at the whole number, to decide bets.

On Monday, the 9th instant, another match of pigeon shooting took place in a meadow adjoining Hounslow Heath, between Mr. R. Davey, a farmer, near Beaconsfield, and Mr. Sandy, a shot of some celebrity. The match was for twenty guineas a side, at eleven pigeons each, to be turned out of a box 21 yards distance from the gun, which was not to carry more than two ounces of charge. Bets were nearly level on the event, until the fourth shot, when Mr. Davey became the favourite. Mr. Sandy missed his fourth and seventh, and hit his eleventh bird, which fell out of bounds, and his adversary missed his fifth and sixth birds, and killed the remaining nine; by which he won the match. The parties afterwards fired at sparrows, from a trap at fifteen yards distance, for ten guineas, which should kill the greatest number out of five. Each missed his first shot, and Mr. Davey won this match by killing his other four birds.

CANINE Madness.—At the beginning of this disorder the dog generally hangs his head and tail, looks sullenly, leaves his companions,

ptions, and hides himself in some unusual place; he breathes short, a large quantity of saliva flows from his mouth, his tongue often hanging out, and always of a bad colour; his jaws are frequently wide open, a stupor seizes his brain, he soon becomes convulsed, and generally dies on the fourth or fifth day. Most dogs which go mad are seized in this manner. Every dog which looks sullenly, and refuses his meat, should be confined immediately, as these symptoms are of a very suspicious nature.

THE dog-tax, which made for a short time as much noise as ever the animals themselves had raised, was a trifle compared with the present sufferings of the canine race. In the metropolis, "for a poor dog to be seen in the street is to be suspected of madness; and to be suspected—is enough."

On Tuesday, Feb. 3, as the Lord Chancellor was passing through Holborn on foot, he observed a number of men and boys hunting and beating a little dog with sticks, under the idea of his being mad.—The Lord Chancellor, with great humanity, observing not the least symptoms of madness, rushed into the crowd and seized the poor animal from the hands of its destroyers, and carried it in his arms some distance, till he met a boy, who he hired to carry it home with him, to his Lordship's house, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, when he gave it into the care of a servant, to be taken to his Lordship's stables.

VULGAR Prejudice.—There is a vulgar prejudice, that a person bitten by a mad dog, and pronounced irrecoverable, may, according to the laws of the land, be bled to death, or smothered. To correct

this prejudice, we quote the opinion of Sir Vicary Gibbs, on this point.

"I am clearly of opinion, that it is not lawful, by any means, wilfully to put to death a person who has been bitten by a mad dog; and those who wilfully commit such an act, are guilty of murder, and liable to be tried and convicted accordingly.

"It probably will be found upon inquiry, that the bleeding was applied as a remedy to the disorder, and not for the purpose of putting an end to the patient's life.

V. GIBBS."

BOXING.—The beginning of the present month, two men, of the names of Gibson and Jones, the former of whom is a huntsman, and the latter a navigator, met in a field near Heston, Middlesex, to fight a pitched battle for thirty guineas. The combatants were above the common stature, and were not deficient in either courage or bottom, which was manifested after a severe battle of an hour and a half. Before they had fought ten minutes, they exhibited such marks of heavy blows as were scarcely ever witnessed; and at the expiration of half an hour, Gibson was completely blind. He was lanced, and the contest was renewed with increased vigour, until Jones was unable to stand; it was not till then that he resigned the palm of victory. There was very little shifting to avoid blows, for (unlike scientific bruisers) they stood and exchanged hits until one was knocked down. Each was alternately the favourite, and until the battle was decided, the victory was doubtful.

A BRUISING match between two men, the one a shoemaker, who lived in Poland-street, and the other a waggoner of the name of Jones, took

took place on Saturday, the 7th instant, near Twickenham, in consequence of a dispute at a public house. They fought upwards of three quarters of an hour. The last blow which the shoemaker received was on the left side of his head, when he fell, and was thought to be dead. After being removed, however, he revived, and was supposed to be in a fair way of recovery, but he expired on Monday.

ABOUT the middle of this month, a most desperate pitched battle, for five guineas, was fought at Newbury, between a tinker, of the name of Symester, celebrated for agility, and a jolly miller, named Harrison, equally noted for strength, both inhabitants of that town. The contest lasted an hour and twenty minutes, in which there were sixty severe rounds. Although the man of metal was assisted the whole time of action by his wife's affectionate attention with a bottle of rum and water, which at intervals she sent to him by his daughter, a damsel about seven years of age, and had also fought fifty pitched battles, and shewed much science, yet the athletic limbs and long wind of the miller at last prevailed.

ON Friday, the 13th inst. Tom Francis the running coachman, had another contest for 20 guineas, with a Life-guardsmen, in Hyde Park.—These Pedestrians started no less than seven times before the start was decided a fair one, when they ran in great stile 100 yards, which is Francis's usual distance. He won this race with more difficulty than any he had ever ran before, the Life-guardsmen being close in with him, and it is thought would have beat him had the distance been a few yards farther.

A RACE of 40 guineas was lately

made at Hadleigh, Suffolk, between some friends, that a horse could not be found to trot with two persons in a gig from that town to Bury, in two hours, being a distance of 20 miles, and very hilly road; but the same was effected 4½ minutes within the time limited, although the gig partly broke down about half way, which threw the load much backward; nor was the horse at all distressed. Much money was won and lost.

ON Friday morning, the 13th, a foot-race was run for five guineas, between Twining, an elderly man, and William Brommel, aged 18.—The former started from Featherstone street, City-road, and the latter from Moorgate, to the Blue-coat Boy at Islington, and back to Moorgate, Brommel giving Twining half a mile.—They started at seven o'clock by signal. Twining won by one minute, he arriving at the winning post in 19 minutes, and Brommel in 20. The distance for Twining was two miles and a half, and that for the other was three miles.

FIVE hundred guineas were last month offered for Diddler, that well-bred stallion, who broke down in running for the Gold Cup at York races, late the property of Mr. F. Mellish, now of Mr. Roalfe, horse-dealer at Canterbury.

A HARE of singular appearance was lately killed by the greyhounds belonging to the Rev. Mr. Evans, of Kingsland. The face, shoulders, and fore legs, being of the most pure white.

IN the Court of King's Bench, February 13.—Dickons, Esq. v. Burnham.—This was an action brought by Capt. Dickons against his coachmaker, for the pecuniary injury he had received by the defendant's

defendant's having fixed a bad, rotten, unfirm pole, into his curricie, after warranting it a sound and good one, by which the plaintiff was thrown from his carriage, and one of his horses killed. Lord Ellenborough said, there were two things for the jury's consideration: first, whether the defendant had made the pole under a warranty of its being sound, good, and substantial; and secondly, whether the pole produced in Court answered that warranty. He could not see that any particular violence had been applied to the pole; it was broke in the ordinary use of the carriage, and therefore they would say whether the article itself must not be defective. If it was so, then the defendant had broke his warranty, and was answerable in law for the damages the plaintiff had sustained. The jury found immediately for the plaintiff—Damages £54:12:0, allowing fifty guineas as the price of the horse.

In the same Court, Feb. 19.—*Miles v. Lindo*.—The plaintiff, a livery stable keeper, sought to recover £8, for damages done to a telegraph gig lent to the defendant.

Mr. Serjeant Onslow observed, in stating this case, that Lord Pembroke, who was as keen a sportsman as any in the country, had said, that whenever accidents happened by driving of horses, the accident was occasioned, nine times out of ten, by the unskilfulness of the driver; such was the case in the present instance, and the jury would find that the injury done to the chaise belonging to the plaintiff, was owing to the want of ability to manage the horse. On the part of the plaintiff, the Learned Counsel then stated, that the defendant, after running against a post, and other misfortunes, ran the chaise into a

pond near Hampstead; after which he left the vehicle to the guidance of a gardner and groom, who also drove into a ditch, to avoid running against a cart on the Hampstead Road, where the injury occurred which became the subject of action. On the part of the defendant, it was contended, that the horse was restive and ungovernable. The jury, however, found a verdict for the plaintiff.

A CIRCUMSTANCE is talked of among the black-legs of a Noble Lord high in the annals of gaming, who by the practice of every preparation that can possibly be devised, has arrived to such a degree of perfection as to be an overmatch both for flats and sharps. In fact, he is spoken of as a duellist who spends every moment of time after the delivery of his challenge in firing at a mark; and it is added, that the hard cash which he has realized is beyond all example.

LAST week died, at Rippon, in Yorkshire, Mr. Jefferson, comedian; the friend, cotemporary, and exact prototype, of the immortal Garrick. He had resided many years at Plymouth, and as often as his age and infirmities permitted, he appeared on that stage, in characters adapted to lameness and decay, and performed them admirably, particularly at his last benefit, when he personated Lusignan and Lord Chalkstone. We know not whether Mr. Hull, or Mr. Jefferson, was father of the British stage: they were both of nearly an equal standing.—To the Theatrical Fund, of which the former is founder and treasurer, the latter owed the chief support of his old age. Mr. Jefferson was on a visit to a daughter, who is settled in Yorkshire, when death closed the last scenes of this honest, pleasant, and much-esteemed man.

POETRY.

POETRY.

-THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE ANCIENT CRIES OF LONDON.

IN the reign of Charles the Second, almost every article of life and use were carried about the streets of London by itinerant venders, who accompanied each article they sold with a peculiar cry. This set of people attracted the attention of Marcellus Laroon, an eminent painter of that time, who made nearly one hundred fine drawings, which were engraved and published by Pierce Tempest, and the following descriptive poem was doubtless made by a wit of the time to accompany them; though inserted in another work, which is now equally scarce with the cries themselves, a set of which has lately been sold for seven guineas:—

WE daily cries about the streets may hear,
According to the season of the year:
Some Welfleet oysters call, others do cry
Fine Shelsea cockles, or white muscles buy;
Great mackrel five a groat, some cry about,
Dainty fresh salmon does another shout;
Buy my fine dish of dainty eels cries one,
Some soles and flounders in another tone;
Butter and eggs some cry, some Hampshire honey,
Others do call for brass or broken money.
Have ye any old suits, or coats, or hats,
Another says come buy my dainty sprats;
Box, or horn combs of ivory, or scissors,
Tobacco boxes, knives, razors, or tweezers:
Who buys my bak'd ox-cheek, here in my pot,
Plump, fresh and fat, well stew'd, and piping-hot;

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Dy'd lin' for aprons, vinegar some cries,
Some hot bak'd wardens, others pudding-pies:
Buy a jack line or an hair line cries some,
New books, new books, then doth another come;
French beans and parsley, some cry, if ye mind,
And others, have ye any knives to grind;
Some ropes of onions cry about the town,
Some pippins and pearmains up street and down;
Hot codlins, hot, the best that e'er you see,
Who buys these daisy hot codfins of me?
Turnips and Sandwich carrots, one man calls,
Green hastings in my cart, another bawls;
Come buy a steel, or a tinder box, cries some,
Old boots or shoes, says one, come buy my broom.
Maids ha' ye any kitchen stuff, I pray?
Buy long thread laces does another say;
New almanacks some cry, at th' times of th' year,
Then others singing ballads you may hear;
Some carry painted clothes, on little poles,
By which it's known that such men do catch moles;
Others in clothes well painted rats have made,
Which notifies rat-catching is their trade.
Have ye any work for a cooper here,
Old brass to mend, then tinkles one in th' rear;
Some nettle cheeses cry, and some new milk,
Others satin and velvet, or old silk.
Then ends of gold or silver, cries a lass,
Another curds and cream, as she does pass;
It's

With

With traps for rats and mice, do some
appear,
Two hundred a penny, card matches
here;
Ripe cherries, ripe, come buy my early
cherries,
Who buys my currants or large ripe
gooseberries,
A rubbing brush, a bottle brush, or gra-
ter,
Fine sparrow-grass, then cries another
creature;
Here's dainty cucumbers, who buys to
pickle,
Another then with colliflowers does
stickle.
Ripe raspberries about, does some then
sing,
Fine young strawberries does another
bring;
Fresh nettle tops, or elder buds, come
buy,
Then water cresses and brook lime they
cry.
Any old iron here to sell, cries one,
And some, maid ha'ye any marrow
bone?
Ripe musk melons, or apricots, some
cry,
Fine Seville oranges or lemons buy;
Old chairs to mend, then cries a ragged
fellow,
Come buy a door mat does another bel-
low;
Buy a cock or a gelding does one come;
Come buy my dainty singing bird says
some.
Some dainty fine holly and ivy says,
Then curious fine rosemary and bays.
Some pens and ink would sell to all they
meet,
And others small coal cry about the
street.
Pity the poor prisoners, some with bas-
kets go,
And others cry, come see my rareeshow:
Anon, a poor wretch comes crying be-
hind,
With dog and bell, pray pity the poor
blind;
Who buys these figs and raisins new of
mine?
Come buy my bole of wheat, fine oat-
cakes, fine.
Hot mutton pies, cries one along the
street,
Who buys my mutton pies, fresh, hot,
and sweet?

Buy marking stone, one cries, with shunt-
ty face,
Another says, come buy my fine bone-
lace;
Buy a cloth or thrum mop, you maids
and lasses,
Another cries, who buys my drinking
glasses.
A lattice for a window, who will buy,
Great faggots, five for sixpence, does
some cry;
Have ye any old glass for to renew,
Some cry bellows to mend, or bowels to
sew;
Some silk or ferrit ribbon for shoe strings,
With London pins, and tape, and other
things;
Have ye any corns upon your feet or
toes,
Buy a fox-tail or whisk, another goes;
Some walk about, and old silk stockings
cry,
Some ask if socks, or quilted caps you'll
buy.
And thus they trot about and bawl each
day,
For th' love they bear Lady Pecunia,
For her they'll sit up late, and early rise,
She does appear so glorious in their eyes;
Think all pains well bestow'd, nothing
too much,
Their zealous dotage to this idol's such.
Money's the only she, all men admire,
Both poor and rich this lady do desire;
And those that her do want they are
forlorn,
If she's not there, they're every fellow's
scorn.
We may conclude, when we've said what
we can,
'Tis money, at all times, 'does make a
man.

DORINDA.

THE clock had told the midnight hour,
When from her bed Dorinda rose:
It is not in a maiden's pow'r,
When teas'd by fleas, to find repose.

She pac'd the streets, the streets were
still;
Beneath her feet the kennel roll'd;
Not glist'ning like the tinkling rill,
But horrid muddy, black, and cold.

She

She sat her by the kennel side,
Saw sundry sweets come swimming by,
And down the dirty gutter glide—
Dorinda heav'd a piteous sigh.

When lo! beneath the murky tide,
Just as the pond'rous clock struck two,
In all the fall'n pomp of pride,
A rotten orange roll'd in view.

Dorinda rose—her tender feet
Indelicately travers'd o'er
Full many a thing that once was sweet,
But now, alas! was sweet no more.

Her legs, right willing to obey,
Assist the maid with all their might;
And bear their mistress far away,
Amid the murky shades of night.

Yet not one spot, upon her train,
The keenest eye of man could see,
Altho, his eye-sight he might strain
To find one—for, no train had she.

Onward she mov'd, her blushes mild,
Amid the mud beam'd not o'er bright;
She look'd like poor *Miss Fortune's* child,
Illumin'd by a farthing light.

Night, in her night-cap saw her rove
Thro' court, thro' alley, lane, and street,
Mistook her for a maid in love,
And dropp'd a tear upon her fate.

"She saw that form, where speaking grace
Gave soul to beauty most refin'd!"
She saw Dorinda's dirty face
Contrast to her enlighten'd mind,

Oh! had you seen Dorinda's dress,
A dress which to be seen demands;
Its folds—but language can't express
Its beauties—girt with greasy bands.

How many curls which haply fell
Upon her bosom's heaving snow,
I cannot now exactly tell,
But there was one at least, I know.

Night, having sprinkled silv'ry dew
On ladies' snocks, in sylvan shade,
Thought fit to sprinkle Dori too,
Which, diamond like, adorn'd the maid.

Now speeds Dorinda back to home,
The stars of night no longer stare;
And witches cease to ride on broom,
A-hunting through the frighted air.

"On her soft pillow, soon reclin'd,
Around her slumbers spun their veil;"
And o'er Dorinda's gentle mind
Soft dreams, not fleas, their phantoms
steal.

Kingsland.

J. M.

THE CAT'S PETITION.

A Parody on the Beggar's Petition.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old cat,
Whose feeble cries your mercy would
implore;
Once I destroy'd for you both mouse and
rat:
Oh! give me food, and Heav'n will
bless your store.

My simple tale with woes is quite replete;
When but a kitten my distress began;
The children, when they wish'd to love
me sweet,
Handled me just as bruin would a fan.

Oft my poor head was bang'd against the
the ground,
Which had it not been thick must sure
have broke;
Oft by the tail they twirl'd me round and
round,
And play'd me many a most unlucky
joke.

But Pussy grew, like other fools, at last
A little wiser, by experience taught,
'Twas harder now to catch, than hold me
fast,
And in the stable many a mouse I
caught.

But here my refuge was not more secure,
The neighb'ring butcher's boys had
found me out,
Their cursed torments I must now endure,
And oft their bull-dogs put me to the
rout.

Alas! one dismal day they made me run,
And, hunted by their dogs, at last was
seiz'd;
Well I remember that they call'd it fun,
But, for myself, I was by no means
pleas'd.

One

One bit may tail off, whose sad stump you
see,

And others fasten'd on my throat and
head;

Fall half an hour did they enjoy this
glee,

Then left me sprawling, thinking I was
dead.

But here my nine lives stood me in good
stead,

And slowly I crawl'd home to cure my
tail:

Since then I've held a butcher's dog in
dread,

But took good care they should no
more assail.

From that sad time I've serv'd you long
and well,

Preserv'd your pantry from the nightly
thief:

My many services, too long to tell,
I mention not, but humbly ask relief,

Think then how very hard my fate must
be

Lame and half blind, with scarce a
tooth or fang,

Humanity, good dame, must tell to thee,
How many wants inspire each hungry
pang.

Oh! may the fearful fiends of malice fly
Far from this dome, nor wound your
blest repose;

Oh! may you ne'er be doom'd to feel,
as I,

The heavy burthen of so many woes:

Still may the hand of plenty spread your
board,

Still may you know the mildest joys
of peace;

Still may sad want find help from your
full hoard,

And may each hour your heartfelt
joys increase.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old cat,
Whose feeble cries your mercy would
implore;

Once I destroy'd for you both mouse and
rat:

Oh! give me food, and Heav'n will
bless your store.

Feb. 1807.

J. M. L.

HUNTING SONG.

LAST Valentine's day when bright
Phœbus shone clear,
I had not been hunting for more than a
year:

I mounted black Stoven, o'er the road
made him bound,

For I heard the hounds challenge, and
horns sweetly sound,

Taleo takeo taleo taleo taleo taleo.

Hallo into covert, old Anthony cries,
No sooner he spoke, but the fox, Sir, he
spies;

This being the signal, he then crack'd
his whip,

Taleo was the word, and away we did leap.
Taleo, &c.

Then up rides Dick Dawson, who car'd
not a pin,

He sprang at the drain, but his horse
tumbled in;

And as he crept out, why he spied the
old Ren',

With his tongue hanging out, stealing
home to his den.

Taleo, &c.

Our hounds and our horses were always
as good

As ever broke covert, or dash'd through
the wood;

Old Renard runs hard, but must certainly
die,

Have at him, old Tony, Dick Dawson did
cry.

Taleo, &c.

The hounds they had run twenty miles
now or more.

Old Anthony fretted, he cars'd too, and
swore;

But Renard being spent, soon must give
up the ghost,

Which will heighten our joys when we
come to each toast.

Taleo, &c.

The day's sport being over, the horns we
will sound,

To the jolly fox-hunters let echo resound;
So fill up your glasses, and cheerfully
drink,

To the honest true sportsman who never
will shrink.

Taleo, &c.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

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OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the
MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR MARCH, 1807.

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Embellished with, I. A Frontispiece to the 29th Volume—The Labours of Hercules.

*II. An Elegant Vignette Title Page.—And III. An Engraving of
The Duke of Newcastle.*

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ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

ON COMPLETING THE TWENTY-NINTH VOLUME.

AS in the course of the present half year we have found ourselves laid under various new obligations to a respectable and increasing number of Subscribers, and as it would be ungenerous to return professions only in exchange for realities, we wish merely to bind ourselves to what we have previously promised upon similar occasions; and of course to direct all our future endeavours to perpetuate that attention, preference, and partiality, which we have so long enjoyed from our Readers in particular, and from the Public in general, not less liberal than discerning.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE humorous communications from a Correspondent who signs *DISHER*, Trigger Hall, are received, and shall enrich the Feast of Wit and Excentricities in our next. We shall be happy at all times to hear from Trigger Hall.

SEVERAL Poetical Pieces are duly in arrear for want of room, and a press of temporary matter.

WE are promised some account of the Life of Sawrey Gilpin, Esq. Royal Academician, lately deceased. Whatever Communications we receive relative to this celebrated Painter of Horses, &c. shall be carefully attended to.

SOME apology is necessary to be made, (not for the Artists who engraved the two Plates for the last month's Magazine,) but for the infamous working of the Journeyman Copper-plate Printer. — The Plates were executed in a delicate masterly style by the Engravers, but ruined in beauty and effect in the working off; in proof of which, after the whole impression for the month's publication had been printed in the shameful manner described, an additional quantity of the Plates was ordered; and being put into the hands of an honest Journeyman, these last impressions came forth with all the pristine excellence and brilliancy of the engravings, and which shewed that it was scarcely possible for a Copper-plate Printer, if ever so drunken and slovenly, to have put out of hand the first impressions in the scandalous state in which they went before the Public.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR MARCH, 1807.

THE LABOURS OF HERCULES.

Frontispiece to 29th Vol.

AMONG the Labours of Hercules, as set forth in the Pantheon, is one called his third labour; by which he was ordered to bring alive and unhurt into the presence of Eurystheus, a stag famous for its incredible swiftness, his golden horns, and brazen feet. This celebrated animal frequented the neighbourhood of Anoe, and Hercules was employed for a whole year in continually pursuing it; when at last he caught it in a trap, or when tired; or, according to others, by slightly wounding it and lessening its swiftness. The fabulous story goes on to say, that Diana reprimanded him for molesting an animal sacred to her.—The Goddess is however appeased, and the beast, which had been taken from Hercules, was restored.

DOVERIDGE COURSING.

The last Meeting on the Hon. Sir Rich. Cavendish's Ground.

IT having been inserted in some of the London newspapers, that Mr Cave Browne's celebrated greyhound Rocket, had been most decidedly beaten by Mr Princep's dog

Lingo, we have been favoured with the following authentic particulars of that match, for the information of the Sporting World.

"Rocket and Lingo were matched to run at Doveridge the last meeting but one; unfortunately a *bad* hare was found, which was killed in running 150 yards, when several people exclaimed Rocket was beaten; and although no Judge could be heard to say that the course was at all decisive, and a third greyhound was loose at the time the hare was killed, the Public were told that Rocket was decidedly beaten. However, Mr. Princep's triumph was of very short duration; a coursing day was proclaimed at Fisherwick Park, when Mr. Princep's dog Lingo, (now the champion of the world) and Mr. Gresley's white dog streamer, were matched to run. Bets run high on the renowned Lingo; however, he was clearly and most decidedly beaten by Mr. Gresley's dog. The company present were not a little surprised at this event; but every one was perfectly satisfied with the decision.

"Mr. Gresley now (of course) believed he was in possession of the best greyhound in England, and brought him last week to Doveridge, when Mr. Cave Browne challenged him for any sum with his *decidedly beaten* dog Rocket. The dogs were matched to run, and bets

Kk 2

were

were three to one on Streamer.— Fortunately a *good* hare was found, when the ever-celebrated Rocket was proclaimed by the Judge, and by all, victorious. Mr. Gresley, however, was not quite satisfied, and they were matched a second time. The hare was started, and the speed and stoutness of Rocket over his antagonist was most truly decisive; and Mr. Gresley very handsomely acknowledged that his dog was most clearly beaten, and immediately came up and paid his money in the field. "This is the true statement of every course."

WARWICK RACE COURSE.

THE following Matches, which have been long pending, were this month decided over the Race-course at Warwick:

TUESDAY, March 10.—Mr. Oakley's ch. h. by Soldier, 12st, (rode by Mr. Douglas) beat Mr. Pelham's b. h. by Volunteer, 11st, (rode by Mr. Hawkes) four miles, 200gs.

Even betting, and 6 to 5 on the chesnut horse. A well contested race, and won by half a length.

THURSDAY, March 12.—Mr. Walford's ch. h. by Glaucus, 11st 4lb, (rode by Mr. Hawkes) beat Mr. Oakley's ch. h. by Soldier, 10st 4lb, (rode by Mr. Douglas) four miles, 100gs.

At starting, 4 to 1 on Glaucus; and in running the last mile, even betting between the two. A very fine race. Mr. Oakley's horse made play, and the race was run within nine minutes. It was hard contested, and won by only half a neck.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S

THE following betting for the Derby and Oaks' Stakes at Epsom, took place at the Betting-room, at Tattersall's, on Thursday the 12th of March:

Derby.—Thursday, May 14.

- 6 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's ch. c. by Gohanna, out of a sister to Nitre's dam.
- 7 to 1 agst Lord Foley's Chaise-and-One, by Whiskey, out of Little Peter's dam.
- 7 to 1 agst Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Sir Solomon, out of Lignum Vitæ's dam.
- 8 to 1 agst Mr. Durand's b. c. Corsican, by Guildford, out of Ramschoondra.
- 12 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's b. c. brother to Hedley, by Gohanna, out of Catherine.
- 15 to 1 agst Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Job Thornbury, by John Bull, out of Esther.
- 15 to 1 agst Mr. Biggs's br. c. Rosario, by Ambrosio, out of Portia.
- 16 to 1 agst Gen. Gower's ch. c. Gladiator, by Buzzard, out of Champion's sister.

Oaks'.—Friday, May 15.

- 6 to 1 agst Lord Grosvenor's b. f. by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Popinjay's dam.
- 7 to 1 against Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Musidora, sister to Metehora.
- 8 to 1 agst Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's ch. f. sister to Castrel, by Buzzard.
- 12 to 1 agst Gen. Gower's br. f. Marcellina, by Worthly, out of Marcella.

WARWICKSHIRE

WARWICKSHIRE COCKING.

DURING the Races at Warwick two Mains of Cocks were fought, and won as under:

On Monday the 9th of March, and the two following days, a Main of Cocks was fought between the Gentlemen of Leicestershire, Burton, feeder; and the Gentlemen of Warwickshire, Twist, feeder; for five guineas a Battle, and fifty guineas the Main.

	<i>Twist,</i>			<i>Burton,</i>	
	M	B		M	B
Monday.....	6	2	3	3
Tuesday.....	5	4	5	1
Wednesday....	8	4	2	1

THE Main of Cocks fought at the above Meeting, between Sir R. Leighton, Potter, feeder; and Mr. Fetherstone, Gilliver, feeder; was won by the latter by only one battle a head.

SPORTING IN AMERICA.

IN all probability we should have been long strangers to the modern state of America, notwithstanding the many different tours which have been lately published, had not Mr. Janson, late Counsellor at Law of the state of Rhode Island, and who, it appears, has been a resident there for fourteen years, favoured us with his observations on the genius, manners, and customs of the present inhabitants, in a quarto volume, under the attracting title of "The Stranger in America." In this popular work, illustrated with twelve beautiful engravings in colours, drawn under the direction of the author, we have, besides an

appendix, thirty-five chapters, containing much information and entertainment, written in a style which evinces both truth and impartiality. Among those of information may be remarked the several accounts of mountains, lakes, markets, hospitals, courts, agriculture, punishments, treatment of slaves, &c. in the United States; and among the entertaining chapters, are the adventures of the author, various biography, accounts of the theatres and performers, eccentric advertisements, &c. In short, we make no doubt but that "The Stranger in America," will meet with such a hearty welcome in every library, that he will be no *stranger* in any part of his Majesty's united dominions. As specimens of the author's style, we shall conclude, then, our desultory observations, with one or two extracts from such parts of the work as more immediately correspond with the plan of our Magazine.

In Chapter XV. Mr. Janson informs us, that every year in November there are—

HORSE-RACES AT WASHINGTON.

"I happened," says he "to arrive just at this time on horseback at George Town, which is about two miles from the race-ground.—After an early dinner, served up sooner on the occasion, a great bustle was created by the preparations for the sport. It had been my intention to pass the remainder of the day at the far-famed city, but, stimulated by curiosity, I determined to mingle with the sporting group. Having paid for my dinner and the refreshment for my horse, I proceeded to the stable. I had delivered my beast to a yellow fellow, M'Laughlin, the landlord's head ostler. This name reminds me

me of an anecdote of Macklin, the English theatrical Nestor. It is said, that his proper name was M'Laughlin, but, dissatisfied with the harsh pronunciation, he sunk the uncouth letters, and called himself Macklin. Be that as it may, I went for my horse to attend the race, and repeatedly urged my dingy ostler to bring him out. I waited long with great patience at the stable-door, and saw him lead out a number without discovering mine. I again remonstrated, and soon heard a message delivered to him, to saddle the horses of Mr. A. Mr. B. Mr. C. and so on.—He now appeared with the horses according to their recent order, leading them by their bridles. Previous to this, I had saddled my own horse, seeing the hurry of the time, yet I thought it a compliment due to me that the servant should lead him to me. I now spoke in a more angry tone, conceiving myself insulted by neglect. The Indian sourly replied, 'I must wait upon the gentlemen.' (that is, the sporting sharpers).—'Then,' quoth I, 'a gentleman neglected in his proper turn, I find, must wait upon you.' I was provoked to knock the varlet to the ground. The horses which he led, startled at the sudden impulse, ran off, and before the ostler recovered from the effects of the blow, or the horses were caught, I led out my nag, and leisurely proceeded to the turf.

"Here I witnessed a scene perfectly novel. I have been at the races of Newmarket, Epsom, York, in short I have seen, for aught I know to the contrary, one hundred thousand pounds won and lost in a single day in England. On coming up to an inclosed ground, a quarter of a dollar was demanded for my admission. Rather than turn back,

though no sportsman, I submitted. Four-wheeled carriages paid a dollar, and half that sum was exacted for the most miserable single-horse chaise. Though the day was raw, cold, and threatening to rain or snow, there were abundance of ladies, decorated as if for a ball. In this year, 1803, Congress was summoned very early by President Jefferson, upon the contemplated purchase of Louisiana, and to pass a bill in order to facilitate his election again as president. Many scores of American legislators, who are all allowed six dollars a day, besides their travelling expences, went on foot from the capital, above four English miles, to attend the sport. Nay, it is an indisputable fact, that the houses of Congress adjourned at a very early hour to indulge the members, for this purpose. It rained during the course, and thus the law-makers of the country were driven into the booths, and thereby compelled to eat and pay for what was there called a dinner; while their contemplated meal remained untouched at their respective boarding houses. Economy is the order of the day in the Jeffersonian administration of that country, and the members pretend to avail themselves of it even in their personal expences.

"I saw on the race-ground, as in other countries, people of every description, sharpers in abundance, and *grog*, the joy of Americans, in oceans. Well mounted, and a stranger, I was constantly pestered by these sharks; and, had I been idiot enough to have committed myself to them, I should soon have been stripped of all my travelling cash."

Speaking of the dismal swamps in the vicinity of Norfolk, in Virginia, our author mentions—

DEER

DEER HUNTING.

"I was induced to accompany Mr. Wm. Carter, of Edenton, in pursuit of the deer, into this swamp, a temerity which I had reason to repent before I regained the cleared ground. This gentleman was a great sportsman, and derived infinite satisfaction from toiling the whole day in pursuit of game. He had with him a couple of dogs, which started and ran the deer till they came within shot. The sportsmen are placed at certain breaks in the underwood, through one of which the deer will pass at full speed.—They sometimes bound past so suddenly, that a young sportsman is either startled, or cannot seize the moment to fire with effect. I was not put to the test, for we had started no game, when the morning lowered, and presently the wind and rain rendered farther pursuit impracticable. We had, however, penetrated far enough to alarm me greatly, and to puzzle my guide as to the direction to be taken, for the purpose of reaching the open country. My fears were greatly heightened by the knowledge of the following circumstance:—My companion loved his joke, but, like many other jesters, often carried it too far; having designedly led some of his acquaintance into the swamp, and, under pretence of following game in another direction, left them in the labyrinth, where they were actually obliged to pass such a night as that now approaching threatened to be. His doubts were so evident, that with some agitation I mentioned the trick he had once played his friends, and threatened him with vengeance if he dared to repeat it upon me. He assured me I was perfectly safe, but for some time appeared at a loss in which direction to proceed; and

such was the effect produced on my mind, that I fancied every five minutes we had come to the spot we had just left, and even challenged trees by certain marks my eye had caught, charging Mr. Carter with having lost the way. I observed him walk round several large trees, surveying them with great attention. He would then climb one of them, and as the seaman from the main-top looks out for land, so he appeared to be looking for some known mark to guide his course.—My fears were increasing, and the tales I had heard of men perishing in the swamp, and of others being many days in extricating themselves, in which time they were nearly famished, drove me almost to a state of desperation. All this time my companion in silence was apparently employed in fixing upon our course; at length he called out that he had discovered it. He then pointed to a large tree, the bark of which, in the direction in which we stood, was incrustated with green moss. 'This,' said he, 'is the north side of the tree; I now know our course; I was in doubt only till I ascertained this point, and the trees we have lately passed did not fully convince me. On going round the tree, I found the other sides free from the mossy appearance. He observed that but few of them clearly shewed it in the swamp; but I have since observed the effect on all trees less exposed to the air, as well as upon old houses and walls. He said that he was rarely obliged to recur to this guide, as he never ventured into the swamp but when the day promised to be fair, as he could work his way by the sun. Few men will venture like Mr. Carter, but experience had made him regardless of being lost in this desert.

"I found

"I found in many parts of it good walking ground, the lofty trees being at some distance from each other, and the underwood by no means so thick as to impede our road; but after thus proceeding a few miles, the pursuit of game was impracticable. Sometimes we had to cross where it was knee deep, but my companion had in this case generally marked a place where we could pass over on a fallen tree. I had mounted one of these, of a monstrous size, and was proceeding heedlessly along, when I suddenly found myself sunk up to the middle in dust, the tree having become rotten, though it still retained its shape. This was a good joke for my friend, but a sad disaster for me, for I had great difficulty in getting out of the hole into which I had fallen."

Much more valuable matter might be here introduced to our readers, of a very interesting nature, but as it is not altogether sporting, we shall refer those who may be inclined to pursue it, to the work itself.

PROSECUTION UNDER THE GAME LAWS.

Lincoln Assizes, 1807.

VORLEY V. RUSHWORTH.

THIS was an action to recover penalties for offences against the statute prohibiting the using and keeping of sporting dogs and guns.

The defendant, the Rev. Charles Rushworth, a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, in his defence, pleaded that he owed nothing, and

that the penalties attached to the offences alleged, were the same as one John Lenton had formerly sued him for, and which the Court of King's Bench had allowed to be compounded.

The truth of the last allegation was what in this cause was at issue—whether the action brought by John Lenton was correct; or, as it was contended, fraudulent and covinous, and done to evade the penalties attached to a breach of the law?

Evidence was hereupon called to prove, that on the 11th and 13th of September, 1805, the defendant, being then on a visit to his brother, at Holbeach, used a dog and a gun for the destruction of game. For having so done, it appeared the plaintiff had brought an action against him in the Court of Exchequer, under the fictitious title of Fairclaim; but the Court determined that an action under a penal statute could not be maintained but under the real name of the plaintiff.

The writ in the plaintiff's action was issued on the 14th of September, and on the 17th a writ was taken out in the name of Robert Lenton, a menial servant of the defendant's brother, against the defendant; and upon the proceedings that were had in consequence, two five-pound penalties were awarded to Lenton.

Evidence was gone into to shew that Lenton was not the real plaintiff, and that his name was merely used by the defendant's brother, an attorney, as it had been in many other actions. This was clearly proved to the satisfaction of the Learned Judge; and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for two penalties.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

THERE are now living, within one mile of Waterhead Mill, near Oldham, thirteen persons, whose ages amount to 1150. An assembly of these ancients was lately convened by a gentleman who resides in the vicinity of Newton Heath, in order to partake of a feast, at his expence, at the house of Mr. Samuel Lees, publican, at Waterhead Mill. The number that assembled amounted to nine persons; and, what was extraordinary, they were collected in the space of fifteen minutes. Their ages were as follow:—Two of 85, two of 78, one of 86, one of 84, one of 63, and another, a venerable matron, aged 86, who had been married four times, and was installed betwixt two of these fathers, one of whom paid his *kumbe addresses* to her; he proffered, and it is believed will lead her to the altar of Hymen a fifth time. In order to entertain and complete this group of antiquity, the fiddler, a “merry wight,” whose jokes have often “set the table in a roar,” was introduced, aged 82. After partaking of a plentiful feast, and the tankard circulating for some time freely round, the antique guests grew merry, and decrepitude, forgetting her wrinkles and her cares, tript feately on to measure sweet “on the light fantastic toe,” while “God save the King” resounded to the entertainment of the master of the feast, who was himself perhaps as extraordinary as his guests, being above six feet four inches high, while on

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his fair portly chest, being seventeen or eighteen score weight, was plainly marked—“Begone dull Care.”

THE following extraordinary circumstances happened at Shaw Chapel a few Sundays ago:—A gentleman, apparently a traveller, inquiring of a woman whom he accidentally saw, if she knew a person of *such a name*, calling him by his proper name.—“Humph! let me see! No,” says she, “No, no; there is no such person here; and I believe, there never lived any one of that name in my recollection at this place.” A neighbour, over-hearing her, one perhaps who had not lived long at Shaw, and who did not know “*the names to find folks by*,” replied—“Why, is not your husband called so?” “No, he is *never* called so,” said the woman, “and still it runs in my head I have seen such a name somewhere.—We have on old bible that has his name in.” The gentleman requested to see it. The bible was produced; when, lo! the written witness proved that the neighbour’s assertion was right.—It proved indeed to be her “dear, dear very good man.”

WE copy the following curious notice from the Halifax Chronicle of December 19:—

“Notice.—These are to certify, that my wife Elizabeth, formerly the widow Wild, too wild to be steered by my compass, but one of

L1

her

her own making; and as she has the devil for her pilot, she has altered her course; and steered away from me, so that I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

RICHARD JENKINS.

October 27, 1806.

POLITENESS of the Welsh Courtiers.—The Welsh made a law that none of the courtiers should give the Queen a *blow*, or *snatch* any thing *violently* out of her hands, on pain of forfeiting her Majesty's protection.

FANNING A FLIRT.

A LADY, whose beauty had gain'd her the praise
Of the heroes of war and the wearers of bays,

Ask'd a stranger this question—"Can you flirt a fan, Sir?

Excuse me, 'pon honour, I don't think you can, Sir."

The reply was plain no—but his wit on alert,

As he fann'd her, observ'd, that he could *fan a flirt*,

Kingsland.

J. M.

DOMININDO.

IN Italy, when drougths prevail,
And pray'rs are scatter'd thick as hail,
By ev'ry good Venetian's daughter,
For Dominindo to send water;
Perchance, about that time doth fall,
Nearly enough to drown them all;
They then, in superstitious mood,
Say Dominindo is *too good*.

Thus, as a Venetian was mounting his horse,

He, too, pray'd for help, from this very same source;

When, taking a spring much too far and too wide,

He went o'er his mark to the very off side;

Then he swore, as he thought, his belief being such,

That Saint Dominindo had help'd him *too much*.

Kingsland.

J. M.

THE apparently prevailing taste among the noble Englishmen, for the aged and fat, seems to be no innovation, but rather imitation.—Mr. Park, the African traveller, tells us, that "among the Moors corpulence and beauty are nearly synonymous. A woman of even moderate pretensions to beauty, must be one who cannot walk without a slave under each arm to support her; and a complete beauty is a load for a camel. In consequence of this prevalent taste for unwieldiness, the Moorish ladies take great pains to acquire it in early life; and for this purpose, many young misses are compelled by their mothers to devour a great quantity of kouskous, and to drink a large bowl full of camel's milk every morning.—The misses' appetite is immaterial—Obedience is enforced by stripes."

ORIGINAL Anecdote of Garrick. When Packer, who lately died, was a young man, and engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, at a low salary, he was one day attending the rehearsal of a new play, at a time when Garrick was occupied on the stage in an interesting scene, and accidentally let fall his hat; a circumstance which much disconcerted the manager, who on such occasions considered the smallest interruption as a very great offence. At the end of the scene he strutted in great wrath up to the offender, and was proceeding to pronounce the dreadful sentence of dismissal from the theatre, when Packer, in humble guise, besought his attention for a moment.—"Indeed, Sir," said he, "I am not morally responsible for this act.—My nerves, Sir, my nerves could not withstand the electric shock of your wonderful delineation of this new part."—"Ha! what? ha!" said the little great

great man, lowering his tone—
 “Well, well, do take care in future.”
 Ten shillings a week was added to
 Packer’s salary, from that day!

EPITAPH ON A BARBER.

TO such as do instruction wait,
 This tomb-stone is a *tête-à-tête*;
 A Barber here lies low—poor *puff*,
 Of powder now thou hast enough.
 Reader, thine own condition see,
 Soon thou, like him, shalt powder be;
 Let not the thought thy feelings shock—
 The barber’s gone—here lies the block.

J. H. D.

ANECDOTE.—When the present illustrious and philanthropic nobleman, Lord Cawdor, came to the possession of his extensive estates, he was very desirous to make some additional improvements to his elegant country seat at Stackpole-court, in Pembrokeshire, particularly in horticulture. To accomplish that purpose, an intelligent gardener, conversant in the most essential branches of his profession, was engaged. He arrived at Pembroke on the dusk of the evening, in the month of February, and put up at the Green Dragon, then kept by Mrs. Phillips, who is still living in Pembroke. As he was reposing himself in the parlour, and perusing a newspaper, after riding a journey of 200 miles, some persons suddenly rushed into the room, whose whispers and gestures made him suspect he had got among sharpers. One of them, whose name was Booth, a clerk in the Custom-house at Pembroke, remarkable for inquisitive impertinence, placed himself close by the stranger, and asked him several questions, which the other answered rather peevishly. They all took the stranger to be a rider for some mercantile house, and whispered

Booth to find out what line he was in; he accordingly pursued his inquiries, and said to him—“Pray, Sir, what line is it you are in? though I partly know by these;” putting his hand on the stranger’s *cordureys*. The latter indignantly started from his seat, and looking at Booth with a fastidious smile of contempt, said to him, “Sir, you and I are strangers to each other, and I suppose you would take it rude in me to ask you what is your particular line or profession. Booth immediately replied, with an air of importance, “I don’t care who knows who I am, or what I am: I belong to the strongest house in the town,” meaning the Custom-house. “Very well,” replied the gardener, “then I presume you are the *goaler*, for certainly the *goal* ought to be the *strongest* house in the town.” The repartée was so applicable, that all present burst into laughter, bestowed many compliments on the stranger, and poor Booth was nicknamed *The Goaler*, as long as he lived afterwards.

A SURVEYOR of taxes in Craven lately surcharged a *blind man* for *window duty*; but on an appeal before the commissioners, the surcharge was discharged, on account of the poor man being deprived of one of life’s greatest blessings.

THE learned “Francis Moore, physician,” in his “*Vox Stellarum*,” or Loyal Almanack, for the Year of Human Redemption, 1807,” has the following notable remark:—“April 26. Near this time the Turkish Emperor dies; or, it may be, hides his head; his people are tumultuous; if he can save his life let him; I give him fair warning of it!”

THE following is copied from the superscription of a letter which was put into the post-office at Knutsford, a few days ago:—"For Charles Moores Wood Street lives below the public house on the same side in a entry and Fus Cotn-Pieces in that shop at Bottom of the street on the write and Manchester with speed and care I pray."

A VERY singular speculation was made by one of our enterprising commercial gentlemen lately. In one ship, he sent to our conquest in South America, no less than *ten thousand—Wedgewood's!—chamber w/ensils*, of cream colour pattern!—It would be a pity if such useful articles should not come safe to hand!

NAIK Buns, the Great Snake.—A late traveller in the East Indies makes the following entry in his journal:—

July 19.—On my return I paid a visit to the great snake, worshipped by the mountainous rajahs, which they say is coeval with the world, which at his decease will be at an end. His habitation was the cavern at the foot of a rock, at the opening of which was a plain of 400 yards surrounded by a moat. I understood he generally came out once a week, against which time such as make religious vows carry kids or fowls, and picquet them on the plain. About nine in the morning his appearance was announced to me; I stood on the banks of the moat opposite the plain. He was unwieldy, thicker in proportion to his length than snakes usually are, and seemed of that species the Persians call Ajdha. There was a kid and some fowls picqueted for him. He took the kid in his mouth, and was some

time squeezing his throat to force it down, while he threw about his tail with much activity. He then rolled along to the moat, where he drank and wallowed in the mud.—He returned to his cavern. Mr. Raby and I crossed the water in the afternoon, and supposed, from his print in the mud, his diameter to be upwards of two feet.

MARMONTEL, in his memoirs, gives the following anecdotes of a drunken poet of his day:—

"I had often dined with two poets whose genius was gaiety, and whose poetic fire never was so vivid as under the vine-arbour of a tavern. One of these, Galet, soon afterwards died of a dropsey; having been under the necessity of previously retiring to the Temple, which was then the asylum for insolvent debtors. Panard, the survivor, had in his manner a great deal of the simple and unacted nature of La Fontaine. No exterior ever announced less delicacy; yet it was inherent in his fancy and in his language. When I wanted some pretty verses in compiling the *Mercur* of the month, I used to go and see my friend Panard. "*Rummage in my wig-box*," he used to say; and in this box were his verses heaped together in confusion, and scrawled on dirty strips of paper.—Seeing almost all his manuscripts spotted with wine, I reproached him with it. "Oh! take those, take those!" cried he, "they have the seal of genius."

"After the death of his friend Galet, meeting him in my walks, I wished to express the part I took in his affliction. After complaining for some time in a natural and affecting manner, he melted into tears, and added—"You know that he died at the Temple." I went there

there to weep and lament over his tomb; but what a tomb! Ah, Sir! they have laid him under a *water-spout*! he, who since the age of reason, never tasted water!"

FEELING in Actors.—Much stress has always been laid on this passage in Horace, *de arte poetica*, *sive dramatica*;

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi sibi—

And it is supposed, that, in a highly-wrought scene of woe the actor suffers sensibly from the distress of that passion. The following anecdote contradicts the assertion.

Garrick roused the feelings more than any actor on record, and most probably suffered as much from their exertion. However, it is related by a medical gentleman of eminence, that on his once making the above remark to Tom King, the comedian, he received this reply:—"Pooh! he suffer from his feelings! Why, Sir, I was playing with him one night in *Lear*, when in the middle of a most passionate and afflicting part, and when the whole house was drowned in tears, he turned his head round to me, and putting his tongue in his cheek, whispered, "*Damne Tom, it'll do!*" So much for stage-feeling! In fine, an actor may make others feel, without feeling himself; as a whetstone can work up steel till it cuts, which the whetstone never does.

BON MOR.—A gentleman who was very morose and ill-natured at home in his family, was remarkably facetious and merry abroad, inso-much that he was more than ordinarily entertaining wherever he went, which occasioned a lady once at a merry meeting where he was, to say to one present who knew

him well—"Surely if that gentleman is married, his wife must be completely happy, for he is quite the fiddle of the company here."—"True, Madam," replied the person she had spoken to, "but he always *hangs his fiddle up at the door* when he goes home."

THE reputed wife of a celebrated maniac formerly raised a *Tempest*, of no little notoriety, in the world of Doctor's Commons—She was then a dasher of the first rate, and had a sporting list of what she termed her favourite Horses!

MEDICAL CHALLENGE.

"I **DEFY** the whole world," cries a 'quack, "to produce
A med'cine like mine! for its wonderful
use;
My patients can swear, and what more
can be said?"
"Not by *them*," cried his friend—"for
they're all of them *dead*."

A PUBLICAN in the country advertises, that a *great coat* was left at his house, and if not taken away, it will be sold to pay the expences of its *keep*.

COPY of a letter, written during the late Rebellion, by Sir ———, an Irish Member of Parliament, to his friend in London.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from these blood-thirsty rebels; most of whom are, however, thank God, killed and dispersed.

"We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink except whiskey: and when we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst
I write

I write this letter I hold a sword in each hand and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that every thing is at a stand.

I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning. Indeed, hardly a mail arrives safe without being robbed; no longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mails from Dublin, was robbed near this town; the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and, by good luck, there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take.

Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing hither under the French standard; but they had no colours, nor any drums except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little, and they were far too near for us to think of retreating. Death was in every face—but too it we went, and by the time half our little party was killed, we began to be all alive.—Fortunately the rebels had no guns but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and, as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and, in a very short time, there was nothing to be heard but silence.—Their uniforms were all of different colours, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind them; all we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of

empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of blank French commissions filled up with Irishmen's names.

"Troops are now stationed every where round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas.

"I have only leisure to add, that I am, in great haste, your's truly,

"P. S.—If you don't receive this in course, it must have miscarried; therefore, I beg you will immediately write to let me know."

A COURTIER playing at piquet was much teased by a looker-on who was short-sighted, but had a very long nose, of course put his face very close to his cards when he made his observations. To get rid of so troublesome a guest, the courtier drew out his handkerchief, and applied it to the nose of his officious neighbour. "Ah, Sir," said he, "I beg your pardon, but I really took it for my own."

A COUNTRY gentleman having heard that the Russians had taken Moldavia, hastily repeated—"Moll Davy! I know her very well; why she must be an old woman by this time.

A BULL, not *Irish*.—At a meeting held at Edinburgh, to consider of the police of that city, a Scots newspaper very gravely informs us, "that the motion of Mr. G— was carried without a vote.

A SHOPKEEPER, in a neighbouring town, lately made known his desire for a wife by the following words printed upon a piece of paper, and exhibited in his shop window:—"Wanted an industrious wife.—Inquire within.

AR

AN Irishman stating in company, that no man could obtain admission into a modern female boarding-school, excepting the relations of the ladies, but the dancing master, and the drill serjeant to learn them their exercise; a gentleman contradicted him, by saying he supposed a music master might. "Oh! no such thing," replied the son of Hibernia; "and for a very good reason—the *music masters* are all *women*."

A STUPID apprentice in the town of Petersfield, actually made the following blunder.—He was very partial to horse-radish, and passing by a chemist's window, saw in a glass some hartshorn shavings. Deceived by their appearance, he ran home, and exclaimed—"Mistress, Mistress, there's Mr. Tincture, the apothecary, sells *horse-radish* ready scraped."

A BLACKSMITH being taken before a magistrate for stealing a fowling-piece, the lock of which he was caught in the fact of unscrewing at a vice, was asked by the justice, if the vice he was using at the time was a fixed or a hand vice. The fellow, with real simplicity, replied—"Please your worship, *all my vices are fixed*." The magistrate immediately said—"Indeed, friend, from your conduct it really appears as if they were."

A FEW years ago, a Staffordshire boor, who having been but a short time in London, had never seen or heard of rasped bread in his life, happening at length to pass a baker's shop while a man was in the act of rasping a brick, he ran home with the utmost surprise, exclaiming—"Measter! Measter! what a wicked place this Lunnun is; if I ha'ant seen a mon filing a loaf!"

A COUNTRY gentleman having asked a city wag what was the meaning of that common Latin phrase, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam?* was answered—"There are some MILES distance between a *Sheriff's* box and an *Opera box*."

I LOVE my friend, I love my lass,
I like to toast them in a glass,

But 'tis not this alone;
For temperance surpasses wealth,
And while I drink another's health,
I'll not destroy my own.

A YOUNG man, fresh from the grammar school, being on a visit to one of his comrades in the country, went with him a bird-catching. When the snares were prepared, and they were waiting for the arrival of their intended prey, the scholar perceived a flight of them at hand, and immediately hollowed out in Latin, *Advant*, that is "Here they come." The birds being scared away by this unseasonable address, his companion expostulated warmly with him on the occasion. "My good friend," replied the astonished scholar, "who could have thought these ignorant birds would have understood Latin?"

A PEDANTIC parson being out coursing, and puss being in view, conceitedly exclaimed—"There's the HARE *apparent*!" Upon which a country fellow roared out, "Dang it, where? I wants hugely to see his Royal Highness!"

At a fashionable city ball, a few evenings since, a young lady asked a buck, whether he had heard of Voigt's new *waltz*. "Oh, yes! M'em," replied the sagacious citizen, "and very pretty *vaults* they are: you mean them at the bottom of the church in St. Mary Axe."

MISERIES

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

MISERIES OF LONDON.

WHILE you are harmlessly reading or writing in a room that fronts the street, being compelled, during the whole morning, to undergo the savage jargon of yells, drays, and screams, familiarly, but feebly termed "the cries of London;"—dustmen, beggars, muffin-quongers, knife grinders, and horn boys.

A footman at the next house learning to play on the French horn or fiddle.

In attempting to pay money in the street, emptying your purse into the kennel—the *wind* taking care of the *paper-money*—

The trembling *notes* ascend the sky!

As you are quietly walking in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, on market-day, finding yourself suddenly obliged, though your dancing days are over, to lead outside, cross over, foot it, and a variety of other steps and figures, with mad bulls for your partners.

Accosting a person in the street with the utmost familiarity, shaking him long and cordially by the hand, &c. and at length discovering by his cold (or if he is a fool, angry) stare, that he is not the person you took him for.

MISERIES OF THE COUNTRY.

In attempting to spring carelessly with the help of one hand, over a five-barred gate, by way of shewing your activity to a party of ladies behind you, (whom you affect not to have observed) blundering on your nose on the other side.

Suddenly rousing yourself from the stupor of a solitary walk, by tripping your toe, with a corn at

the end of it, full and hard against the corner of a fixed flint.—Unless such a kick pays you for the pain by driving out the corn.

Walking all day in very hot weather, in a pair of new shoes, much too tight for you in length and breadth—corns on every toe.

When you are out with a walking party after heavy rain, one shoe suddenly sucked off by the boggy clay; and then, in making a long and desperate stretch, which fails, with the hopes of recovering it, the other left in the same situation. The next scene is that of standing, or rather tottering, in deep despair, with both feet planted, ankle-deep, in the quagmire.

The sole of your shoe torn down in walking, and obliging you to lift your foot and limp along, like a pig in a string:—no knife in your pocket, nor house within reach.

MISERIES OF PUBLIC PLACES.

Going to Vauxhall for the purpose of joining a *delightful* party, whom you had appointed to meet; your only apprehension being, that you may possibly fail to find them out in the immense crowd; then, on entering the gardens, you spy six or seven scattered, solitary outcasts, standing under shelter from the coming storm; one poor singer quavering, like Orpheus of old, to the trees; the cascade safely locked up from the rain; the *fire-works* put out of countenance by the *water-works*; and half the lamps extinguished by the wind and wet.

At both theatres, the sickening scraps of naval loyalty, which are crammed down your throat faster than you can gulp them, in some wretched after-piece; with the additional nausea of hearing them boisterously repeated.

Going to the play to see a favourite

rite

site performer, you are told, at the drawing up of the curtain, that he or she is suddenly taken ill; and that Mr. —, or Miss —, the hacks of the house, have kindly undertaken to read the part at five minutes notice.—This is a *miser*!

PRIVATE AMUSEMENTS.

When you have imprudently cooled yourself with a glass of ice, after dancing very violently, being immediately told by a medical gentleman, that you have no chance for your life but by continuing the exercise with all your might; then, in a state of horror, you cry out for "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," or some other such frolicsome tune!

Accompanying a fond father in his attendance on his little daughter's dancing day, at a petty preparatory boarding-school.

MISCELLANEOUS MISERIES.

Suddenly missing your snuff-box after dinner, in a country place, where you are leagues off from the possibility of obtaining a single pinch: then, in your longing agonies, snuffing up, with your *mind's nose*, the well-stored canisters of a London shop.

Letting fall, of course on the buttered side, the piece of roll or muffin on which you had set your heart.

Sitting down with a keen appetite to a beef-steak, and nothing else, which proves to be charked by over-dressing. Macbeth's recipe for dressing a beef-steak is the best that ever was given:—

When 'tis done 'twere well
It were done quickly.

Walking fast and far in a hot sun, to overtake a woman from whose shape and air, as viewed behind, you have decided that her face is *angelic*; till on eagerly turning round as you pass her, you are petrified by a Gorgon!

"When the candle enter'd I was cur'd."

Slipping your knife suddenly and violently from off a bone, its edge first shrieking across the plate, so as to make you hated by yourself and the whole company; and then driving the plate before it, and lodging all its contents—meat, gravy, melted butter, vegetables, &c. partly on your own breeches, partly on the cloth, partly on the floor, but principally on the lap of the charming girl who sits by you, and to whom you had been diligently trying to recommend yourself!

OF
SPORTING WITH CREDULITY.

BY A FORTUNE-TELLER.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

I AM desirous to offer a few opinions to the town, through the medium of your entertaining publication, respecting a class of people who have been hitherto treated with great severity, of whose character many erroneous opinions have been formed, and to whose fraternity I had formerly the good fortune to belong; I mean those practisers of the sciences of astrology and palmistry, and of which I was myself a professor. If it may not be considered obtruding upon the more useful materials of your Magazine, I might perhaps be able to afford your readers some entertainment

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from

from my adventures while acting in the capacity of a fortune-teller. I shall, however, for the present, do little else than enter into an illustration in defence of the sublime art of astrology, which has been so justly proscribed by the legislature, from the abuses that have prevailed amongst its occult professors.

On the subject of the antiquity of the art of fortune-telling, it is known that it originated with the Chaldeans and Egyptians; that the profound Pythagoras was a professor of palmistry, and that Julius Cæsar was also a proficient. Then we have Hermes, the Indian Zophirus, Ptolemais, Galen; and of later times, Albert the Teutonic, Michael Scotus, Antiochus, Bartholemaes, Cardan, and Andrea Corvus, all great masters of the art, and who never disgraced it by the quackeries of modern conjurors.

Taking, therefore, the origin of the science, I shall submit that it does not deserve so much obloquy as has been thrown upon it; and I shall endeavour to show, that, properly regulated, it might be made subservient to the purposes of morality; and it must be admitted to be a refined policy, which would make vagabonds beneficial to society, and the genius of gipsies a stimulus to virtue. The superior intelligence of these dingy disposers of good and bad fortune is very well known; and if a police equal to that of the celebrated Mons. de Sartine was meant to be established in the metropolis by the Home Minister, he could not do better towards effecting it than by a correspondence with these wandering Egyptian tribes, whose information is always correct. How many a poor creature would be convinced of their superior intelligence, if they did but recollect what the gipsy

told her was what every body in the neighbourhood knew already.

But that I may the better show the beneficial effects of fortune-telling, I will give a concise account of my own initiation into the profession, and of my conduct while a professor. To be brief, Sir, I began telling other people's fortunes, with the necessity occasioned by my own misfortunes; and promised riches to the gentlemen and husbands to the ladies, that I might get bread for myself and raiment for my wife. I was, Sir, brought up a gentleman, and having no useful occupation to apply to for a living, "when house and land was gone and spent," I found myself compelled to live by my wits. I understood very little of chance, and therefore as I could not calculate the odds with those who were used to that sort of arithmetic more than myself, I took it into my head to calculate nativities. I had just emerged from the Fleet and was therefore at no loss to find a man my equal in misfortunes, though perhaps inferior in talent; that is, he might never have passed the ass's bridge in Euclid. This man, so "out of suits with fortune," was nevertheless destined, as well as myself, to get a living by borrowing her name; and as a certain great barrister once said of the law, that the best stock in trade for that learned profession was necessity, so it might be said of astrology, and of our case. A gown was all that was wanting, which I borrowed of a friend, one of the vergers of a chapel of ease, and which was only wanted by him on a Sunday; I had cash in hand sufficient to purchase a celestial and terrestrial globe, with no signs of the zodiac remaining on the one, nor of the quarters of the world on the other; the romance of Parisismus and

and Parisminos in black letter served for the oracle of fate.

I raised a sum of money from my landlord, to whom I owed a quarter's rent, and without which fortunate failure of payment I could not have obtained my object, sufficient to get some hand-bills printed; besides which, he generously consented that I should use any means of raising money that might lower his claim; he allowed me, therefore, to turn my lodging into an office for *bettering the condition of the poor*. So with this equipment, and with these properties, I set up business, assisted by my man Gabriel, who never got drunk until the afternoon, and was just muddled enough in the morning to be as unintelligible as I could wish. It is not within the scope and meaning of this letter for me to go at length into the particulars of the numerous visits I had from women of fashion, discarded lovers, old maids, ladies maids, milk maids, and young apprentices; but one thing I must mention, Sir, to you who know the world, as an extraordinary fact, that the only class of people who never came near me were—fortune-hunters.

I increased in reputation and in business, until the penetrating eye of the magistracy explored the mysteries of some of the cabinets of some of my cotemporaries, and until I was informed against by a buxom lady to whom I had neglected to promise a second husband, although she had absolutely told me that her first was alive.

Such are the superior destinies of the law above our art, that my brothers in the profession were placed in durance vile, which my superior intelligence with the police enabled me to escape; when fortunately, and without any calcula-

tion, my wife's uncle went off in a fit of apoplexy, and my fortune was mended by the talisman of a transfer of a thousand pounds.

I mean, however, Sir, to establish, that during the time I was a fortune-teller, I was of use to my country, and to the community. I can prove that I married seventeen old maids, and obtained innumerable young ones their sweethearts, several apprentices their master's daughters, and actually saved the lives of several women of fashion, who would otherwise have probably died before their husbands, and who by my art, were comforted into a trial of survivorship. My apartments were in truth, an insurance-office, where the value of a life might easily be ascertained, and my tables have been more approved of than those of either the Phoenix or Westminster offices. In short, Sir, although I may have done a little mischief in the world, I have, nevertheless, done great good. I have had more confessions made to me than were ever made to a Franciscan friar; have pleased all ages and all ranks; and, what is more, unless in the instance of the lady who would be a widow, have satisfied all my customers.

But, Sir, neither your space nor my time will allow of my going further into my history at present. If, however, you should think my adventures may be likely to afford amusement for half an hour to the elegant readers of your Magazine, I will at a future time furnish you with an account of some of the visits I have received in the course of my practice, with the causes and consequences.

I am, Sir, Your's &c.

NOSTRADAMUS SECUNDUS.

Pimlico; but late of Westminster,

February, 1807.

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COURT

COURT MARTIAL

ON

CAPTAIN E. HAWKINS, R. N.

ON Tuesday, the 10th of February, 1807, and the two succeeding days, a Court Martial was held, on board the *Gladiator*, which has excited an unusual degree of interest. The following composed the members of the Court:

Rear-Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart. President; Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Strachan, Bart. K. B. Captains Sir F. Laforey, Bart. Sir John Gore, Knt. John Irwin, Geo. Astle, Sir Thomas Lavie, Lechmere, M. Henry Scott, T. Le M. Gosselin, the Hon. C. Boyle, Henry Basely, Frank Warren.

The President reported to the Court, that Captains David Atkins and Zachariah Mudge were absent on Admiralty leave.

The Court being opened, the Admiralty order was read, commanding the trial of Captain Edward Hawkins, late commander of his Majesty's brig *Dispatch*, "for cruelty and oppression unbecoming the character of an officer, exercised by him, or caused by him to be exercised, upon William Davie, late seaman of the said brig; and for negligence and inattention to the said W. Davie as a sick person under his command on board the said ship;" by the 33d and 36th articles. The following papers were then read;—

An anonymous letter addressed to Earl Spencer, dated Nov. 23, 1806, accusing Capt. Hawkins of "the wilful murder of a fellow-creature, by continual acts of violence on his person, on board his Majesty's brig *Dispatch*, between the 9th of December, 1805, and the 25th of the same month."—

Signed—"A Seaman, a Lover of my Country and Humanity."

Narrative of the above alledged transaction, in detail, of the same date as the letter, signed—"A Seaman and Admirer of Humanity."

[These letters were transmitted to the Admiralty, and by them sent down to this port, and were traced to the prosecutor.]

Thomas Thompson, late Master of the *Dispatch*, appeared to prosecute, and acknowledged and verified the anonymous letters as being written by himself.

Alexander Ingram, First Lieutenant of the *Dispatch*, in answer to the questions of the prosecutor, deposed, that he recollected W. Davie coming on board that ship on the 4th of December, 1805, as a substitute for a man discharged by an Admiralty order, and being in his opinion in a bad state of health; does not recollect Davie's asking Capt. Hawkins to go to the hospital; after the ship sailed, which was on the 9th, did not recollect the Captain ordering D. on deck, but saw him on deck with the rest of the sick; saw Davie only once on deck, and then was not present himself more than half an hour, but left Davie and the Captain talking together; does not know that the surgeon reported Davie ill of the venereal seven days after the vessel was at sea; does not recollect Davie being anointed with mercury on the 16th or 17th; cannot recollect how many days prior to Davie's death the last time of his being on deck was; never saw Capt. Hawkins strike Davie when on deck; does not know what occurred on the night before Davie died; did not see him, and only knows the report made to him as First Lieutenant; does not know whether Davie had a light, or attendance that

that night, not being in the place where he was during the night.

Being now interrogated by the President, the witness said, he does not recollect seeing Davie on deck but once, and the rest of the sick were on deck at that time; has heard Captain Hawkins frequently give orders for the sick being brought on deck in fine weather; never knew the Surgeon state to the prisoner that Davie was improperly disposed of while sick; does not know that the prisoner was guilty of any barbarous, cruel, or inhuman conduct towards Davie; no report was ever made by the Surgeon when Capt. H. was not on deck, but the witness was of opinion, that the sick, particularly Davie, were cruelly exposed by being kept on deck longer than necessary; recollects that the crew of the ship wished to cheer Captain H. when he quitted the brig, which the Captain would not allow.

On his cross-examination by the prisoner, the witness said—he knew Captain Hawkins had reprovved the prosecutor for misconduct; had done so more than once; he always considered Captain Hawkins's conduct towards the ship's company as perfectly lenient; the Surgeon was always sent for when the sick were on deck, to point out who should stay and who retire.

The witness being asked by the Court what sized stick the Serjeant of marines carried, whether it was a rattan or not? he said, generally a very small cane, about the size of a quill.

The witness, in answer to the prisoner, said, the Serjeant of marines acted as master at arms.

George Hugo, Master's mate, called.—Remembers Davie coming on board; Davie appeared weak; does not recollect Davie's asking

the Captain to go to the hospital; recollects Capt. H. sending for the deceased on deck; after the ship sailed, the Captain said to Davie, "You shall not go to the hospital while I have the command of the ship; you had better do your duty as another man;" does not know whether Davie was obligated to be led on deck from weakness, but a man led him; has known Davie to be on deck two and three hours at a time; has heard Capt. H. order the deceased on deck when none of the rest of the sick were there; knew Captain H. send for the deceased on the quarter deck; one day, when Davie was brought on deck and his hat could not be found, the Captain ordered a man down to the boatswain's store-room to bring a piece of French canvass, which Capt. H. ordered to be tied on his head, and it was accordingly done; saw the deceased on deck, for the last time, three, four, or five days previous to his death; the deceased was kept on deck, the last time, between two and three hours; never saw Captain H. strike the deceased; the weather when Davie was on deck was generally very cold, and it rained once.

President.—Once, or oftener?

Answer.—Only once.

The witness continued in answer to the prosecutor—it was blowing hard, but does not recollect that the top-sails were close reefed, when the prisoner was on deck; has seen the Serjeant of marines strike and ill-treat the deceased.

Being asked by the Court, if he ever spoke of that to the Captain or superior officer? the witness said he did not recollect that he did.

The witness then proceeded, in answer to the prosecutor—saw Davie when he was dead, out of his hammock, on his knees, his head on

on the medicine chest, his arms hanging loosely before him; saw him at four o'clock in the morning, when he went with his light to call the watch; does not know if Davie had any light or attendance that night; when the Serjeant of marines beat Davie, did not hear Bates remonstrate with the Serjeant; did not hear the Serjeant say it was by the Captain's orders; when he saw Davie the last time on deck, he was very weak; does not recollect if Davie was led up.

In answer to questions by the President, the witness said, he believes the sick were sent for on deck by the Captain, that he might see them; when Davie was kept on deck in the rain, does not recollect that any other of the sick were so, he was kept there between two and three hours; the Captain was on deck at that time, does not recollect if the Surgeon was; when Davie was brought up without his hat, he complained of being cold in the head, the Captain sent for canvass to tie round his head; the Serjeant struck the deceased with his hand, finding him out of his hammock near the Serjeant's birth, he pushed or struck him down; does not recollect the Serjeant's beating the deceased at any other time; coming off deck, he saw Davie in the marines' birth; the Serjeant rose up and shoved or struck him so that he fell; it was two or three days before his death; does not know if this treatment was by the Captain's command, or if he was privy to it in any way; the witness did not acquaint the Captain of the fact, or make it known to him in any way; was not on board when Captain Hawkins left the ship.

On his cross-examination by the prisoner, said, he does not know

that the Captain, when he sent for the canvass, said, it was that Davie might not catch cold; does not recollect, if it rained the whole time he stated it to have rained when the deceased was on deck; he was not on deck all the time himself, when he stated Davie to be three or four hours on deck, but was on deck upwards of two hours, and left Davie there; knows that the Captain gave orders that no one on board should be struck, and that the prosecutor was confined once by the Captain's orders for striking a man; the deceased was very nasty, in making water through his hammock continually; the witness was often reprehended by the Captain for misconduct, and threatened with the fore-top, and the Captain told him to get another ship, or he (the Captain) would get an Admiralty's order to discharge him.

Justinian Barrel, Second Lieutenant of the ship, called.—Davie did not appear to be in bodily strength when he came on board; never heard him ask to go to the hospital; recollects that he was frequently sent for by the Captain, to come on deck, after they sailed; he was kept two hours and upwards on deck in his (Barrell's) watch; was present at that time, heard the Captain say to Davie, "You are very ill now, ar'n't you?" the deceased replied "Yes, Sir, indeed I am very ill." The Captain said, "You will die; I wish you were dead."—Heard him talk to Davie of spending his money with whores and fiddlers, frequenting bawdy-houses, and thinking himself a fine fellow; was present when the Captain sent for the Cook, and his orders to him respecting Davie were, that when he found Davie out of the Carpenter's store-room to drag him in, and if he did not go in instantly to beat

beat him with a stick; the Captain repeatedly said, "Take your stick to him," looking at the stick the Cook carried; the stick from appearance was a ship's broom-stick; thinks he saw Davie on deck about five or six days previous to his death; remembers the deceased being sent for and kept on deck when no other sick were so, more than once; they had then generally fresh gales, cold weather, generally dry; did not hear the Surgeon represent to the Captain that he had put Davie under a course of mercury; never saw the Captain strike the deceased; heard him once say, he expected to find him dead one of these mornings in his hammock; and on the witness saying he might recover, the Captain said, he did not expect it.

On the Court asking the witness if he assigned any reason for this language, he said he only recollected the Captain saying, Davie was a worthless scoundrel or vagabond; does not recollect that the Captain sent for Davie after he had suggested the dangerous state he was in; a short time before Davie's death, three or four days, he believes, the Captain told him Davie would die; did not order the witness to send for Davie that day; does not think Davie was able to walk without assistance the last time he saw him; once saw two men rubbing Davie with mercury, the Surgeon standing over him; that, he believes, was the last time he saw Davie, till brought up dead; Davie's spirits always appeared to the witness to be very low after going to sea; he thinks the treatment he received, in some measure, caused the state of his mind; it did not appear to him that Davie's being kept on deck endangered his life, although he appeared in very

great pain; the only orders he knew the Captain give the Serjeant of marines, respecting Davie, were on the following occasion: the Serjeant came up to the Captain and said, he could not get Davie out of his hammock by any means he could try; the Captain asked what was the matter? the Serjeant said he did not know, but Davie said he was very ill; Captain H. then desired the Serjeant to get some one to assist him up; Davie was brought up about half an hour afterwards; it was then blowing strong, but the witness thinks the sun was out; it was about ten o'clock in the forenoon; does not know that Captain H. knew Davie was anointed with mercury.

The witness being asked by the Court if the Cook ever beat the deceased, said, he never saw any person beat him; the Cook had a wooden leg, and carried the stick to support him; he never struck any body with it; when Davie was sent into the Carpenter's store-room it was to pick oakum; witness thinks he was sent into the store-room after he was unable to go; the officers did not testify regret when Captain H. left the ship; the crew wished to cheer him, but Capt. H. desired they would not.

The witness being now asked by the Court if the officers expressed other sentiments than regret when Captain H. left the ship, said, "Lieutenant Ingram and myself were very glad of it." Being now asked why? he said he never thought the discipline of the ship good.—When asked, in what way was it bad, in severity, or relaxation? he answered, it was too relaxed.

The witness being on his cross-examination by the prisoner, said, he did not know that Davie was ever in the store-room after he was under

under a course of mercury; knows that Captain Hawkins gave positive orders that no man should be struck in his ship, and that the prosecutor was confined for striking a man for drunkenness: the witness confessed he had been present in the gun-room, when the Purser's Steward was examined by the prosecutor, previous to the writing of the anonymous letter; the Purser was also present; the prosecutor said to the Purser's Steward—"Damn your blood, how could you murder that man so cruelly? they tell me you murdered him." The Steward replied—"Me! I believe I was the only one in the ship that took any care of him; I have given him tea out of my own belly."—This was some months after the death of Davie. The Steward said also, the Surgeon had given Davie no necessaries; the witness heard the prosecutor say on the quarter-deck, he intended to indict Captain Hawkins for murder; the witness had talked with the prosecutor; heard him say he had questioned Brown, Brian, and Bowley the marine.

In answer to the Court, who asked—if the witness and prosecutor were not combined to fabricate the charge? the witness said, he often talked with the prosecutor about the charge; the prosecutor told him, he had been talking to Lieut. Ingram concerning it; Lieut. Ingram said, he knew there was a murder committed, and though second in command, it would ruin any man who brought it forward, or represented it; witness always said, an investigation should take place, as so much had been said of it in the ship, particularly in the gun-room.

Mr. Wm. Donald, Surgeon of the Dispatch, called.—He remem-

bers W. Davie coming on board; Davie appeared to be in good health, although he had not the most robust appearance; heard the Captain reprove W. Davie, after he fell sick, for always complaining while little or nothing was the matter with him, and after taking the money of a good seaman to be his substitute; thinks Davie was never more than an hour at a time on deck, after the ship sailed; remembers Davie being sent for on deck when no other sick were, but very seldom; Davie at this time complained he could not hold his water; on examination the witness found no external appearance of disease, he appeared to be low in spirits, the witness could see nothing material the matter with him; the witness afterwards found it necessary to put him under a course of mercury; the Captain then said Davie might get the better of his complaining, and get out of the sick list; the witness never saw Davie on deck after he was put under a course of mercury, nor did the Captain, to his knowledge, require it afterwards; never saw the Serjeant beat or ill-treat Davie between decks, nor did Davie ever complain to him that any man had ill-treated him; was sent for the night Davie fell into an empty cask, and saw him again put into his hammock; never saw Capt. H. Strike Davie; never informed the Captain that Davie was seriously ill, before he discovered the venereal disease; the weather was moderate; does not think Davie's being kept on deck endangered his life.

The witness being interrogated by the President, said, he had been eight years in the navy, two of which he had been Surgeon; does not believe that Davie was murdered on board the Dispatch; does not

not think the prisoner, in any way, contributed to his death; Davie was never so ill, when kept on deck, as to make the witness suppose it would endanger his life.

The witness being now asked, what steps he took with the deceased while under his care, referred to his report, which was put in and verified and read; it was a report made regularly, at the time of the transaction, and corroborated the present evidence of the witness, in shewing the mind and opinion of the Surgeon as to Davie's case to have been at that time what he now stated. It also stated, that Davie had wine substituted, by the Surgeon's order, and given him instead of grog.

The witness continued, in answer to the Court, to say, Davie never was, to his knowledge, at any time exposed on deck without his previous knowledge; on the night previous to Davie's death, saw him put to bed, and then he did not appear to be worse than usual, and the witness did not think it necessary he should have a light or sentry; has every reason to believe Davie took and applied medicines of his own; impossible to say how far the effect of those medicines might go; might have been very serious: a little before Davie's death the parts affected put on a very bad appearance, not usual in such cases, and medicines were found in his chest; a mortification had taken place in the parts. No part of the Captain's conduct to the deceased was inhuman, cruel, or oppressive; the deceased had a recent infection; it was usual for the sick to be called up and mustered on the deck by the Captain's orders; if Davie had been unnecessarily exposed, the witness would have told the Captain so at the time; the deceased never was

so exposed; when on deck, the deceased always had a thick great coat on. The witness never conceived any harm in Davie's being kept on deck, as he never was after the venereal appeared, and before that time his complaints were not so bad as he, Davie, said; never was refused assistance for the sick by the Captain.

To a question of the President, if the deceased might not have been on deck without his knowledge? the witness did not think he ever was.

The prisoner having asked, if the witness ever represented to him—Capt. H.—that Davie's being on deck would injure his health, he said—"I never did."

James M'Leod, sailmaker, called. He recollects the Captain saying to Davie, he should have no more lenity shewn him than a dog; recollects Capt. H. striking Davie once; it was with his open hand, a tip with the back of his hand, and he bid him go away; the last time he saw Davie on deck, he was kept a very short time, not an hour; the Surgeon was on deck at that time; the Serjeant of marines beat Davie with a stick five or six times, it was a rattan, about the thickness of his little finger; the cause of this treatment was, Davie's taking money as a substitute, and being a skulker, and shamming, and being filthy and noxious; the witness thought him a skulker and shamming.

On being examined by the Court, witness said, he does not know that this ill treatment was by the Captain's orders, or that the Captain was privy to it; witness did not acquaint the Captain or other officer with it. Being asked why? he said, every one thought Davie was shamming; the blow given Davie by the Captain, was in contempt. When the deceased's medicine chest

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was

was opened, there were pills and bottles found in it; never saw the Serjeant beat Davie in the presence of the Captain; the Serjeant did duty as master at arms, and as such it was his duty to prevent skulking; at the time Capt. H. struck Davie, he did not appear in a weaker state than when he first came on board; knows that Capt. H. had given orders that no man on board should be struck.

On being cross-examined by the prisoner, he said, when Captain H. struck D. he charged him with fraud in coming instead of a good man, and receiving money for it; knows the deceased was filthy, what came from him he did in his hammock; he would not come out of his hammock without being hauled out; conceives that, and the taking the bounty, and skulking, to be the reason of his being ill-treated.

John Bowley, marine, called.—Heard the Captain say to Davie at one time—"Now, you're sick, are you? You want to go to the hospital, I suppose? You was'n't sick when you took the man's money. I will see you go over the side before you go to the hospital." This was when Davie was first taken ill. The witness was accustomed to bring Davie on deck; the last time he brought him on deck, he took him down again immediately by the Captain's orders, to dry his shirt; the Captain desired him to bring Davie up again as soon as he had dried his shirt, which he did; the Captain then desired him to go down and dry his bed and blanket; an hour after, the witness saw Davie in the galley; never knew that the Captain gave the Serjeant orders to beat Davie.

Examined by the Court—the witness said, he saw medicines in Davie's chest, such as pills and bottles;

they appeared to him to be quack-medicines.

Cross-examined by the prisoner, he said—Davie was in a very filthy state, and noxious to the ship's company; the witness was directed to keep Davie as clean as possible. In answer to this question—"Was it necessary to the health of Davie to take him out of his hammock and bring him on deck?" he said, "It was necessary to bring him out of his dirt; from his easing himself in his hammock, he would have been in an intollerable state, if he had not been often removed." Davie had always a great coat on when the witness saw him on deck; the witness does not know of any act of cruelty to the deceased while on board the Dispatch; does not know that the Captain was cruel or oppressive to any man on board; the prosecutor sent for the witness one night, between twelve and one o'clock, in the mid-watch, and asked him if he thought Davie well used? the witness did not think he was very well used; none of the ship's company liked him; they thought him imposing on the service. This was two or three months after Davie's death. Was afterwards sent for by Lieutenant Barrell to the gun-room, to talk of the same affair, and the prosecutor came out of his cabin at the same time. Cannot swear that the deceased was ever brought on deck by the Captain's order after mercury was applied upon him; the Captain's orders were, that no man should be struck; and his conduct was never scandalous, inhuman, or cruel on board his ship.

John Bates, Purser's Steward, called.—Does not know that Davie was served with wine while so ill; wine was a-broach six days before; Davie was on deck the next fore-

noon

noon after being rubbed in, never afterwards, he staid then about half an hour; two or three days before Davie's death, saw the Serjeant hawl him down from a box; he fell down, and the Serjeant struck him with his cane two or three times; the cane was not bigger than the one produced in Court—which was a very small rattan. When the witness asked the Serjeant by what authority he used Davie so? the Serjeant said, "it was no business of his, he was doing as he was ordered." To the best of the witness's recollection the Serjeant said, it was by the Captain's orders; the witness carried Davie some tea, as he was accustomed to do, on the night prior to his death, and Davie said he was so far gone he could not make use of it. Witness then said to him, he did not think he could live long; Davie replied, he did not think he should live long in the manner he was drove about from place to place, and tormented in the manner he was below.

Examined by the Court.—When the witness knew Davie was so ill, did he not report his case to the Surgeon? On the night he offered Davie the tea, Davie went or was carried to the Surgeon; it was after the tea was offered to him. The witness being asked—"Why he was so partial to this man, as to attend him particularly?" he said, "he was no messmate of his, but he knew him prior to his coming on board, five or six days." Does not know that the Captain knew Davie to be so neglected as the witness stated him to be; the witness heard Davie himself say, he was invalidated out of an hospital before he came on board; never heard Captain H. give any orders for any one to ill-treat Davie. In answer to the following question—"When the Ser-

jeant of marines told you he had orders for what he did, when he beat Davie, did you know that an order existed in the Dispatch that no man should be beat or ill-treated?" The witness said—"I do know, there was an order of the Captain that no person should be struck or ill-treated."

Cross-examined by the prisoner. "Does not know that the deceased was brought up on deck, the last time, by the Captain's orders." Being asked by the prisoner—"Do you positively swear, the Serjeant said it was by my orders he beat Davie?" the witness answered—"I heard the Serjeant say, it was his orders to beat any body easing themselves below." "Did he tell you he had my orders to beat Davie in particular?"—"No, he did not." "Was my conduct towards the deceased, scandalous, infamous, or cruel?"—"Not to my knowledge."

Thomas Kenny, seaman, called. Did not hear the Captain order Davie to be brought up on deck, after being rubbed, but saw the Serjeant drive him up after the witness had rubbed him; the Captain did not send to the Serjeant to drive him up: saw Davie in the store-room between the first and last time of being rubbed with mercury.

In answer to the question by the Court—"Was Davie, from the time he came on board, till you rubbed him in, considered by you as an active man in doing what he could, or an impostor in the service?" The witness said—"I thought him an impostor."

John Williams, seaman, called. Stated, that once the Captain, after reproaching Davie with coming in a good man's room, struck him or pushed him; it was a blow that would not have hurt him, the wit-

ness; it could not do Davie any harm; did not push him down.

Nicholas Seymour, Serjeant of marines, called.—After the Dispatch sailed, the witness received no particular order from the Captain respecting Davie; was never ordered by the Captain to strike the deceased; the last time he was ordered to send Davie upon deck, was six or seven days prior to his death.

Examined by the Court.—The witness said, he acted as master at arms; never received any orders from the Captain, personally, or by any officer in the ship, to strike Davie, or beat him; remembers it being reported to him, that Davie had fallen out of his hammock into a cask, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening; he went and found him sitting in the cask, and said Davie was a troublesome good-for-nothing fellow, and was more trouble than he was worth; told the First Lieutenant's boy he had better go for the Surgeon; the Surgeon came and had Davie put into his hammock, the witness assisting; when he saw him in the cask, he imagined Davie was in the act of easing himself, that he used the language he did; the stick the witness carried was a small rattan, like that in Court; he did give Davie three strokes, with such a cane, for his filthiness below, from orders he first received from Capt. Hawkins, if any one made any dirt below, to give them three or four stripes with the rattan, and send them upon deck.

Prisoner.—Were these orders given by me to you, two years before Davie came on board, and generally? A. They were.—Did you ever observe my conduct to the ship's company, particularly the deceased, to be scandalous, infamous,

cruel, or unbecoming an officer?—A. I never did.

John Ward, seaman, called.—Never but once knew Davie sent for on deck by the Captain, when the rest of the sick were not; the Captain came up about nine o'clock, told witness to go for Davie; he came of himself; Capt. H. asked how he was, and he said very poorly; the Captain ordered him to stand on one side, and he stood about an hour; the Captain then ordered him down again, and said he had done, giving him a tip on the cheek with his flat hand.

Court.—Q. Did the tip hurt the man.—A. No, I don't think it did.

Here the prosecutor closed his charge. The prisoner prayed the Court, to permit him to offer his defence on the following day, "As not only the conduct of the prosecutor, but other circumstances he had respectfully to offer to the Court, loudly calling on him, in justice to himself, to animadvert thereon."

At the sitting of the Court on the following day, Mr. W. Donald, Surgeon of the Dispatch, was called in again. He said, in answer to the Court, that he did not, at any time, when Davie was on deck, report to Capt. Hawkins, that it would be dangerous to keep him there, and that he never heard the Captain give any order for Davie to come on deck after he had reported his being under a course of mercury.

The prisoner then requested permission of the Court for his friend to read his defence, which was granted. Capt. Hawkins's friend then read a most able and eloquent defence. It commenced by stating that the prisoner was advised, he might demur to the competency of
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the Court to try him, on the authority of the articles under which he was tried; but, resting on his conscious innocence, and the whole course of his conduct, which had been directly the opposite of the crime alleged against him, he had felt it due to his honour, to meet the accusation with an open front. The defence then states, that he had retired to his residence at Saltash, in Cornwall, where, in character and opulence he ranks with the most respectable of his neighbours, and has the honour to belong to its Corporation, being one of its Aldermen, and a Magistrate.—“ Basking as I then was,” the defence proceeds, “ in the ease of my retirement from service, and in the serene enjoyment of an undisturbed and happy conscience, (to which my prosecutor must be a stranger) I dreamt not that any one (fiend-like) was meditating in the dark so serious an attack upon me. It so happened, that an electioneering controversy and a Borough faction existed at Saltash, in which certainly no one of the truly honourable and respectable Lords of the Admiralty bore any part, but in which some of those who happen to enjoy the confidence of their Lordships, I venture to assert, was principally engaged. To this person I was in an opposite interest, and whilst these things were passing in that Borough, a verbal communication, I received with astonishment, through the medium of a third person, of the charge that was raising against me, accompanied with a hint, which three of that Borough took opportunities to join in, strongly persuading and soliciting my acquiescence, that if I would throw my weight into the scale of influence of their friend, no prosecution should ever take place

against me. Conscious as I was of my innocence, and roused to an honest indignation of the vile attempt to seduce me from those principles which are the pride of my life, I spurned the contaminated offer with the contempt it deserved. I defied the malice of every foe, and sacredly jealous of my honour, I avowed I would meet every charge, confident that I should come out vindicated, before whatever tribunal it might be instituted. These circumstances, I assert on my honour, and am ready to verify on oath. Had I yielded to such a base invitation, I have just reason to think this Court would never have been assembled; but no sooner was it ascertained that I was not to be moved from my principles, than, barely on the ground of an anonymous letter, an inquiry is instituted, and persons (some of whom were the worst characters in the ship, and two of them actually deserters from it) are sought out for its support.”

The defence then comments with severity on an assertion in the anonymous letter, that an inferior officer would encounter ruin in bringing forward such an accusation, and asserts the honour of our Courts Martial. It afterwards goes on to discuss and combat the whole train of the evidence, and finally contends that it is crude, vague, and contradictory. The witnesses who spoke with most bitterness against the prisoner, together with the prosecutor, were, the defence observes, proved, by the prosecutor's own evidence, to have been officers reprehended by Captain H. for repeated misconduct; and it infers malignity in their motive, and very little scruple in their testimony. Enough too had slipped out in evidence to shew that there was an actual

actual conspiracy, a combining together, amongst the witnesses who had said any thing to the prisoner's disadvantage, to fabricate a charge. One of these witnesses had declared, not that his discipline was too severe, but too relaxed, and that this was the opinion of his fellow-officers. It had been proved by the Surgeon, that the deceased had slept between the main-mast and the fore-mast bulk-head of the gun-room, the best place in the ship; that the deceased never appeared on deck after the venereal disease was discovered upon him, and before that time his complaints were not so bad as he alledged; that the deceased quacked himself, by internal and external medicines, actually producing a mortification; the official report to the transport office, made when this trial could not have been thought of, shews that the deceased was properly attended, and had wine allowed instead of grog; it was proved by one of the witnesses on whom the prosecutor might best expect to rely, that the deceased had been actually invalidated from an hospital just before he came on board; concurrent testimony proved that he was a skulker, early shamming to be ill to get to the hospital, and from the service; was extremely filthy and noxious, and was universally deemed an impostor; and it was in proof that the prisoner had ordered Bowley to put a clean shirt on Davie, and to dry his bed; the practice of having the sick on deck for air was fully justified, particularly in this man, from his filthy habits; the concurrent testimony of all the witnesses proved, that the prisoner had given orders that no man should be struck or ill-treated on board his ship; and by the testimony of all, as a general fact,

that the prisoner was not guilty of cruel or oppressive conduct to the crew. The defence, speaking of Davie, says—

"I admit that I did once, and once only, shove him from me on deck in contemptuous indignation at his conduct, about the second or third day of his coming on board; and I declare, on my honour, that I never at any other time lifted my hand against him."

It concluded by stating, the prisoner would call only three witnesses to the charge itself—one to rebut a single point of evidence, when it had been stated that the prisoner gave orders to the Cook to beat Davie, for he felt there was, but that one to rebut; and two to speak to a fact his prosecutor had not furnished him with. He should then call on one of the Honourable Members of the Court, to his character; and produce other evidence of character.

Sir T. Lavie said—"I have been ship-mate with Capt. Hawkins; I do affirm that his conduct was uniformly marked with mildness, humanity, and gentleness."

Capt. Mends called—"I have been intimate with Capt. Hawkins between twenty-two and twenty-three years; and seven of that we were Midshipmen and Lieutenants of the same ship, which gave me full opportunity of knowing him; and during the whole time, when we were on duty together, I solemnly declare that I know of no instance of any thing like cruelty, oppression, or injustice, in his conduct; on the contrary, his conduct was marked with the utmost degree of humanity and benevolence."

Mr. W. Evans, cook of the Dispatch, called.—Interrogated by Capt. Hawkins. Q: Do you remember William Davie being in the

the Dispatch; and did you belong to her all the time he was in her?
A. Yes.

Q. Did I ever order you to beat him, with the stick you usually have, or with any other weapon?
A. No.

Q. Did you ever beat him while on board? A. No.

Court.—Q. What sort of stick did you carry when the deceased was on board; and for what purpose? A. The first thing I could get hold of to steady myself, having lost my leg; sometimes a broomstick.

Q. Did you ever strike any body with that broomstick? A. No.

Prosecutor.—Q. Do you recollect Capt. Hawkins having sent for you three or four days after the Dispatch sailed? A. Yes.

Q. Do you recollect Capt. Hawkins giving you orders respecting the deceased, on the larboard side of the quarter deck? A. Yes.

Q. Do you recollect that Lieutenant Barrel and myself were present? A. I cannot recollect that.

Q. What orders did Capt. Hawkins give you relative to the deceased? A. To keep him in the store-room, to do something; and not to let him lay about the galley.

Q. If he did not go when ordered, what were his orders? A. To get him there, and keep him there till twelve o'clock, and then let him come out again.—I had no other orders.

Q. Did Capt. Hawkins point to the stick you had in your hand?—A. Not to my knowledge.

Court.—Q. Had you orders from Capt. Hawkins to beat or ill-treat the deceased in any way? A. Not to my knowledge.

Q. Did you think, in consequence of what the Captain said to you, you were authorized to do it? A. I did not.

Q. Do you know that the Captain in any way, or through any channel, used the deceased in a cruel or oppressive manner? A. No, I do not.

Captain Hawkins.—Q. Was the store-room, in which I ordered Davie to be kept, as comfortable a place as any cabin forward? A. Yes, it was.

Thomas Bolam, Gunner's mate of the Dispatch, called.—Q. Do you remember William Davie being in the Dispatch; and did you belong to her all the time he was in her? A. Yes.

Q. Was he your mess-mate?—A. He was.

Q. Had he quack medicines in his chest? A. I do not know what medicines they were: he had medicines.

Q. Did you ever give him any of those medicines, by his own desire? A. Yes, often.

Court.—Q. How long before the death of Davie did you give him any of those medicines? A. From his first coming on board, till four or five days after we went to sea: I gave him powders, and something out of a bottle, and some bougies.

Q. Did he ever say for what purpose he took those medicines?—

A. He said they were medicines he got from a Doctor on shore; he thought they would do him good.

Q. Did he take them when the Surgeon of the ship gave him medicines? A. No, he did not.

Q. Of what disorder did he complain for which he took those medicines? A. A stoppage of his water.

Q. Did you ever inform your Captain or the Surgeon, that he took such medicines? A. No, I never did.

Q. Could Davie at any time have got those medicines without your

your knowledge? A. I do not know.

A letter from Sir C. M. Pole, to the Judge Advocate, dated Chandos-street, Cavendish-square, was read, as part of the defence. Sir Charles, after stating that he could not possibly attend the Court Martial, expresses his intention to have offered himself as a most willing and anxious witness to Captain Hawkins's general character and conduct for nearly twenty years; to have declared on oath, that Capt. H. had served with him, from the year 1786, and was scarcely ever out of his knowledge as to behaviour and conduct until his promotion from the Royal George in 98; in which period his character and conduct

were that of a most humane, considerate, and benevolent officer, zealously attentive to the sick and suffering seamen: and he should also have declared on oath, he was almost the last man in the service against whom such an attack could have obtained credit.

Here the evidence for the prisoner closed.

The Court being cleared, and the prisoner, after some deliberation, being brought in, the Judge Advocate read the following sentence:—"The Court is of opinion, that the charges have NOT been proved against the said Capt. Edward Hawkins, but were scandalous and malicious, and doth adjudge him to be ACQUITTED."

STALLIONS TO COVER IN THE YEAR 1807.

(From Pick's Annual Racing Calendar.)

The Ages of the Horses take place at May-Day next.

Age. Colour.		Prices of Covering.		
		Gs.	S	D
10 Ches.	AARON, at Barham Wood, near Edgware, Middlesex.—By Rockingham, out of Violet, by Sweetbrier	2	10	6
7 Gr.	ADONIS, at Houghton, near Darlington, Durham. By Delpini, out of Benningbrough's sister	2	5	0
25 Ches.	ALEXANDER, at Figdale, near Chester.—By Eclipse, out of Grecian Princess, by Forester...	5	10	6
9 Br.	ALEXANDER THE GREAT, at Newmarket.—By Alexander, out of Fairy, by Highflyer.....	3	5	0
14 Bay	AMBROSIO, at the same place as Aaron.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Tulip, by Damper.....	10	10	6
12 Ches.	APPLEGARTH, at Chilton, near Hungerford, Berks.—By Stride, out of Emma, by Telemachus	3	5	0
12 Ches.	BARNABY, at Barton-upon-Humber, Lincolnshire.—By Stride, dam by Eclipse.....	4	5	0
16 Bay	BENINGBROUGH, at Shipton, near York.—For his Pedigree and Performances, see our last Number, page 215.....	10	10	6

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Colour.		Gr.	S	D
Ches.	BOBTAIL, at Petworth, Sussex.—By Precipitate, out of Bobtail, by Eclipse.....	11	0	0
Bay.	BOUNCE, at Osbaldwick, near York.—By Traveller, out of Astarte, by St. Paul.....	3	10	6
Bay.	BRANDON, at Malton, Yorkshire.—By Beningbrough, out of Miss Tomboy, by Highflyer....	5	0	0
Br.	BROWN-BREAD, at the same place as Adonis.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Harlot, by Highflyer.....	5	10	6
Br.	BROTHER TO DRIVER, at Petworth, Sussex..	2	10	6
Br.	CÆSARIO, at Figdale, near Chester.—By John Bull, out of Olivia, by Justice, Squirrel, Regulus	3	10	6
Ches.	CASTREL, at Newmarket.—By Buzzard, dam by Alexander.....	10	10	6
Bay.	CHANCE, at the Slip Inn, within half a mile of Tadcaster, Yorkshire.—By Lurcher, out of Recovery, by Hyder Ally.....	5	10	6
Bay.	CHESHIRE-CHEESE, at Knutsford, Cheshire.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Georgiana, by Sweetbrier.....	5	10	6
Br.	COCKFIGHTER, at Middlethorpe, near York.—By Overton, out of Palmflower, by Weasel....	5	5	0
Bay.	CORIANDEr, at Lestwithiel, Cornwall.—By Pot80's, out of Lavender, by King Herod.....	11	0	0
Bay.	CORIOLANUS, at Scarisbrick, near Ormskirk, Lancashire.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of a sister to Sir Sidney, by Pegasus.....	5	5	0
Gr.	DELPINI, at Mr. Knapton's Farm, Huntingdon, near York.—By Highflyer, out of Countess, by Blank.—(By Subscription, 25 Mares.).....	15	0	0
Br.	DIAMOND, at the Royals, near Nantwich, Cheshire.—By Highflyer, dam by Match'em.....	10	10	6
Bay.	DICK ANDREWS, at Newmarket.—By Joe Andrews, dam by Highflyer.....	10	10	6
Br.	DRIVER, at Leconfield, near Beverley, Yorkshire.—By Trentham, out of Coquette, by Mr. Compton's Barb.....	2	2	6
Bay.	EAGLE, at Newmarket.—By Volunteer, dam by Highflyer, Engineer, out of Bay Malton's dam, by Cade.....	20	0	0
Br.	EXPECTATION, at North-Burton-Hall, near Driffield, Yorkshire.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Zilia, by Eclipse.....	5	5	0
Br-b.	FERGUSON, at Raby-Castle, near Darlington, Durham.—By King Fergus, out of Rosamond, by Tandem.....	3	5	0
Bay.	GAMENUT, at Haselbury Farm, Box, near Bath.—By Walnut, out of Contessina, by Young Marsk	5	5	0
Bay.	GILES, at Oatlands' Surry.—By Trumpator, out of Dandelion, by Mercury.....	5	10	6

Age. Colour.

Ga. S D

17 Bay.	GOHANNA, at Petworth, Sussex.—By Mercury, out of a sister to Challenger, by King Herod...	52	0	0
5 Bay.	GOLUMPUS, at Low Catton, near Kexby-Bridge, seven miles from York.—Own brother to Hedley by Gohanna, out of Catherine, (own sister to Colibri, the dam of Cardinal Beaufort, &c.) by Woodpecker	3	10	6
6 Dr-br.	GOVERNOR, at Leigh, near Cricklade, Wilts.—By Trumpator, dam by Highflyer.....	5	10	6
15 Bay.	GUILDFORD, at Broomsthorpe, near Rainham, Norfolk.—By Highflyer, out of Nina, by Eclipse	3	5	0
15 Br.	HAMBLETONIAN, at Middlethorpe, near York. By King Fergus, out of Grey Highflyer, by Highflyer; Monimia, by Match'em.....	10	10	6
9 Br.	HAPHAZARD, at Raby Castle, near Darlington, Durham.—By Sir Peter Teazle, out of Miss Hervey, by Eclipse, Young Cade.....	10	0	0
14 Br.	HARRY ROWE, at Birdsall, near Malton, Yorkshire.—By Pantaloon, out of a sister to Busy, by Florizel	5	5	0
17 Ches.	HERMES, at Streatlam-Castle, near Barnard-Castle —By Mercury, out of Rosina, by Woodpecker	1	2	6
9 Bay.	HIGHLAND-FLING, at Barrow's Brook, near Cirencester, Gloucestershire.—By Spadille, out of Cælia, the dam of Shipton, Tickle Toby, &c....	3	5	0
10 Ches.	HYACINTHUS, at White-Wall-House, near Malton, Yorkshire.—By Coriander, out of Rosalind, by Phenomenon	5	5	0
6 Br-b.	JACK-TAR, at Bolesworth-Hill, near Chester.—By John Bull, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Nelly, by Otho.....	5	10	6
43 Bay.	JOHNNY, at Broomsthorpe, near Rainham, Norfolk.—By King Fergus, out of Asparagus's dam, by Justice.....	3	5	0
10 Br.	KILL-DEVIL, at the same place as Ambrosio and Aaron.—By Rockingham, out of Nelly, by Postmaster	10	10	6
11 Bay.	KITE, at Hutton-Ambo, near Malton, Yorkshire. By Buzzard, out of Calash, the dam of Whiskey, &c.....	5	5	0
9 Ches.	LENOX, at Hodsack-Priory, one mile from Blyth, Nottinghamshire.—By Delpini; dam, Violet, by Shark, Syphon, Blank	3	5	0
8 Bay.	L'ORIENT, at Richmond, Yorkshire.—By Star; dam, Abigail, (Zodiac's dam) by Woodpecker ..	3	5	0
10 Bay.	LIGNUM-VITÆ, at Pave-Lane, near Newport, Shropshire.—By Walnut, out of Miss Judy, by Alfred.....	3	0	0
— Gr.	MAMALUKE, an Arabian, at the same place as Lenox and Sancho	2	2	6

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Age. Colour.		291	
		Gs.	s D
10 Ches.	MERRY-ANDREW, at Hexham, Northumberland.—By Walnut, out of Sylvia, by Y. Marsk.	3	5 0
24 Ches.	METEOR, at Figdale, near Chester.—By Eclipse; dam by Merlin, out of Mother Pratt, by Marksman	3	10 6
14 Bay.	MR. TEAZLE, at Duxbury, near Chorley, Lancashire.—Own brother to Stamford, &c.....	5	5 0
6 Bay.	NEWCASTLE, at Whitley, near Warrington, Lancashire.—By Waxy, dam by Woodpecker.....	5	10 6
17 Bay.	OLD TATT, at the same place as Newcastle.—By Highflyer, out of Plaything, by Match'em.....	5	5 0
9 Br.	ORANGE-FLOWER, at Ruthin, Denbighshire.—By Trumpator; dam, Orange-Bud, by Highflyer, out of Orange-Girl, by Match'em.....	5	5 0
8 Br.	ORLANDO, at Swarkestone, near Derby.—By Whiskey, out of Amelia, by Highflyer.....	5	5 0
18 Ches.	PANDOLPHO, at Kiveton, near Worksoop and Rotherham.—By Pretender, out of a sister to Gnawpost, by Snap	3	5 0
4 Bay.	PATROCLUS, at Sand-Hutton, near Northallerton, Yorkshire.—Own Brother to Lady Mary, by Beningbrough, dam by Highflyer.....	5	5 0
16 Br.	PAYNATOR, at the same place as Delpini.—By Trumpator, dam by Marc Antony, out of Signora, by Snap	5	5 0
13 Bay.	PETWORTH, at the same place as Highland-Fling.—By Precipitate, dam by Woodpecker...	3	5 0
17 Bay.	PLANET, at Wem, near Drayton, Shrewsbury.—By Dungannon, out of Stargazer, by Highflyer.	2	10 6
9 Ches.	PUGILIST, at East-Wood, near Greta Bridge and Richmond, Yorkshire.—By Pegasus; dam by Paymaster, out of Pomona, by King Herod....	3	0 0
7 Bay.	REMEMBRANCER, at Streatlam-Castle, near Barnard-Castle and Richmond, Yorkshire.—By Pipator, out of Queen Mab, by Eclipse	5	10 6
12 Bay.	RISBY, at Shipton, in Craven, Yorkshire.—By Walnut, out of Cælia, the dam of Skipton, &c...	5	0 0
6 Bay.	SANCHO, at Hodsack-Priory, one mile from Blyth, Nottinghamshire.—By Don Quixote, out of an own sister to Cowslip, Maid-of-All-Work, Rachel, &c. by Highflyer.....	20	0 0
17 Bay.	SCREVEYTON, at Malton, Yorkshire.—Own brother to Diamond, by Highflyer	5	10 6
14 Br.	SHUTTLE, at Middlethorpe, near York.—By Y. Marsk; dam by the Vauxhall Snap; Hip, by King Herod, out of an own-sister to Mirza, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian	21	0 0
6 Br-b.	SIR CHARLES, at Ainderby Steeple, near Northallerton, Yorkshire.—By the Arabian Selim, out of Lavinia, by King Fergus.....	3	5 0

Age. Colour.

7 Bay.	SIR OLIVER, at Altrincham, Cheshire.—Own Brother to Mr. Clifton's Fyldener, &c. by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Fanny, by Diomed	5 10 6
23 Br.	SIR PETER TEAZLE, at Knowsley, near Preston, Lancashire.—By Highflyer, out of Papillon, by Snap.—Thirty Mares by Subscription, besides his Owner's	26 0 0
5 Bay.	SIR REGINALD, at Lutton, near Malton, Yorkshire.—By Precipitate, out of Rachel, own sister to Sancho's dam	5 0 0
11 Bay.	SIR SOLOMON, at Rufford, near Mansfield, Nottinghamshire.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Matron, by Florizel, out of Maiden, by Match'em	10 10 6
7 Bay.	SIR ULIC McKILLIGUT, at the same place as Coriolanus.—Own brother to Orlando, by Whiskey, out of Amelia, by Highflyer	3 5 0
11 Bl.	SORCERER, at Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk.—By Trumpator, out of Young Giantess, the dam of Eleanor, Julia, Lydia, &c.	15 10 6
11 Bay.	SPORTSMAN, at Melsonby, near Richmond, Yorkshire.—By Walnut, out of Moorput, by Young Marsk	2 5 0
9 Bay.	SQUIRE TEAZLE, at the same place as Coriander.—By Mr. Teazle; dam by Alfred, out of Highland-Fling's dam	2 0 0
13 Br.	STAMFORD, at Cantley, three miles from Doncaster, Yorkshire.—Own brother to Paris, by Sir Peter Teazle; dam, Horatia, by Eclipse, out of Delpini's dam	5 5 0
20 Ches.	STRIDE, at Carr-Hill, near Corbridge, Northumberland.—By Phenomenon; dam by Goldfinder, out of Lovely, by Babram	5 5 0
9 Bay.	TEDDY-THE-GRINDER, at Mr. Durand's Warren, Epsom Downs, Surry.—By Asparagus, out of Stargazer, by Highflyer	5 10 6
— Br.	THEODOLITE, at Thornville-Royal Farm, near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire.—By Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Young Marsk	2 5 0
— Dr-ch.	THORNTON-CASTLE, <i>alias</i> ESTERHAZY, at the same place as Theodolite.—By Father O'Leary; dam by Sir Thomas, Eclipse	3 10 6
— Bay.	THORNTONIAN, at the same place as Theodolite, &c.—By Anvil, out of Venus, by Eclipse	3 5 0
16 Br.	TOTTERIDGE, at Totteridge, near Barnet, Herts. By Dungannon, out of Marcella, the grandam of Pavilion	5 10 6
22 Bay.	TRAVELLER, at Castle-Howard, Yorkshire.—By Highflyer, dam by Henricus	3 5 0
25 Bl.	TRUMPATOR, at Newmarket.—By Conductor, out of Brunette, by Squirrel.—Twenty Mares, at	16 0 0

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Duke of Newcastle

Age. Colour.		Gr. S D
19 Br.	VERMIN, at the Turf-Tavern Stables, Shrewsbury. By Highflyer, out of Rosebud, (Chanticleer's dam) by Snap.....	3 5 0
21 Bay.	WALNUT, a private Sallion in the Duke of Hamilton's Stud, Ashton, Lancashire.—By Highflyer, out of Maiden, by Match'em	0 0 0
13 Bay.	WARTER, at Lowther, Westmoreland.—By King Fergus; dam by Highflyer, out of Platina, the dam of Cavendish, &c.....	5 10 6
17 Bay.	WAXY, at Newmarket.—By Pot80's; dam, Maria, by King Herod, out of Lisette, by Snap....	10 10 6
18 Bay.	WHISKEY, at Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk.—By Saltram, out of Calash, by King Herod	10 10 6
12 Bay.	WORTHY, at Padnal's Farm, near Rumford, Essex.—Own brother to Waxy.....	10 10 6
4 Gr.	YOUNG SELIM, at the same place as Sir Charles. By the Arabian Selim, out of Enterprise, by Y. Marsk	3 5 0
6 Br.	YOUNG SIR PETER, at Beverley, Yorkshire.—By Sir Peter Teazle; dam, (Stockton's dam) by Alexander, Dux, out of Folly, by Blank	5 0 0
6 Bay.	YOUNG WHISKEY, at Oatlands, Surry.—By Whiskey, out of Young Giantess, the dam of Sorcerer, Eleanor, &c.....	10 10 6
13 Ches.	YOUNG WOODPECKER, at Jervaux-Abbey, near Middleham, Yorkshire.—Own brother to Chanticleer, by Woodpecker; dam by Eclipse, out of Rosebud, the dam of Vermin, Nelly, &c.	5 0 0
11 Bay.	ZACHARIAH, at Swinhow, near Belford, Northumberland.—Own brother to Benningbrough...	5 0 0

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

Engraved by Wm. Nicholls, late Pupil to Anth. Cardon, Esq.

THE Engraving annexed was taken from a picture painted by F. Wheatley, Esq. R. A. representing his Grace, Henry Clinton, Duke of Newcastle, grandfather to the present Duke, on his celebrated poney, returning from a shooting party through his own grounds, at Clumber Park, Nottinghamshire. The principal objects in the perspective, are Clumber-

House, the family seat, and the beautiful stone bridge on the lawn, with the scenery as it appeared to the artist. The original picture is to be seen among his Grace's most valuable collection in the Clumber Gallery, more remarkable for sporting subjects of the highest excellence, than any other collection in the kingdom. The portrait of the poney is here particularly correct; it

it was of a bright bay, the mane, the tail, and the four legs, of a deep black, and esteemed a great beauty of its kind.

It has been remarked, by those who had the greatest opportunity to know the Duke's ability as a sportsman, that his Grace was one of the best shots in the county, and so liberal respecting the game on his estate, that all gentlemen were permitted to sport without restriction. It is also said of Duke Henry, that he never suffered the peasantry to be prosecuted for a breach of the game laws, except one man, a most incorrigible fellow, who had been many times forgiven as a poacher; and this was for snaring hares at an improper season, and exposing them for sale in the town of Newark-upon-Trent.

The four capital pieces, called—The Markets; or, Dead Game exposed for Sale, by Schneider, make part of the above collection, for which no less a sum than one thousand pounds a picture was offered by the Earl of Orford, at the time the Earl was completing the Houghton Gallery, but refused as a sum considerably below their value.

A SHERIFF IN THE WRONG BOX.

Court of King's Bench, March 2.

HOPKINS v. MILES.

THIS was an action on a bill of exchange for £210, the consideration for which was a box at the Opera, No. 106, estimated at that value for the season.

Mr. Park observed, that the plaintiff was the proprietor of a box at the Opera, which was denominated a Property Box. He had

become possessed of it by taking it as an equivalent for a debt due to him; of course he did not wish to keep it for purposes of self gratification. The peculiar advantage of a property box was, that the proprietor could at all times demand access to it, whatever the entertainments might be, which was not the case with subscription boxes. The defendant, Mr. Sheriff Miles, wished to make one of the *fashionable* admirers of the new Italian woman, Madame Catalani, and applied to Mr. Hookham, of Bond-street, for a box. He pointed out the one in question, No. 106, and after some little negotiation respecting the terms, the defendant accepted the bill in question for two hundred guineas, being the price of the box. However, said the learned counsel, when he had got the box, it was too *high* to be *fashionable*, and the defendant refused to occupy it, although he had been originally shewn the plan of the house, and considered it to be that *snug quiet box* which would suit him. But it was not, to the defendant's way of thinking, in the *fashionable* tier, and therefore of not half the value it would otherwise have been to himself and family. The learned gentleman added, that for his own part he was no frequenter of the Opera, but he should have imagined, that the sounds of Madame Catalani's voice would have been improved by the distance, and *the crash* would have been much finer, and in *higher* perfection.

The bill of exchange was then put in; and the hand-writing of the defendant being proved, the plaintiff had made out a *prima facie* case.

Mr. Garrow said it was not his intention to deny the acceptance; but he meant to say the consideration

tion given for it was a void one, inasmuch as the defendant had not received the thing he had contracted for, and had been deceived by the plaintiff's agent, Mr. Hookham.—The defendant, he said, had applied to Mr. H. for a *snug quiet* box for himself and family, and was told that he might have one upon the first pair, second tier, five boxes from the stage, and on the Prince's side; and that the price would be two hundred guineas. The ladies who accompanied him said that was delightful, and the defendant accepted the bill in question as the hire of that box for the season.—On the first night of the Opera, when all the world were thronging to get places, the defendant and his family set out for the Opera, in search of their *snug, quiet, and delicious* box, and to their astonishment found that it was at the top of the house, on the fourth tier, and where they could neither *see nor be seen*, hear, nor be heard; and, in short, in such a miserable situation, that they might as well have been at Paris as at the Haymarket, for what they could see of the stage.—The defendant, therefore, finding himself deceived, returned the ticket, and never went into the box after.

The defendant's son was then called, who deposed that he was present when his father engaged with Mr. Hookham for an Opera box. He heard Mr. H. say the box, No. 106, was on the second tier, one pair, and on the Prince's side—one of the best boxes in the house. He accompanied his father on the opening of the Opera, and was surprised to find the box on the fourth tier, and not on the Prince's side: it was a very indifferent situation, and did not an-

swer the description given by Mr. Hookham.

Miss Senior was next examined. She also accompanied the defendant to the Opera the first night of the performances. The box was one of the worst in the house, and by no means answered the description Mr. H. gave of it; in short, she could neither *see nor be seen*.

On her cross-examination, she admitted that she lived with Mr. Miles, and at times went by his name. Mr. M. parted from his lawful wife long since.

Miss Miles, daughter of the defendant, gave a similar account of the box, and said it by no means answered the description Mr. Hookham had given of it.

Mr. Park then called Mr. Hookham, on the part of the plaintiff, who stated, that he had shewn Mr. Miles a plan of the house, and had pointed out the box in question, which, in point of fact, was situated as he had described. The defendant had an opportunity of seeing it before he agreed for it; and, as he appeared to be unacquainted with the Opera, he gave him time for that purpose. Witness added, that a Mr. Lucas had given two hundred guineas for the same box, and that the defendant might have let it for alternate weeks for £130.

Mr. Park said, in reply to the defendant's case, that if he had been Mr. Sheriff Miles, he would have laid down his carriage, and lived upon vegetables and sallads, rather than have brought such a cause into Court, or have proclaimed to the world that he suffered the children by his lawful wife to live in the same house with such a woman as Miss Senior, and subjected them to such a contamination of morals. He had forbore to cross-examine them

them from motives of feeling, and he wished their parent could feel for them as he did.

[Here Miss Miles fainted, and was carried out of Court.]

Mr. Park added, that Mr. Sheriff Miles could not set aside his contract, because the box was not calculated to shew off his lady to so much advantage as he wished. The only question, he said, for the jury was, whether the defendant had received a valuable consideration for his note; and if so, the plaintiff was entitled to a verdict.

Lord Ellenborough said, the consideration for the note was the possession of an Opera box, No. 106, for the season; and if the jury were of opinion no deceit or fraud had been made use of by Mr. Hookham, in letting it, the plaintiff was entitled to a verdict.

The jury found for the plaintiff, £210.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

COVENT-GARDEN.

THIS new comedy is avowedly from the pen of Mr. Morton: the following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Plastic	Mr. C. Kemble.
Trot	Mr. Blanchard.
Cosey	Mr. Fawcett.
Rev. Owen Glenroy ..	Mr. Murray.
Reuben Glenroy	Mr. Kemble.
Capt. Glenroy	Mr. Brunton.
Hawback	Mr. Emery.
Hon. Mrs. Glenroy ..	Mrs. Glover.
Rosalie Somers	Miss Brunton.
Mrs. Trot	Mrs. Mattocks.
Mrs. Moreen	Mrs. Davenport.

Plastic, a dissipated young man of fashion, and Cosey, a stock-broker, accidentally meet at the house

of Mr. Trot, a wealthy cotton manufacturer, father-in-law to the former. During their stay at that gentleman's country-house, Plastic learns that Cosey is on his road to Wales, to visit his ward Miss Rosalie Somers, whom he has placed at the house of the Rev. Owen Glenroy. The two families of Somers and Plastic are at enmity; on account of a former election contest. Plastic, from motives of revenge, forms a base design of attempting to seduce Miss Somers, whom he had formerly seen, but not knowing her place of residence, in hopes to discover it, tells Cosey he is going the same road, and requests to join his company; failing in this, he follows him: Cosey, after much personal danger, from which he is rescued by the intrepidity of a stranger, reaches Wales, and recognizes his preserver in the person of Reuben Glenroy, whose attachment to his ward he discovers. Reuben called upon by the voice of distress, during a severe storm of snow, rushes out, and in a short time returns supporting Plastic, apparently lifeless, who, when recovered and finding himself in the same house with Miss Somers, to further his designs, assumes the name of Maitland. Unlooked for circumstances aid his wishes, and he not only contrives to carry away Rosalie Somers from the protection of her friends, but also to make it appear that she consented to an elopement with him, and succeeds in bringing her to town. Reuben, after having passed the night on the mountains, succouring the distressed travellers, returns, and hearing that Rosalie had eloped with the man he had preserved, sinks into apathy, from which he is roused by the intelligence that his brother Augustus, by habits of fashionable extravagance,

travagance, is on the brink of ruin. Hoping to save him from the vortex of dissipation into which he is plunged, he consents to accompany Cosey to London. Rosalie, notwithstanding all Plastic's caution, eludes his vigilance, and accidentally meeting with Trot, is by him placed under the protection of the Hon. Mrs Glenroy. Cosey and Reuben arrive in town; the former furnishes the latter with the means of relieving his brother's necessities. Reuben loses no time in waiting at his house, meets with Mrs. Glenroy; he makes himself known, and acquaints her with the purport of his visit; prevails upon her not to go out that evening, and promises to bring her husband home. Reuben then goes to a Subscription-house for play, where he knows his brother was to pass the evening; and while waiting in an antichamber, Augustus rushes from the gaming table, ruminating on his distresses; and, goaded by despair, is on the point of committing suicide, when Reuben arrests his arm, and prevails upon him to go home to his family, having first learnt from him that he has pledged his commission for a gaming debt to Plastic. Reuben's next interview is with Plastic; he redeems his brother's commission, and Plastic wishing to know to whom he is so much indebted, listens to Reuben's story, and finds he is known; but Reuben, still thinking that Rosalie has voluntarily left her friends, and that her affections are fixed upon Plastic, and having promised that his life should be devoted to her happiness, prevails upon him to sign a written promise of marriage with the lady. Reuben, in company with Cosey, meets Plastic according to appointment, at the house of Mrs. Glenroy. Rosalie being introduced, an éclaircissement takes place, which exposes the ingratitude of Plastic, and the young lady bestows her hand and fortune on Reuben Glenroy.

ment takes place, which exposes the ingratitude of Plastic, and the young lady bestows her hand and fortune on Reuben Glenroy.

Mr Kemble does not shine as the domestic gentleman; he has too much of the hero, too much of the actor. But as the rescuer of his brother from misery, and as the restorer of his brother's family to happiness, he shines indeed; he becomes a hero in reality; he loses the actor. In fact, whatever success the play met with, is attributable to the character of Reuben Glenroy, in which Mr. Morton did more than we could have expected, and in which Mr. Kemble did as much. The morality of this piece is excellent; and it continues to be performed to crowded houses.

THE YOUNG HUSSAR; OR, LOVE AND MERCY.

DRURY-LANE.

THE dialogue and poetry are by Mr. Dimond, Jun. to whose classical and elegant taste the public are already so much indebted for several popular pieces.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Florian.....	Mr. Elliston...
Bertrand de Valancourt	Mr. Eyre.....
Larole.....	Mr. Cherry....
Boncour.....	Mr. Gibbon...
Capt. Vermeuil.....	Mr. Dignum....
Ensign de Courcy....	Mr. Miller....
Madame Larole.....	Mrs. Harlowe..
Caroline.....	Mrs. Mountain.
Ninon.....	Mrs. Bland....

The piece is founded upon a fact which occurred about the middle of the French Revolution.

Florian, son to the Comte de Valancourt, having been involved in the general ruin of aristocracy,

P p and

and reduced at once from importance to insignificance, is compelled, as a conscript, to join a regiment of Hussars, quartered in one of the frontier towns. Here, love softens the rigour of his destiny, and the smiles of Caroline, a beautiful Bourgeoise, reconcile the youthful Florian to the frowns of fortune.— Mars and Cupid divide his hours, until an accident discovers to him, that his father (the Ex-Compte) is languishing in the prison of the town for a trifling debt. Destitute of money, he pledges his sword and accoutrements to raise the sum.— Before he can redeem them, a parade is unexpectedly called; the deficiency of his arms is discovered, and he is summoned before the commandant, to explain the cause. The pride of noble birth seals the lips of the youth, and he prefers punishment to a confession that might degrade his family name.— On his way to the guard-house he escapes; reaches the chamber of his mistress, flings himself at her feet, and impløres protection. Caroline conceals the fugitive, unknown to her family; the military invest the house, and proceed to a formal search; a variety of pursuit and escape then ensue. The adroitness of the girl, however, baffles every attempt, and Florian is still in safety. In the mean time, chance reveals to the Commandant the real circumstance. Filial piety is suffered to expiate a military error, and mercy is generously extended to the votaries of love.

From this story Mr. Dimond has produced a pleasing afterpiece, full of interest and variety. The music is by Mr. Kelly, and possesses much sweetness. The overture is beautiful, and was loudly applauded. The piece was announced for repetition amidst a tumult of applause. The House overflowed in every part

the first night; and the piece continues a favourite.

SINGLE-STICK PLAYING.

A MATCH of Single-stick playing, between Davis and Harding, two Hampshire men, and Goddard and Phillips, from Wiltshire, took place on Tuesday the 3d instant, at Swallowfield, Berks, for 25gs a side, amidst as great a concourse of people as usually assemble on such occasions. Davis and Goddard first mounted the stage, and after plenty of diversion and science on both sides, the blood spouted from the head of Davis, who consequently was the first loser.— Phillips and Harding, who were considered first-rates at this exercise, next came on, and the contest was easily won by Harding. The two conquerors then played for the decision of the match, and the honour of the two counties. Goddard had suffered a good deal in his basket arm with Davis, and he lost the match by being unable to keep up his guard. The prize was consequently taken to Hampshire by Harding.

SHOOTING MATCH.

A MATCH to shoot at seven pigeons and seven sparrows, took place on Monday morning the 16th inst. near Waltham Cross, between Mr. B. Morton, a farmer, and a game-keeper of the name of Keeves, for 25gs a side. Morton killed four pigeons and six sparrows, and his opponent killed five pigeons and four sparrows. Keeves was the favourite at first, but lost by one bird. There was a good deal of betting on both sides.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

STAG HUNTING.

THURSDAY morning, the 26th ultimo, a deer was turned out before the King's hounds, at Salt-hill, which taking for Farnham Royal, made a double back by Slough through Ditton Park, from whence he took to the inclosures towards Staines; turning again to the left, he retraced part of his former ground, and crossed the Uxbridge Road, continuing his course as far as Rickmersworth, Hertfordshire, where he was run into and taken. Few sportsmen were in at the end of the chase. The Duke of Cumberland was at the turning out of the deer. His Majesty has not hunted this season.

On Wednesday, the 4th instant, a stag, which was presented by Mr. Cousins, of Heytesbury, Wilts, was turned out before the hounds of H. Edwards, Esq. at Chittern, which afforded most excellent sport.—The hounds were laid on at eleven o'clock, before a field of 150 horsemen, and after a severe burst of upwards of fifty minutes without a check, during which time he ran full eighteen miles, was taken uninjured by about six gentlemen, who were the only persons, from the severity of the chase, enabled to live with the hounds.

On Monday, March 2, a great number of honest Yorkshiremen met to partake of a public breakfast at Falconer's Hall. The sharp keen Wolds air had whetted their appetite, so that they soon demolished beef, hams, venison pasties,

&c. &c. to which they added some leaping powder. At twelve the pen was thrown open, when out bounded a fine dashing deer; he topt gallantly some rails, and went off in great style; he was allowed half an hour's law, which he made good use of, when the pack, bony and beautiful, were uncoupled, and after a glorious run over the finest part of the Wolds, of near two hours, the pack got up to Modish, who alone had led all the way; they then ran breast high for twenty-seven minutes, when, for the first time, the deer was viewed, so knowingly he took his road under banks or dry ditches, and actually ran within ten yards of a man, who was working, without his ever seeing or hearing him. The hounds were then stopped, but were again laid on, and he was taken after a run of twenty-seven minutes more. The horses were all done up; the Colonel rode the famous Esterhazy, which he announced was to be the last time, as he was to go to cover at Thornville-Royal the next day. The company were all invited to refresh themselves at Falconer's Hall, which many did. This run was computed to be from thirty to thirty-five miles, over the finest part of the Wolds. Several falls were got, but no one was materially hurt, *and all alike pleased*. Many sportsmen came thirty miles off, and returned highly gratified.

On Tuesday, the Lap-Dog Beagles threw off at North Burton, and, after a run of above two hours, they killed in their usual style.

FOX HUNTING.

ON Tuesday, February 24, Lord Petre's fox-hounds, of Thorndon Hall, Essex, drawing a hedge-row at the back of Shenfield Mill, unkennelled a game fox, who going off by the back of Brentwood town with a sharp burst towards Warley Common, where the hounds being over-rode by some sportsmen, the dogs came to a check for a few minutes, when the scent was recovered at Shenfield Frith, and proceeded to Ingrave Hall wood and South Hoyer wood; thence leaving cover, was headed by some ploughmen; came back to Ingrave Hall wood, thence to East Horndon.

The hounds now pressing hard upon him, renard took for Little and Great Burstead, making a short head; crossing Hutton, through Mountnessing Hall, sprung away for Butsbury church, thence through Mill Hill wood, crossing the Chelmsford road, and taking Norsey wood; being still harder pressed, he was again compelled to leave cover, taking through Stock Frith, passing the back of Stock town through West Hanningfield and Blue Hedges woods, leaving Galleywood common on the right. He now exerted all his speed to evade his pursuers for Flemmings, but being headed by a woodman, took a course back through South, West, and East Hanningfield, and after passing and repassing eighteen parishes, was killed in a most gallant style on the high road for Danbury, after a most severe chase of three hours and fifty minutes, over a deep and heavy country.—We might well expect to find only a few horsemen, from a numerous field, in at the death; and three or four horses nearly fell victims to the severity of the chase.

THE HEMPSTEAD PACK.

MR. EDITOR.—I beg leave to compare the *little* expedition of my Lord Petre's fox-hounds, with that of the Hempstead invincible pack, which took place on Tuesday, the 24th of February, and I trust that you and the sportsmen of the county (Essex) will allow that the laurel still rests with us. In Great Hales wood, about three miles from Saffron Walden, on the day above mentioned, we found a fox; he went off in good style to Hales wood, from thence to Haverhill, on to Clare, Thurlow, Coolinge Fair Green, Cavendish, and Long Melford, and from thence to Langham, a distance of thirty miles, which was run in about three hours and a half. This invincible pack, when unkennelled in the morning, consisted of ten couple and a half; and although it may be doubted, it is here positively asserted, that ten couple were in at the death. The gentleman who hunts the hounds, and who is as bold a rider as any man in the kingdom, with many others in the field, equally fond of the sport, declare that a hound was not seen in the course of the running for ten miles together; and at a very critical moment the huntsman was supplied with a fresh horse, which enabled him to follow the swift steps of his hounds so as to be up at the death, which took place in the open country. When I say that the run was thirty miles, I compute the distance, if I may be allowed the expression, as the crow flies; the ground rode over, must therefore be upwards of forty.

ANOTHER account says:—The annals of fox hunting scarcely furnish a parallel to the achievements of the Hempstead pack, long denominated invincible, which consists

sists only of ten couple and a half. They have been hunted thirty days in the present season, in which time they killed twenty-five foxes, and run three to earth. The mere relation of their day's sport on the 24th ult. will strike every Sportsman with astonishment and admiration.—On that day they found a fox in a wood called Great Hales's, about two miles from Saffron Walden. Breaking cover, he ran into a part of Cambridgeshire, leaving Linton but a little to the left, by Horseheath, Weathersfield, Thurlow, Stradgate, Denson, Passingford, and to Glensford, where he was pulled down, forty miles at least from the spot where he was found, which was run in little more than three hours. Ten couple of hounds were running all this time in such style, that they might, comparatively speaking, have been covered with a pocket handkerchief, and only one hound was absent when renard breathed his last.—The gentlemen who were in the field declare, that not a hound was seen for miles together; the scent lay so well, and the hounds are so fleet. Thirty horses started: Mr. Aaron Hurrell, of Ashden, was, however, the only gentleman whose horse carried him through the day; and he was in at the death. Mr. William Canning (a name familiar to the sporting world) left his horse, and ran near a mile at the end of the day, and witnessed the result.—We are assured that the above account is more correct than the one which appeared in the Chelmsford Chronicle of the 7th inst. and we are desired to add, that the personal part of that article was by no means pleasing to the gentlemen of the hunt.

(For a *Jeu d'Esprit* in answer to the first account, see page 308.)

On Monday, March 2, Captain Vaughan's fox-hounds threw off near Tyllwyd, Carmarthenshire, on information having been received that a fox had been seen to cross that country early in the morning. After having had some cold hunting, the hounds were obliged to be called off, on account of their being joined by the Cardigan harriers.—Although the day by this time was far spent, Capt. Vaughan determined to draw Stradmore wood, and found about two o'clock, in a small gorse cover. The fox broke away for Dinas, and, passing over the bottoms, crossed the Tivy about Newcastle bridge, and ran in a direct line towards Conwill, without owning any covert, over a remarkable fine country, being the greatest part turf; till, being hard pressed, he turned and made for Penlan wood, at the entrance of which the hounds were close at his brush, when, in crossing the dingle, he was viewed, and the gallant pack ran into him on the Carmarthen turnpike road, after a hard chase of nearly thirty miles. Amongst the hardest riders, and those who stuck truest to the hounds, were to be noticed Captains Vaughan and Brigstocke, and Messrs. Parry and Williams.

On Wednesday morning the 4th instant, there was a most excellent fox chase, by the Gentlemen's Subscription hounds, (formerly Lord Berkeley's) in the neighbourhood of Windsor. The fox was started about ten o'clock, at Blackness, near Sunning-hill, when about two hundred sportsmen were assembled.—They threw off near Shrub's-hill, and were a considerable time before they found a fox; but they at length found a very large one, in the wood on the south side of the Great Park.

He

He would have shewn good sport had they got out of the Park, but the horsemen were so numerous, some of them got a-head of the fox and turned his course. The weather being extremely fine and clear; rendered the sight very delightful to view, such a great number of horsemen galloping along the beautiful rides, by Virginia Water. The fox took towards Cumberland Lodge, and hid himself in the garden; but being closely pursued, he attempted to jump over a high wall, but did not reach the top within a few inches; he fell back and was taken.

“We have not attempted to mend this account, which is from a London daily paper, written very much in the cockney style. How it could be “an excellent fox chase,” when the fox showed little or no sport, and was killed at no great distance from where he was found! we cannot make out. The conclusion is a notable specimen of sporting language——“The fox took towards Cumberland Lodge, and hid himself in the garden; but being closely pursued, he attempted to jump over a high wall, but did not reach the top within a few inches; he fell back and was taken.”

Suppose the writer had said——“The fox went away for Cumberland Lodge, and took shelter in a garden; from whence, on the coming up of the hounds, he attempted to leap a high wall, but unable to reach the summit, he fell back into the mouths of his pursuers.” This would read a little better.

The late Mr. Taplin had the most happy knack of describing a chase of any of his time. If he occasionally broke into rhapsody, he was always correct in the application of sporting and veterinary terms. If there was a little affectation in his writings, it was compensated by a lively imagination, that gave an interest to whatever he penned. In short, he was to all intents and purposes a practical Sportsman.

THE Leeds harriers had on Thursday, the 5th instant, one of the finest runs with a fox, we almost ever heard of. The highest bred fox-hounds have seldom had a more severe one.—They threw off at Aordsley Fall, which cover, as well as Thorpe wood, they tried without finding. They then proceeded to West-woods, and took up a drag about the middle of this large cover. The fox, however, had stolen away, and the hounds, after a little cool hunting through the cover, went away in great style towards Farnley; but renard, being headed by some farmers, made for Beeston Park. Here the hounds were for some time at fault, and it was thought the sport was at an end. Very much to the gratification of the sportsmen, however, the hounds again hit on, and went again through West-woods, without ever a check, and the fox was seen by the whole field to break cover towards Thorpe wood, with the hounds close at his brush.—He made away for Aordsley Fall, through which cover he was pushed in a gallant manner. He then passed through the small woods towards Lofthouse, and, making a right angle, went boldly over Wakefield-out-wood, close by Pot-Ovens, through the Springs, to the left of East Aordsley, over Aordsley common, and again through West-woods, New Hall wood, Beeston Park, and Middleton wood, where the hounds came into view of him, and poor renard's death was looked for; he seemed, however, only to take fresh courage from having had a sight of his enemies. He now sought a fresh country, and broke cover towards Rothwell Haigh, and the dogs now carried a higher scent than ever; went at score by Mr. Fenton's, and, making the right over

over the Haigh, the fox went to ground near Carleton Field. Very few horsemen were up. He was dug out, and fair play shewn him; passed over Carleton Field, took towards Thorpe, leaving Mr. Fisher's house to the right; made Aordsley Fall, passing through without the least stop, the hounds not two hundred yards behind him; leaving Thorpe wood to the left, he made boldly over the inclosures by Mr. Humble's, through Middleton woods again, and down to Westwoods. It being nearly dark, and most of the horses knocked up, the hounds were called off, though still running in good style. The chase lasted upwards of five hours, and there is no doubt the fox would have been killed, had there been half an hour more of day-light.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—On Monday, the 9th instant, Mr. Calvert's hounds had the severest and most brilliant run of the season. After running for nearly two hours, in Scale's Park; and losing their fox, they found a second in Hormead Park, who broke cover the instant the hounds were thrown in, and went away, gallantly facing the open country to Braughin and Standon, from thence to Hadham, Petmoor Hall, Albury Hall, Hormead Park, and from thence to Scale's Park, after a capital chase of twenty-four miles. As a proof of the severity of the run, T. Greig, Esq. of Westmill, upon his famed horse, Traveller, the envy of the hunt for these last fifteen years, was not seen, after the first hour. Sampson Hanbury, Esq. the polite manager of the pack, was absent during the latter part of the run.—When we consider this gentleman rides seventeen stone, and is so zealous in the cause, as occasionally to perform the offices of huntsman

and whipper-in, fox-hunters will not be surprised that his horse, though good, did not last till the end. Even that celebrated horse, Bennington, so well known in Leicestershire, towards the end of the day, fell into so deep a ditch, that his gallant rider could not extricate him in time to recover the fleet pack. More distress was seldom witnessed, amongst horses, hounds, and men, than during this memorable run. The chosen few who lasted to the end, were six in number; among these were, Lord F. Beauchamp, Mr. Bos, and the huntsman.

FOX-HUNTING.—A few days ago, as the Liverpool mail coach was changing horses at the inn at Monk's Heath, between Congleton in Cheshire, and Newcastle-under-Line, the horses, which had performed the stage from Congleton, having been just taken off and separated, hearing Sir Peter Warburton's fox-hounds in full cry, immediately started after them, with their harness on, and followed the chase until the last. One of them, a blood mare, kept the track with the whipper-in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours, over every leap he took, until remond had led them round a ring fence, and ran to ground in Mr. Hibbert's plantation. These spirited horses were led back to the inn at Monk's Heath, and performed their stage back to Congleton the same evening.

HARRIERS.—On Monday, the 9th inst. the West Hyde harriers met at Mr. Sedgwick's, and after beating for some time, a hare was soho'd in a fallow field adjoining Mr. Sedgwick's furzes; when started, she went away for Bullsland, and Phillips-hill wood, across Sir H. Gott's

H. Gott's park, into Scrubs-wood; from thence to Gorlands, through the inclosures to Chalfont St. Giles; then turning to the right, crossed the road for the Vaché Park, through the park, furze, and sheep pastures, into Pollards-wood, where she was so closely pressed, that she had no time either to shift or double, but was obliged to run right through the covert into furze field on the opposite side, where the hounds caught view, and run into her in the highest style, after a capital run of one hour.

TROTTING MATCH.—A trotting match against time took place on Saturday, the 30th ult. on the Barnet road for 100gs, which was attended by a fine field of sportsmen. A gentleman, of the name of Wellan, a wine-merchant, backed his horse, a fine animal sixteen hands high, to trot eight miles in half an hour, in harness, and to draw as light a weight as he might think proper. The bet was taken by a gentleman, and the animal was started near Finchley on Saturday, to go four miles, and return, on a good piece of ground; a light chaise having been provided, with a driver of eight stone. Half the distance was performed in seventeen minutes, and bets were at this time three to one against the horse.—The other four miles were performed in sixteen minutes, which was three minutes above the time allowed. The animal was turned round once in the last four miles. The owner of the horse offered the bet again, to be performed in March, but it was not taken. The road was rather heavy.

ANOTHER.—The trotting match between Mr. Simmond's chesnut mare, and a celebrated grey horse belonging to Captain Marsh, took

place, agreeable to appointment, on Saturday morning the 7th instant, near Totteridge, Herts. A distance of ten miles to and from was marked out on the high road, and notwithstanding the severity of the morning there was a great number of persons assembled to witness the decision of the match, which was for two hundred guineas. The animals were started early in the morning, and the average betting was five to four on the horse, and the same odds that the winner did not perform the ten miles in thirty-six minutes. The cattle kept together the first three miles, when the horse took fright and bolted, and the mare, which by this event had got about three hundred yards a-head, made play, and kept the advantage for about six miles, when she was closely followed. The last four miles were well contested: the animals were neck and neck for three miles of the distance, when the horse got an advantage, and won by jockeyship, by about a hundred yards. The distance was performed in thirty-seven minutes, and the road was heavy.

SINGULAR Performance.—The town of Halifax being on Wednesday evening, the 25th ult. for the first time lighted with new lamps, a wager of £50 was made, that the increased number, 170, could not be lighted by one man in less than an hour. The contractor engaged a proficient in this business, from Wakefield, who, though greatly incommoded by the crowd, accomplished the undertaking within forty-five minutes, the ground being supposed to measure four miles.

LIEUT. HOLLIS, of the South Gloucester Militia, lately undertook, for a wager of a hundred guineas, to pick up a hundred stones, placed at

at the distance of one yard from each other, and bring them all to a basket at the starting point, within the space of forty minutes. He performed it on the Prince's Cricketing Ground, at Brighton, in forty-four minutes and fifty-eight seconds. Considerable sums were betted on the occasion.

A PERSON of Coventry lately undertook, for a considerable wager, to walk from that city to Oxford and back, full 102 miles, in thirty-six hours, which he performed in two hours less than the time allowed, walking the last two miles in twenty-four minutes.

PEDESTRIANISM.—A young Irishman named Collier, of Du-leck, in the county of Meath, is the most astonishing walker in Europe at this time. He lately walked for a wager from Athlone to Dublin, and performed the task so well, that some gentlemen betted a considerable sum that he would walk 70 miles in 10 hours. He started from Goree, walked to Dublin, went once round St. Stephen's Green, and afterwards to Bellewstown, completing the distance of seventy miles two hours within the given time, that is, in somewhat less than eight hours.

WOODCOCKS.—It has long since been observed by experienced sportsmen, that in woods in which woodcocks have been permitted to remain unmolested towards the spring of the year, an unusual quantity have invariably been found at the commencement of the ensuing season; an evident proof of the old birds returning with their young.

Within the last fortnight, as is frequently the case, the Dorsetshire woods have abounded in woodcocks, on their return to breed; but the rule of favouring them not having been generally observed, but little advantage from the circumstance, in the next season, it is apprehended, may be looked for. 'Tis a pity the unceasing murderous disposition of sportsmen should thus lead them to annihilate their own amusement, by so untimely an indulgence; particularly as the bird is well known to have lost its fine flavour soon after Christmas, and is at this time quite hard, black, and disgusting. The same decline of excellence is found in the snipe. In Cornwall but a very few years since, the woodcock was seldom tasted after December, O. S.

In Lord Rivers's woods, called Melcombe Park, the keeper most cautiously refrains killing woodcocks after pheasant-shooting goes out. This rule he has observed for many years past, and the consequence has been unusual abundance, and one fine brood or more lately bred on the spot*.

Gentlemen in general would do well to point out these observations to their game-keepers.

An old experienced Sportsman.

ON Friday, Feb. 29, a pitched battle was fought by two labouring men, on Hooe common, Sussex, for a stake of two guineas, which, after a bloodless contest of more than two hours continuance, ended in favour of one of them, named Boyce, the other having literally beaten himself black, particularly about

* The keeper, William Riggs, has frequently sprung one brood of these woodcocks, six in number, exclusive of the old birds; and observes, that the young, notwithstanding their inferior size, appeared to have bills nearly as long as those of the full-grown birds.

the ribs, by falling to avoid the onset of his TERRIBLE assailant, who also had a happy knack of lying down, when his adversary approached within arms length of him. "In short," says our correspondent—"It was the most INFAMOUS pugilistic contest ever witnessed; and if it had taken place in the vicinity of the metropolis, both the *professors* would have been soundly horse-whipped, a discipline they richly merited!"

A PITCHED battle was lately fought, for ten guineas a side, on Blackheath, by two second-rate pugilists; viz. a Jew, Jemmy-from-Town, better known by the name of Old Tyke; and Jack Howlett.—The fight consisted of thirty rounds, and lasted forty-five minutes, when Old Tyke, who appeared *game* at the first set-to, shewed the *white feather*, and Howlett, though inferior in science, was declared victor.

At the petty sessions held at Sherborne, Dorset, on Saturday, the 14th instant, came on to be heard before a full bench of Justices, in the presence of a number of neighbouring gentleman, an information, laid by Solomon Pollard, supported by the evidence of his brother, a lad of about eighteen, against the Rev. Edward Cooper, of Yetminster, for shooting at a hen pheasant in Whitfield Wood, on the third of February last; when, on the concurrent evidence of a great number of witnesses, produced on the part of Mr. Cooper, the information was dismissed, to the satisfaction of all present, except the persons concerned in the prosecution.

At the Surry Spring Assizes, 1807—Martin Booker was indicted for wilful and corrupt perjury, in falsely swearing before a ma-

gistrate at Guildford, by which a game-keeper was fined £10. It appeared that in consequence of a grudge which the prisoner owed a game-keeper in the service of T. Page, Esq. in the neighbourhood of Guildford, he laid an information against him, charging him with having killed a partridge in a manor belonging to another gentleman, on the 30th of October.—The information was taken before Mr. Smallpiece, a magistrate, when the prisoner swore positively to the fact of the game-keeper having killed the bird in his presence; and consequently the game-keeper was fined for the offence. Evidence was adduced before the same magistrate, subsequent to conviction, which went to prove that the game-keeper was not from his house on the day stated. The same evidence was adduced in Court, and the jury, being satisfied, found the prisoner guilty. He was sentenced to be transported for seven years.

JOHN Catheral was indicted, under Lord Ellenborough's Act, for maliciously cutting Theophilus Hemmings, in order to prevent his lawful apprehension and detainer.

The prosecutor stated, that he had a warrant to arrest the prisoner, for an offence against the game laws. He accordingly apprehended him, when the prisoner struggled to escape, but not being able to effect his purpose, he drew a knife from his pocket, and gave the prosecutor desperate cuts across the hands, which had completely divided the muscles. He also made several attempts to stab him, but the knife being blunt-pointed, and the cloathing of the prosecutor thick, they were ineffectual. The jury, on this evidence, found the prisoner—Guilty.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE DEATH OF THE PIKE,
AND THE
ASSEMBLY OF FISH.

WHEN June's brilliant beam tipt
the river with gold,
And soft the stream murmur'd, as slowly
it roll'd;
The fish met together beneath a safe
shade,
Where e'er them the willow-branch pli-
antly play'd.

Th' assembly was call'd by the king of
the tide,
The Trout, who that day quite dispens'd
with all pride;
For the Pike, who so oft spread the
streamlet with gore,
Had been caught by an Angler, and now
was no more.

This news cheer'd the tribes of the finny
domain,
And no longer they droop'd at the ty-
rant's dread reign;
E'en the Perch felt rejoic'd, and declar'd
to the whole,
That henceforth no foul murders should
sully his hole.

The Carp and the Tench had now quit-
ted the deep,
And the Eel left the mud, where he long
seem'd to sleep;
The Chub too, was there, though so sub-
ject to fear,
And the Pope had deserted his hole in
the meer.

Then the Minnow came gliding from un-
der a weed,
Quite happy her offspring were not
doom'd to bleed;

Q q s

And the Gudgeon swift swam from be-
neath a smooth stone,
And the grief of his breast to the meet-
ing made known:

Them told how the Pike had destroy'd
all his fry,
And doom'd e'en the mate he lov'd best
too, to die;
Whilst the Bleak, and the Roach, with
the silver-ey'd Dace,
Complain'd of the murder of most of
their race.

Their debate was not long, and this ver-
dict they gave,
Which the Carp thus deliver'd, as judge
of the wave—
“Of our enemies all, and they're nu-
m'rous, we know,
This Pike was the fiercest, implacable foe.

“Not the swan, who swims stately, and
makes us her food,
Nor the wild-duck, who nurtures with
us her young brood;
Nor even the angler, though our tribes
he oft' strike,
Were nearly so fierce as this terrible Pike.

“My friends, he's no more! now the
stream will be blest,
And our young ones may glide with their
bosoms at rest;
They may sport in the sunshine of Na-
ture's bright day, [play.
And dimple the surface with innocent

“The sun that now shines, ere he sinks
to repose,
Shall enhance ev'ry joy that our rival
knows;
For, while he still tips ev'ry wave with
his gold,
With our mates and their young, we'll a
jubilee hold!”

Feb. 1807.

J. M. L.

THE BUTCHER'S HORSE.

A VILLAGE TRAGEDY.

By R. Bloomfield.

TWAS June, the sun was tow'ring
high,

When bees collect their yellow store,
A butcher's steed, with drowsy eye,
Stood, waiting at a farmer's door.

Fast went his master's tongue within,
The mug, perhaps was in his hand;
For many a tale would he begin,
Would go and stay, and drink, & stand.

A bee-hive near that instant fell,
The angry swarm by thousands rose,
Where, o'er the pales, sad tale to tell!
Lay poor old Dobbin's harmless nose.

Quick vengeance sounded on their wings,
They saw their realms in ruins lie,
And darting forth their dreadful stings,
All leagu'd to punish or to die.

At once they soar'd round Dobbin's head,
He snapt his bridle, kick'd, and flung,
And furious down the pasture fled;
They just as furious round him clung.

Unstrapt, the jolting baskets fell,
And on he ran with all his might;
But how, or where, not long could tell,
His strength of limb out-last'd sight.

For sore they pierc'd his swelling eyes,
And cluster'd round his lips and tongue;
Sharp were the stings of summer-flies,
But angry bees more deadly stung.

In mid-day darkness plung'd the beast,
His unrelenting foes pursu'd;
He toss'd his head, still unreleas'd,
Then round again the race renew'd.

Help came from cottage, field, and farm,
Children in terror gather'd round;
With many a bough they lash'd the swarm,
And trampled hundreds on the ground.

Not one the less there seem'd to be,
Nor was their spite one moment stay'd,
On, on they went to victory,
And ev'ry gazer stood dismay'd.

His throat, inflam'd with many a wound,
Stretch'd out, he heav'd his panting side,
Till breath no more a passage found:
Such was the death that Dobbin died!

O'er his poor beast the butcher wept—
The good old man was mov'd to tears!
And hence, perhaps, my heart has kept
This tale from childhood's early years.

THE HEMPSTEAD PACK.

(See Page 300.)

THE hero of Hempstead, with pride
quite elated,
This secret found out, ere his tale he
related:

Expedition's but little, unless you go
straight,

And no triumph his Lordship's fleet
hounds can await,

Should a zigzag direction sly renard pur-
sue,

Which, when press'd very hard, he will
frequently do.

But what praises attend the "*invincible
pack*!"

When the hounds were so fast, and the
horses so slack,

That their riders, though desp'rate at
taking a leap,

"Could not once for ten miles at their
dogs get a peep."

A knowing old sportsman thence shrewd-
ly supposes,

These fox-hunters follow'd the chase by
their noses;

And he freely admits the proud title they
claim,

Should be tack'd to each hound, and each
horseman's great name;

And "*invincible Tom*," and "*invinci-
ble Towler*,"

With "*invincible Jack*," and "*invin-
cible Jowler*,"

Should be cheer'd with a voice that would
make the woods ring.

Whilst ev'ry staunch rival their praises
should sing.

Then, fox-hunters bold, when you tell
your own story.

Pray, seek not of others to tarnish the
glory;

And whilst fame your exploits with her
trumpet resounds,

May due honours be paid to yourselves
and your hounds;

But as for your nags, whether black,
brown, or sorrel,

Give them *rest*, by all means—instead
of the laurel.

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THE RACING CALENDAR.

DONCASTER MEETING—YORKSHIRE.—1806.

Continued from No. 163 of our last Volume.

TUESDAY, September 23.—The St. Leger Stakes, of 25gs each, for three years old colts 8st 2lb, fillies 8st.—Two miles.—Thirty-nine Subscribers.

Mr Clifton's b c Fyldener, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Fanny, by Diomed, (T. Carr)	1
Lord Strathmore's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Queen Mab, by Eclipse, (B. Smith)	2
Mr Watt's b c Shuttlecock, by Schedoni, out of Cat, by Trumpator..	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr Peirse's b c by Beningbrough, out of Constantia, by Walnut.....	0
Mr R. Wardell's b c Nostell, by Delpini, dam by Pot8o's, out of Flyer, by Sweetbrier.....	0
Mr Clifton's br c Warrior, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Mary-Ann's dam	0
Sir J. Shelley's br c Clasher, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Hyale, by Phenomenon	0
Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, by Stamford, out of Marchioness, by Lorcher	0
Mr Croft's b c Cardinal Puff, by Cardinal, out of Luna, by King Herod.	0
Sir H. T. Vane's br c by Hambletonian, out of Lady Sarah, by Fidget	0
Mr Brandling's br c Sinasher, by Star, dam by Mercury, out of Mary-Ann, by Florizel.....	0
Mr Hewett's b f Miss Eliza Teazle, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Eliza, by Highflyer.....	0
Sir M. Masterman Sykes's br f Miss Teazle Hornpipe, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Hornpipe	0
Mr Harrison's b c by Young Trumpator, out of Boniface, own sister to Mercury.....	0
Mr W. Hutchinson's ch c by St. George, dam by Young Marsk.....	0
Seven to 4 against Fyldener, 2 to 1 against Warrior, 10 to 1 against Luck's-All, 10 to 1 against Clasher, 12 to 1 against Shuttlecock, 15 to 1 against Smasher, 100 to 3 against Lord Strathmore's colt, and very high odds against any other.—A remarkable fine race, and won by a length.	

The Corporation Plate of 50l. for three-year olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr R. Prince's br f Flighty, by Traveller, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4 1 1
 Mr Mellish's b f Off-she-goes, 3 yrs old, 6st (Stakes 30gs). 1 3 3
 Sir W. Gerard's br h Young Chariot, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb. 6 2 2
 Sir M. Masterman Sykes's ch c Sir Sacripant, 3 yrs old, 6st. ... 3 4 dr
 Mr Hotham's b c Bounce, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb. 5 5 dr
 Mr Clifton's b m Josephina, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb. 2 dr
 Six to 4 on Young Chariot; after the first heat, the same; after the second heat, 6 to 4 agst Young Chariot.—Won easy.

Mr Sitwell's br c Taurus, brother to Coriolanus, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st, received forfeit from Mr Burton's bay colt, brother to Zodiac, by St. George, 8st 2lb.—Two miles, 100gs, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 24.—The second year of the renewed Doncaster Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for three-year olds and upwards. Four miles.—Fifteen Subscribers.

Lord Darlington's br c Trafalgar, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb, (R. Spencer). 1
 Mr Garforth's gr m Vesta, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb. 2
 Mr Mellish's b f Streatham-Lass, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3
 Lord Strathmore's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Queen Mab, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4
 Six to 4 agst Vesta, 6 to 4 agst Trafalgar, and 3 to 1 agst Lord Strathmore's colt. Vesta made play for near two miles; after which Streatham-Lass took the lead, and made excellent play:—Trafalgar waited, and won easy.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs, free for any horse, &c.—Four miles.

Mr Garforth's gr c by Hambletonian, out of Faith, 3 yrs old, 6st, (J. Granger). 1
 Lord Darlington's br c Trafalgar, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb, (W. Peirse). 2

The following also started, but were not placed:

Sir M. Masterman Sykes's br f Miss Hornpipe Teazle, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb. 0
 Mr Peirse's br f by Beningbrough, out of Rosamond, 3 yrs old, 6st .. 0
 Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, 3 yrs old, 6st. 0
 Mr Sitwell's br f Shelah, 3 yrs old, 6st. 0
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b c Sir Paul, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb. 0
 Mr Clifton's br c Warrior, 3 yrs old, 6st. 0
 Six to 4 agst Trafalgar, 3 to 1 agst Sir Paul, 4 to 1 agst Miss Hornpipe Teazle, 5 to 1 agst Warrior, and 12 to 1 agst Mr Garforth's colt.—A very good race.

Match for 50gs.—The last mile.

Mr Clowes's b f Bessy Carr, by Stamford, 3 yrs old, 8st. 1
 Sir W. Hunloke's ch f Galina, sister to Cockfighter, 4 yrs old, 8st 6lb. 2
 Six to 4 on Bessy Carr.

THURSDAY, September 25.—A Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added, for three years old fillies, 8st.—Two miles.

Ld Strathmore's brown, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Heroine, (B. Smith) 1
 Lord Foley's bay, Pipylina, by Sir Peter Teazle. 2
 Mr Mellish's

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Mr Mellish's bay, Streatlam Lass, by Pipator.....	3
Sir M. Masterman Sykes's brown, Miss Teazle Hornpipe, by Sir Peter Teazle	4
Mr E. L. Hodgson's bay, by Moorcock, out of Miss Muston.....	5
Lord Belhaven's bay, by Beningbrough, dam by Ihighflyer, grandam by Conductor	6
Mr Clowes's bay Bessy Carr, by Stamford, dam by Young Marsk....	7
Even betting on Pipylina, and 2 to 1 agst Lord Strathmore's filly. Won easy.	

Match for 300gs.—Two miles.

Mr Walker's ch c Baronet, by Stride, out of Lady Brough's dam, 8st, (J. Jackson)	1
Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, 8st 5lb.	2
Seven to 4 on Baronet.—A fine race.	

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 13st.—Two miles.

Mr Hawke's b g Prince Bangradion, (the Owner)	1
Sir H. T. Vane's b h Stop-Thief, by Windlestone.....	2
Mr Treacher's ch m Sportsmistress.....	3
Even betting on Stop-Thief.—Won by a head.	

The 100l. Plate for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Garforth's gr c by Hambletonian, out of Faith, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb, (J. Tate)	5	1	1
Mr Peirse's b f by Beningbrough, out of Rosamond, by Tandem, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb (Stakes 39gs)	1	6	2
Mr Clifton's br c Fyldener, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb.....	2	3	3
Mr Watt's ch c by Ormond, out of ———, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb.	6	4	5
Mr Mellish's b c Young Eagle, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb	4	5	6
Mr Brandling's b c Smasher, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb.....	8	8	4
Mr S. Duncombe's b f Hipswell-Lass, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb.....	7	2	dr
Lord Fitzwilliam's b f Minstrel, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb	3	7	dr
Six to 4 on Fyldener, 5 to 2 agst Mr Garforth's colt, and 4 to 1 agst Mr Peirse's filly; after the first heat, 2 to 1 agst Mr Peirse's filly, 2 to 1 agst Mr Garforth's colt, and 3 to 1 agst Fyldener; after the second heat, 3 and 4 to 1 on Mr Garforth's colt.—Won easy.			

Match for 100gs, h. ft.—Two miles.—Give-and-take weights, highest 8st 2lb.

Mr Hewett's b f Miss Eliza Teazle, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Eliza, received forfeit from	
Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f by Moorcock, out of Miss Muston.	

Mr M. Hawke's b g Cock-a-Hoop, against Mr Treacher's b f Miss Cheesecake, 11st each.—Two miles, 200gs.—Off by consent.

SHREWSBURY MEETING—WALES.

MONDAY, September 15.—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr J. Goodall's gr f Joan of Arc, by Hambletonian, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb.	1	1
Mr Lockley's b f Princess Royal, 3 yrs old, 5st 12lb.....	2	2
42	Mr Gillibrand's	

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Mr Gillibrand's b m Myrtle, 3 yrs old, 8st 11lb..... 4 3
 Sir W. W. Wynne's b c by Waxy, 3 yrs old, 6st 3 4

Six and 7 to 4 on the field; after the heat, 2 to 1 on Joan of Arc.—

Won easy.

Lord Grey's ch c Shipton, by Benningbrough, 3 yrs old, was the only one entered for the above Plate, and received a 10gs Premium; after which a fresh entry took place as above.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters, 12st.—Rode by Gentlemen.—
 Four-mile heats.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr Walford's ch g Rebel, by Glaucus, 6 yrs old—walked over.

TUESDAY, September 16.—Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.
 —Heats, twice round the Course.

Lord Grey's ch c Shipton, by Benningbrough, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb... 1 1
 Sir W. W. Wynne's b c by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb..... 2 2
 Two and 3 to 1 on Shipton, but very little betting.—Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, September 17.—Handicap Stakes of 5gs each, with the Town Subscription-Purse added, for all ages.—Heats, twice round the Course.

Mr J. Eyre's b g Cockspinner, by Moorcock, 6 yrs old, 9st 5 1 1
 Mr L. Brooke's b c Royal Oak, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb 4 3 2
 Mr Egerton's b c Ptarmigan, 3 yrs old, 6st 8lb..... 2 4 3
 Mr Watt's gr h Evander, 5 yrs old, 9st 8lb..... 1 6 ds
 Mr Birch's ch f Lavinia, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb, (broke down)..... 6 2 dr
 Mr Ball's br c Artichoke, 4 yrs old, 7st 11lb, (lame)..... 3 dr
 Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Evander; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on
 Evander; after the second heat, 2 and 3 to 1 on Cockspinner.—
 Won easy.

THURSDAY, September 18.—Fifty Pounds given by the Earl of Darlington, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Smith's br m Hebe, by Overton, 5 yrs old, 8st 12lb 1 1
 Mr Goodall's gr f Joan of Arc, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb 2 2
 Six to 1 on Hebe; after the heat, 20 to 1 she won.

KINGSCOTE MEETING—GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

TUESDAY, September 16.—A Match for a hundred guineas.—Two miles.

Mr Miller's b g Fortunio, by Fortunio, aged, 13st..... 1
 Mr Larton's ch c Phantom, by Spectre, 4 yrs old, 13st..... 2
 Five and 6 to 4 on Phantom.

A Match for Fifty Guineas.—One mile.

Mr Bayzand's ch c Reserve, (late Rubbish) by Volunteer, 10st 1
 Mr Hodge's b c Guido, by Transit, 10st 2
 Six to 4 on Guido.—Won easy.

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The Kingscote Stakes of 25gs each, 15gs forfeit, and only 5gs ft. if declared on Whit-Monday evening; with 50gs added by the Club, for horses, &c.—Three miles.—Fourteen Subscribers, eight of whom paid 5gs each.

Mr Herbert's b m Little Peggy, by Buzzard, 5 yrs old, 10st 13lb.... 1
 Sir H. Lippincott's gr c Prisoner, 3 yrs old, 9st 5lb 2
 Mr Douglas's br h Ducat, 6 yrs old, 10st 12lb 3
 Even betting on Ducat, 11 to 8 agst Little Peggy, and 3 to 1 agst Prisoner.—A fine race.

The Welter Stakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c. 11st 9lb each.—Two-mile heats.—Fifteen Subscribers.

Mr J. Hawke's b g Featherlegs, by Moorcock, 5 yrs old 1 2 1
 Mr Glover's b g Chancellor, 6 yrs old (ran out of the Course)... 2 1 ds
 Mr Pryse's ch m by Young Imperator, 6 yrs old..... 3 dr
 Five and 6 to 4 on Chancellor.

The Plate of 100gs, for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Biggs's ch c Bassanio, by Skyscraper, 4 yrs old, 10st 12lb.... 1 1
 Lord F. Bentinck's br h Bagatelle, 5 yrs old, 11st 10lb..... 2 2
 Sir H. Lippincott's b c Ploughboy, 3 yrs old, 9st 6lb..... 3 3
 Even betting between Bassanio and Bagatelle, and 10 to 1 agst Ploughboy.—A very fine race.—The first heat was won by a neck; and the second heat by a length.

WEDNESDAY, September 17.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 100gs added by the Club, for horses, &c.—Four miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Sir H. Lippincott's gr g Slate, by Mr Teazle, 6 yrs old, 11st 4lb.... 1
 Lord F. Bentinck's b g Mirmillo, 4 yrs old, 9st 9lb 2
 Mr Douglas's br h Ducat, 6 yrs old, 11st 8lb..... 3
 Five to 4 against Mirmillo, 6 to 4 against Slate, and 2 to 1 against Ducat.—A good race.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50gs added, for horses, &c.—Three miles. Six Subscribers.

Lord F. Bentinck's br h Bagatelle, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old, 12st 1
 Mr Biggs's ch c Bassanio, 4 yrs old, 11st 2
 Col. Kingscote's ch g Pigeon, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb 3
 Five to 4 on Bassanio, and 6 to 4 agst Bagatelle.—A very fine race.

The Cup, a Subscription of 10gs each, paid to the winner in specie, for horses, &c.—Three miles.—Six Subscribers.

Mr Douglas's ch c Timekeeper, by Hambletonian, 4 yrs old, 11st ... 1
 Mr Hodges's b c Guido, 4 yrs old, 11st 2
 Lord F. Bentinck's b g Mirmillo, 4 yrs old, 10st 11lb..... 3
 Colonel Kingscote's ch g Pigeon, 4 yrs old, 10st 11lb 4
 Mr Glover's b g Chancellor, 6 yrs old, 12st 8lb..... 5
 Even betting against Mirmillo, 5 to 4 against Guido, 7 to 4 against Timekeeper, 2 to 1 against Chancellor, and 5 to 1 against Pigeon.—A good race.

Handicap Plate of 50l. for horses, &c.—Heats, the last mile.

Mr Bullock's b h Green-Dragon. by St. George, 5 yrs old,
 10st 11lb 4 3 1 1
Mr Biggs's

Mr Biggs's b f Margaretta, 4 yrs old, 10st 6lb..... 3 1 2 4
 Sir H. Lippincott's b c Ploughboy, 3 yrs old, 9st 4lb..... 1 2 3 3
 Mr Douglas's br h Ducat, 6 yrs old, 11st 10lb..... 2 dr
 Five to 4 on Margaretta; after the first heat, 2 and 3 to 1 against
 Ploughboy; after the second heat, 7 to 4 on Margaretta; after the
 third heat, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Green-Dragon.—Won tolerably
 easy.

THURSDAY, September 18.—Handicap Plate of 50l. for horses, &c.—
 Two-mile heats.

Mr Herbert's b m Little Peggy, by Buzzard, 5 yrs old, 11st 7lb. 5 1 1
 Sir H. Lippincott's gr g Slate, 6 yrs old, 11st 9lb..... 1 4 2
 Mr Douglas's ch c Timekeeper, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb..... 4 2 3
 Colonel Kingscote's br g Hedley, 4 yrs old, 9st 11lb..... 3 3 4
 Lord Brooke's ch h Marplot, 6 yrs old, 11st 10lb..... 2 dr
 Little Peggy the favourite; after the first heat, 5 to 4 on Slate;
 after the second heat, 7 to 4 on Little Peggy.—Won easy.

LEICESTER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, September 17.—The Belvoir Stakes of 5gs each,
 with 20gs added by his Grace the Duke of Rutland, for hunters.
 Two miles.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr Andrew's b g Garland, by Volunteer, 6 yrs old, 12st..... 1
 Mr Broadhurst's ch g Nelson, by Citizen, 5 yrs old, 11st 7lb..... 2
 Mr Morris's ch f Zephyr, 4 yrs old, 10st 12lb 3
 Garland the favourite.—A good race.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 5 yrs old, 9st 6lb. 1 1
 Mr Andrew's b c Fathom, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb..... 5 2
 Mr Fisher's br f Lady-Bird, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb 2 3
 Mr Sitwell's b f Goosecap, 4 yrs old, 8st 3 4
 Mr Saille's b c brother to Hornby-Lass, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb 4 5
 Mr C. Browne's ch c Burleigh, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb 6 6
 Five to 4 on Miss Coiner; after the heat, 2 and 3 to 1 she won.

The Match between Major Morris's Two-Shoes and Colonel Crump's
 brother to Vivaldi, was compromised.

THURSDAY, September 18.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile
 heats.

Mr C. Browne's b c Mountaineer, by Magic, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb 3 0 1 1
 Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... 1 0 2 dr
 Mr Sitwell's b f Goosecap, 4 yrs old, 7st..... 2 dr
 Six to 4 on Miss Coiner; after the first heat, 5 to 2 she won; after
 the dead heat, even betting.

Match for 100gs.—One mile.

Mr Andrew's b g Garland, by Volunteer, 6 yrs old, 10st..... 1
 Mr C. Browne's ch c Burleigh, by Stamford, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb 2
 Five and 6 to 4 on Garland.

OSWESTRY

THE RACING CALENDAR.

OSWESTRY MEETING—WALES.

MONDAY, September 22.—The Silver Cup, value 50l. given by Sir Watkin William Wynne, Bart. for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Lloyd's ch m by Fergus, dam by Revenge, 5 yrs old—walked over.

TUESDAY, September 23.—The Silver Cup, value 50l. given by Lord Bradford and Lord Kenyon, (the Stewards) for hunters, 11st.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Walford's ch g Rebel, by Glaucus, 6 yrs old..... 1 1

Mr Glover's b g Chancellor, 6 yrs old..... 2 2

Mr Dyott's ch g by Young Herod, 4 yrs old..... 3 3

Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.—Two mile heats.

Lord Wilton's b c Bucephalus, by Alexander, 4 yrs old, 8st 12lb.. 1 1

Mr Lascelles's br c Talisman, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb..... 2 2

Sir W. W. Wynne's b c by Meteor, 3 yrs old, 7st 10lb..... 3 ds

The Meteor colt came in second for the last heat, but did not bring in his proper weight.

WEDNESDAY, September 24.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr J. Eyre's b g Cockspinner, by Moorcock, 6 yrs old, 9st 3lb. 2 1 1

Sir W. W. Wynne's b c by Meteor, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb..... 1 3 2

Mr Lascelles's br c Talisman, 3 yrs old, 6st..... 3 2 dr

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for half-bred horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.—Five Subscribers.

Mr Lloyd's ch m by Fergus, 5 yrs old—walked over.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 20gs added, for horses, &c.—One-mile heats.—The winner was to be sold for 50gs, if demanded, &c.—Ten Subscribers.

Mr C. W. Wynne's br c Artichoke, by Don Quixote, 4 yrs old, 10st 7lb..... 1 3 1

Sir W. W. Wynne's b c by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 10st 7lb..... 2 1 3

Mr W. Wynne's b m Myrtle, 5 yrs old, 11st 5lb..... 4 2 2

Mr Dyott's ch g by Young Herod, 4 yrs old, 10st 5lb..... 3 4 4

BECCLES MEETING—SUFFOLK.

MONDAY, September 22.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.—The winner was to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr Prince's b c Young Bob, 3 yrs old, a feather..... 1 1

Mr Walker's b f Mignonette, 3 yrs old, a feather..... 2 dr

Mr Emden's b g Pantaloon, 3 yrs old, a feather..... 3 dr

TUESDAY, September 23.—Sweepstakes of 3gs each, with 15gs added, for all ages.—Heats, twice round the Course.—Twelve Subscribers.

Mr Emden's b c Cricketer, by Young Woodpecker, out of a sister to Marianne, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb..... 1 1

Colonel Harbord's br c Viscount, by His Lordship, dam by Drone, 3 yrs old, 7st..... 2 2

Handicap

THE RACING CALENDAR.

Handicap Plate of 50gs. for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr Wilson's b c Rainbow, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb.....	1 1
Mr Emden's b g Pantaloon, 3 yrs old, 6st 6lb, (bolted).....	2 ds

AYR MEETING—SCOTLAND.

TUESDAY, September 23.—The Gold Cup, value 100gs, a Subscription of 10gs each, for horses, &c. bred and trained in Scotland.—

Two miles.—Fourteen Subscribers.

Mr Baird's b g Newbyth, by Trimmer, aged, 9st.....	1
Lord Cassillis's br f by Overton, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb	2
Sir H. D. Hamilton's br f by Sir Charles, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb.....	3
Lord Montgomerie's gr c by Sir Charles, 4 yrs old, 8st 1lb.....	4
Mr Hamilton's b c by Scorpion, 4 yrs old, 9st 1lb	5
Mr Wallace's b f by Spadille, 4 yrs old, 8st 1lb.....	6

Newbyth the favourite.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr N. B. Hodgson's gr m Priscilla, by Delpini, 5 yrs old, 8st 10lb. 1 1	
Lord Montgomerie's b c Caleb Quote'em, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb	2 2

Two to 1 on Caleb Quote'em; after the heat, 2 to 1 on Priscilla.—

The second heat was well contested for the whole four miles, and won with difficulty.

WEDNESDAY, September 24.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr N. B. Hodgson's b m Lady Mary, by Beningbrough, 6 yrs old—walked over.

Match for 50gs.—Two miles.

Lord Montgomerie's br f by a brother to Wrangler, dam by Disguise, 3 yrs old, 8st 2lb	1
Mr Oswald's ch f by Master Robert, dam by Sir Andrew, 3 yrs old, 8st 2lb	2

Five and 6 to 4 on Lord Montgomerie's filly.

THURSDAY, September 25.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr N. B. Hodgson's b m Lady Mary, by Beningbrough, 6 yrs old—walked over.

Handicap Stakes of 5gs each, with 25gs added from the Racing Fund, for all ages.—Two miles.

Mr Baird's br f by Overton, 4 yrs old, 9st	1
Lord Montgomerie's ch f by Nobleman, 3 yrs old, a feather	2
Mr Oswald's b c by Scorpion, 4 yrs old, 6st 8lb	3
Mr Oswald's ch f by Master Robert, 3 yrs old, a feather.....	4
Mr Wallace's b f by Spadille, 4 yrs old, 6st 8lb.....	5

Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on the field.

Match

Match for 50gs.—Two miles.

Lord Montgomerie's ch f by Nobleman, out of Butterfly, by Eclipse,
3 yrs old, 8st 2lb 1
Mr Oswald's ch c by Master Robert, dam by Florizel, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb. 2
Six to 4 on Mr Oswald's colt.

WALSALL MEETING—STAFFORDSHIRE.

WEDNESDAY, September 24.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr Smith's br m Hebe, by Overton, 5 yrs old, 8st 6lb 1 1
Mr Storey's ch f Lady Fair, 3 yrs old, 5st 11lb 2 2
Five to 1 on Hebe; after the heat, 20 to 1 she won.

THURSDAY, September 25.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 5 yrs old, 8st 6lb. 1 1
Lord Grey's ch c St. Domingo, 3 yrs old, 6st 5lb 3 2
Mr Birch's ch c Welch-Harp, 4 yrs old, 7st 9lb 2 3
Mr Goodall's b c Ptarmigan, 3 yrs old, 6st 2lb 4 4
Even betting on Miss Coiner; after the heat, 2 to 1 she won.

TEWKESBURY MEETING—GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

FRIDAY, September 26.—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with a Silver Cup, value 50l. added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—The winner was to have been sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.—Eight Subscribers.

Mr Emden's b h Latitat, by Waxy, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb 1 3 4 1
Mr Bullock's b h Green Dragon, 5 yrs old, 8st 7lb 5 5 1 2
Lord Brooke's ch h Marplot, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb 4 1 2 3
Sir H. Lippincott's gr g Slate, 6 yrs old, 8st 13lb 2 2 5
Mr Cresswell's ch c by Caustic, 3 yrs old, 6st 6 4 3
Mr Bayzand's ch g Reserve, 4 yrs old, 7st 5lb 3 6 dr
Mr Brown's b h by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb, (bolted) dis

SATURDAY, Sept. 27.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.—The winner was to have been sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

Sir H. Lippincott's gr g Slate, by Mr Teazle, 6 yrs old, 9st 5lb. 4 1 1
Mr Worrall's ch c Timekeeper, 4 yrs old, 7st 12lb 3 2 2
Lord Brooke's ch h Marplot, 6 yrs old, 9st 2 3 3
Mr Faulkener's b h Doubtful, 6 yrs old, 9st 3lb 1 4 dr
Mr C. Day's br g Hedley, 4 yrs old, 7st 13lb, (fell) dis

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, September 29.—Second year of a renewal of a Subscription of 5gs each, for four-year olds and upwards.—B. C.—Twenty-one Subscribers.

Lord Sackville's ch h Prospero, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 8st 6lb.... 1
Mr D. Radcliffe's b c Barbarossa, 4 yrs old, 7st 7lb..... 2
Eleven to 5 on Barbarossa.—Won very easy.

Match for 200gs.—Beacon Course.

Mr D. Boyce's br h Sir David, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 8st..... 1
Lord Foley's gr h Sir Harry Drisdale, 6 yrs old, 8st 7lb 2
Twenty to 10 on Sir David.—Won quite easy.

Match for 200gs.—Beacon Course.

Lord Sackville's br h Witchcraft, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1
Mr Mellish's br h Czar Peter, 5 yrs old, 8st 3lb..... 2
Eleven to 8 on Czar Peter.—A good race.

Match for 200gs.—Across the Flat.

Mr D. Boyce's b c Currycomb, by Buzzard, out of Iris, by Brush,
4 yrs old, 8st 3lb 1
Duke of Grafton's br c Forester, 3 yrs old, 8st 3lb..... 2
Six to 5 on Forester.—Won easy.

A Match for 200gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr D. Boyce's b c Cardinal Beaufort, by Gohanna, out of Colibri,
4 yrs old, 8st 3lb 1
Lord Foley's br c Paris, 3 yrs old, 7st 9lb 2
Two to 1 on Cardinal Beaufort.

Match for 500gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr Howorth's b c Plantagenet, by John Bull, out of Tulip, by Damp-
er, 4 yrs old, 8st 10lb..... 1
Mr Mellish's b f Jerboa, 3 yrs old, 8st..... 2
Eleven to 5 on Jerboa.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three-years old colts 8st 7lb, fillies
8st 3lb.—Across the Flat.—Nine Subscribers.

Mr Mellish's b c Smuggler, by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam 1
Lord Foley's br c Paris, brother to Stamford 2
Lord Grosvenor's b c Tudor, by John Bull..... 3
Duke of Grafton's b c Podargus, by Worthy 4
Seven to 4 against Smuggler.—Won quite easy.

Match for 100gs.—Across the Flat.

Duke of Grafton's br f Vanity, by Buzzard, out of Dabchick, 3 yrs
old, 8st 3lb..... 1
Lord Foley's b c Knee-buckle, 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb..... 2
Two to 1 on Vanity.

Match for 100gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr Wyndham's h f Glory, by Coriander, out of Fairy, by Highflyer,
4 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... 1
Lord Stawell's b c Deceiver, 3 yrs old, 8st 2
Two to 1 on Deceiver.

Mr Mellish's

THE RACING CALENDAR.

11

Mr Mellish's Czar Peter, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 11lb, received forfeit from Mr W. Bayley's Gratitude, 7st 13lb.—Ditch-in, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr F. Neale's ch c Regulator, by a brother to Repeater, 9st, received forfeit from Mr W. Bayley's b f by Moorcock, out of Malespinner, 8st.—Ab. M. 100gs, h. ft.

Mr Mellish's Staveley, by Shuttle, 6st 2lb, received forfeit from Mr Howorth's Plantagenet, 8st.—Ditch-in, 200gs, h. ft.

Sir J. Shelley's Sir Launcelot, by Delpini, 8st, against General Gower's Swinley, 8st 9lb.—Ditch-in, 100gs.—Sir J. Shelley received 84gs to be off this, and the Match between Sir Launcelot and General Gower's Sprite, on Thursday.

Mr D. Boyce's Brainworm, by Buzzard, received 25gs compromise from the Duke of Grafton's Pelisse, 8st each.—Across the Flat, 100gs.

Mr Mellish's Sancho, 8st 3lb, against Mr D. Boyce's Sir David, 8st. B. C. 500gs.—Off by consent.

Mr Mellish's Bedale, against Mr Wilson's Little Sally, 6st each.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs.—Off by consent.

Lord Foley's Blowing agst Mr D. Boyce's Wretch, 8st each.—Ab. M. 200gs.—Off by consent.

TUESDAY, Sept. 30.—Match for 300gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.
Mr Pantons gr c Tim, by Whiskey, out of Grey Dutchess, by Pot8o's 8st..... 1
Sir J. Shelley's b h Merryman, 5 yrs old, 8st..... 2
Six to 5 on Merryman.—A good race.

The second year of one-third of a Subscription of 25gs each, for four-year old colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb.—Ditch-in.—Fifteen Subscribers,
Mr D. Radcliffe's b c Barbarossa, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Mule-spinner, by Guildford..... 1
Duke of Grafton's b f Dodona, by Waxy..... 2
General Gower's b c Swinley, by Coriander..... 3
Lord Gower's br c Jasper, by Sir Peter Teazle..... 4
Thirteen to 8 against Swinley, 7 to 4 agst Barborassa, 4 to 1 agst Jasper, and 6 to 1 agst Dodona.—A good race.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 1.—Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.
Mr Watson's b c Honour, by Coriander, 3 yrs old, 8st 11b..... 1
Mr Craven's br c Henry, 4 yrs old, 8st 12lb..... 2
Six to 4 on Henry.—Won very easy.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each.—Two-year Olds' Course.
Mr Howorth's b f Orangeade, by Whiskey, out of Orange-Bud, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb..... 1
Mr D. Boyce's ch f Wretch, 3 yrs old, 8st 5lb..... 2
Major Pigott's b c by Moorcock, out of Matron, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb.. 3
Five to 4 against Wretch, 6 to 4 agst Orangeade, and 4 to 1 agst the Moorcock colt.—Won quite easy.

Fifty Guineas free for any horse, &c.—B. C.

Mr D. Radcliffe's b h Orville, by Benningbrough, aged, 9st.....	1
Duke of Grafton's b m Parasol, 6 yrs old, 8st 11lb.....	2
Mr Mellish's b c Staveley, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb.....	3
Sir J. Shelley's br m Houghton-Lass, 5 yrs old, 8st 5lb.....	4
Mr Craven's br c Henry, 4 yrs old, 7st 4lb.....	5
Seven to 4 against Staveley, 5 to 2 against Orville, 3 to 1 against Parasol, and 7 to 2 against Houghton-Lass.—Won easy.	

Match for 500gs.—Beacon Course.

Mr Howorth's br c Enterprise, by John Bull, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb....	1
Mr Mellish's br h Norval, aged, 8st 3lb.....	2
Seven to 4 on Enterprise.—A good race.	

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three-years old colts 8st 4lb, fillies 8st 1lb.
Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Ladbroke's ch c by Waxy.....	1
Sir C. Bunbury's b c Spy.....	2
Mr C. Browne's sister to Orlando.....	3

Even betting on Mr Ladbroke's colt.—Won easy.

One-third of a Subscription of 25gs each, for three years old colts 8st 6lb; fillies 8st 3lb.—D. I.

Lord Foley's br c Paris, brother to Stamford, by Sir Peter Teazle, walked over.

Mr Panton's Tamburro, by Whiskey, 8st 7lb, received forfeit from Ld F. G. Osborne's Sourkrout, 7st.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr D. Boyce's Brainworm, by Buzzard, 7st 12lb, received 150gs compromise from Mr Mellish's Sancho, 8st 12lb.—Ab. M. 200gs.

Lord Sackville's Deceiver, by Buzzard, 8st 4lb, received 30gs compromise from Lord Foley's Knee-Buckle, 8st 2lb.—R. M. 100gs, h. ft.

THURSDAY, October 2.—Match for 100gs.—Across the Flat.

Mr Forth's b c Hippomenes, by Pegasus, 8st 9lb.....	1
Sir C. Bunbury's br f Lydia, 9st.....	2
Six to 4 on Lydia.—Won very easy.	

A Match for a Hundred Guineas.—Abingdon Mile.

Lord Foley's b f Blowing, by Buzzard, 8st 1lb.....	1
Mr Watson's b c Vagabond, 8st 3lb.....	2
Seven to 4 on Vagabond.—Won very easy.	

Match for 200gs.—Beacon Course.

Mr D. Boyce's b c Cardinal Beaufort, 8st 10lb....	0
Lord Foley's br c Little Peter, 8st.....	0
Ran a dead heat.—Six to 4 on Little Peter.	

The King's Plate of 100gs, for four-year olds and upwards.—Round Course.

Mr D. Radcliffe's b c Barbarossa, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb.....	1
Mr Andrew's b c Fathom, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb.....	2
Major Pigott's b c by Moorcock, out of Matron, 4 yrs old, 10st 4lb.	3
Five to 1 on Barbarossa.—Won in a canter.	

The

The Town Plate of 50l. with Mr. Perram's 30gs added, for three years old colts 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 3lb.—Ditch-in.

Mr Goulburn's b f Epsom-Lass, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Alexina. 1

Mr C. Browne's b f sister to Orlando..... 2

Mr Moorhouse's b c by Grouse..... 3

Even betting on Epsom-Lass.—Won quite easy.

Mr Blachford's Currycomb, by Buzzard, 8st 3lb, received forfeit from Lord Foley's, Blowing, 8st.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

General Gower's Swinley, by Coriander, 7st 12lb, received forfeit from Mr Mellish's Staveley, 8st 7lb.—Ditch-in, 100gs.

Lord Sackville's b c by Buzzard, out of Ossian's dam, received forfeit from Mr Elwes's ch c by Buzzard, out of Totterella, (dead) 8st 1lb each. Across the Flat, 100gs, h. ft.

Sir J. Shelley's Sir Launcelot, by Delpini, 8st 9lb, received 90gs compromise from Mr Blachford's Currycomb, 7st 8lb.—First three miles of B. C. 100gs.

Duke of Grafton's Parasol, by Pot8o's, 8st 9lb, received 50gs compromise from Mr Mellish's Czar Peter, 8st.—B. C. 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Wilson's Little Sally, by Buzzard, 6st 3lb, received 100gs compromise from Mr Mellish's Jerboa, 8st 7lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs.

Sir J. Shelley's Sir Launcelot, by Delpini, 8st 8lb, against General Gower's Sprite, 7st 10lb.—Across the Flat, 100gs:—Sir J. Shelley received 85gs to be off this, and the Match between Sir Launcelot and Gen. Gower's Swinley, on Monday.

FRIDAY, October 3.—Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Howorth's b f Orangeade, by Whiskey, out of Orangebud, 3 yrs old, 8st.....1

Mr Mellish's gr c Bedale, 2 yrs old, 6st 5lb..... 2

Five to 2 on Orangeade.—Won in a canter.

A Match for 100gs.—The two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Panton's gr c Tim, by Whiskey, out of Grey Duchess, by Pot8o's 3 yrs old, 8st 7lb.....1

Mr R. Prince's b c Comrade, 2 yrs old, 7st..... 2

Six to 5 on Tim.—Won easy.

Match.—Two-year Olds' Course.—Mr Howorth staked 150gs to 100.

Mr D. Boyce's ch f Wretch, by Gohanna, 3 yrs old, 8st 2lb 1

Mr Howorth's b c Plantagenet, 4 yrs old. 8st..... 2

Five to 2 on Plantagenet.—Won easy.

Mr Howorth's b f Orangeade, by Whiskey, 3 yrs old, 8st 7lb, received 150gs compromise from Mr R. Prince's b c Comrade, 2 yrs old, 8st.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs.

NEWMARKET

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 13.—The second year of one-third of a Subscription of 25gs each, for five-year olds 8st 5lb, six-year olds 8st 11lb, and aged 9st.—B. C.—Fifteen Subscribers.

Lord Sackville's b h Bustard, by Buzzard, 5 yrs old..... 1

Mr D. Radcliffe's b h Orville, aged..... 2

Thirteen to 8 on Orville.—Won cleverly.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each.—D. I.

Duke of Grafton's b c Podargus, by Worthy, out of Prunella, 8st 5lb 1

Lord Foley's b c Knee-Buckle, 8st..... 2

Mr D. Boyce's ch c Achilles, 8st 7lb 3

Six to 5 on Achilles, and 2 to 1 against Podargus.—A good race, but won rather easy at the end.

Match for 200gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr D. Radcliffe's b h Orville, by Benningbrough, aged, 7st 7lb..... 1

Mr Mellish's b h Sancho, 5 yrs old, 8st 2

Four to 1 on Orville.—Sancho broke down.

Match for 200gs.—Beacon Course.

Mr D. Boyce's br h Sir David, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 8st 1

Lord Foley's gr h Sir Harry Dimsdale, 6 yrs old, 8st 2

Five to 2 on Sir David.—Won very easy.

Match for 200gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Duke of Grafton's b f Vanity, by Buzzard, out of Dab-Chick, 3 yrs old, 8st..... 1

Mr D. Boyce's b c Malvolio, 3 yrs old, 8st..... 2

Five to 4 on Malvolio.—Won very easy.

Match for 300gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Sir C. Bunbury's b f Lydia, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old, 8st 10lb 1

Lord Foley's br c Little Peter, 4 yrs old, 8st 3lb..... 2

Eleven to 8 on Lydia.—Won very easy.

Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Blachford's b c Currycomb, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 8st..... 1

General Gower's b c Swinley, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb..... 2

Five to 2 on Currycomb.—Won very easy.

Match for 100gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr Watson's b h Dreadnought, by Buzzard, 6 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... 1

Mr Payne's b c Tudor, 3 yrs old, 7st 9lb..... 2

Six to 5 on Dreadnought.—A good race.

Match for 50gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr Payne's b c Tudor, by John Bull, 3 yrs old, 7st 10lb..... 1

Mr Mellish's b f Jerboa, 3 yrs old, 7st 8lb..... 2

Thirteen to 8 on Tudor.—Won very easy.

Mr Howorth's Plantagenet, by John Bull, 7st 13lb, received forfeit from Mr Mellish's Sancho, 8st 13lb.—Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.

Lord Sackville's b h Bustard, by Buzzard, received 300gs compromise from Mr Mellish's Czar Peter, 8st 3lb each.—B. C. 500gs.

Mr Wilson's

Mr Wilson's Little Sally, by Buzzard, 7st 10lb, received 25gs compromise from Mr Mellish's Comrade, 7st 4lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Mellish's Bedale, by Star, 8st 3lb, received 70gs compromise from Lord F. G. Osborne's Sourkrout, 8st.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr D. Boyce's Malvolio, against Lord Stawell's Deceiver, 8st 3lb each.—Ab. M. 100gs.—Off by consent.

Mr D. Boyce's Cardinal Beaufort, 8st 5lb, against Sir J. Shelley's Sir Launcelot, 7st 10lb.—R. M. 200gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

Mr D. Boyce's Achilles, 7st 11lb, against Mr Watson's Vagabond, 7st 6lb.—R. M. 200gs, h. ft.—Off by consent.

TUESDAY, October 14.—A Match for 25gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Sir C. Bunbury's ch c Snug by Whiskey, dam by Diomed, 3 yrs old, 9st 5lb..... 1

Mr Mellish's Yorkshireman, 3 yrs old, 8st 12lb..... 2

Three to one on Snug.—Won in a canter.

A Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Panton's b f Ralphina, sister to Dilettanti, by Buzzard, 2 yrs old, 6st 3lb..... 1

Mr Watson's b f Honour, 3 yrs old, 8st 7lb..... 2

Five to two on Ralphina.—Won very easy.

A Match for 50gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Ladbroke's b m Slipper, by Precipitate, out of Catherine, 5 yrs old, 9st..... 1

Mr Mellish's Yorkshireman, 3 yrs old, 7st..... 2

Ten to one on Slipper.—Won quite easy.

Fifty Pounds for two years old colts 8st 4lb, fillies 8st 2lb.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr R. Prince's b c Comrade, by Stamford, out of Companion's dam, by Lurcher..... 1

Mr Wilson's ch f Little Sally, by Buzzard..... 2

D. of Grafton's b c by Worthy, out of Hornby-Lass..... 3

Mr Howorth's b c Dwarf, by Beningbrough, (bolted)..... 0

Mr D. Radcliffe's b c Mandarine, by Patriot..... 0

Mr Goulburn's b c by Oberon..... 0

Even betting on Little Sally, 3 to 1 agst Comrade, and 3 to 1 agst Mandarine.

Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Watson's Pagoda, 8st 4lb..... 1

Mr R. Prince's b c Comrade, 7st..... 2

Seven to four on Pagoda.—A good race.

Mr Howorth's Orangeade, by Whiskey, 7st 7lb, recd ft. from Mr F. Neale's Regulator, 8st 7lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr Panton's Tim, by Whiskey, 6st 4lb, recd ft. from Mr Mellish's Jerboa, 7st.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs.

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY, October 15.—The Town Plate of 50l. for three-yr olds and upwards, two middle miles of B. C.—The winner was to be sold for 125gs, if demanded, &c.

Lord Stawell's br c Jumper, by Worthy, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb.....	1
Sir C. Bunbury's b c Spy, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb.....	2
Lord Foley's ch h Stretch, 6 yrs old, 9st 1lb.....	3

The following horses also started, but were not placed:

Mr Goodisson's br f Flighty, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb.....	0
Mr Page's b c Rainbow, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb.....	0
Mr Andrew's b c Zofloya, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb.....	0
Mr Craven's br c Henry, 4 yrs old, 8st 4lb.....	0

Five to four agst Stretch, and 5 to 1 agst Jumper.

The first class of the October Oatlands' Stakes of 30gs each.—R. M.—
Five Subscribers

Mr D. Radcliffe's ch c Selim, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 9st 2lb.....	1
Lord Foley's ch h Captain Absolute, aged, 8st 8lb.....	2
Sir C. Bunbury's br f Lydia, 4 yrs old, 9st.....	3
Lord Stawell's b c Deceiver, 3 yrs old, 7st 2lb.....	4

Seven to four against Selim, 2 to 1 agst Lydia, and 4 to 1 against Captain Absolute.—Nine paid 10gs forfeit each, which was divided between the two classes.

Sweeptakes of 25gs each.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Wyndham's b f Glory, by Coriander, 8st.....	1
Mr Ladbroke's ch c by Waxy, 8st 6lb.....	2
Sir C. Bunbury's b g Snug, 9st.....	3
Mr Mellish's b f Off-she-goes, 7st 11lb.....	4

Five to two agst Glory, 5 to 2 agst the Waxy Colt, and 5 to 1 against Snug.

Match for 200gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr Arthur's ch h Brainworm, by Buzzard, 8st.....	1
Mr Mellish's b c Staveley, 8st.....	2

Thirteen to eight on Brainworm.

Match for 200gs.—Beacon Course.

D. of Grafton's Parasol, by Pot8o's, 8st 11lb.....	1
Mr Arthur's b c Cardinal Beaufort, 7st 8lb.....	2

Six to five on Cardinal Beaufort.

Mr Watson's Dreadnought, by Buzzard, 8st 4lb, recd ft. from Ld Foley's Little Peter, 8st 1lb.—Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.

THURSDAY, October 16.—The second class of the October Oatlands' Stakes, all ages.—Rowley's Mile.

Gen. Gower's br m Pelisse, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 8st 1lb.....	1
Lord Grosvenor's b f Violante, 4 yrs old, 9st.....	2
Mr Ladbroke's b m Slipper, 5 yrs old, 9st 1lb.....	3
Mr Watson's ch c Charmer, 3 yrs old, 7st 4lb.....	4
Mr Wilson's gr c Confederate, 4 yrs old, 8st 2lb.....	5

Two to 1 against Pelisse, and 2 to 1 against Violante.—A good race.

Match

Match for 100gs.—Ditch-in.

Mr F. Neale's ch c Regulator, by a brother to Repeater, dam by Diomed, 8st.....	1
Mr Andrew's b c Zofloya, by Moorcock, 8st.....	2
Seven to 2 on Regulator.	

Match for 50gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Blachford's b c Currycomb, by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 9st 6lb.....	1
Mr Mellish's gr c Bedale, 2 yrs old, 6st 3lb	2
Four to 1 on Currycomb.—A good race.	

Match for 200gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr F. Neal's b c Malvolio, by Precipitate, 8st 3lb	1
Duke of Grafton's br c Forester, 8st 3lb.....	2
Four to 1 on Forester.—Won easy.	

Match for 100gs.—Across the Flat.

Mr Arthur's br c Wormwood, by Young Woodpecker, 8st 9lb	1
General Gower's b c Swinley, 8st 1lb	2
Thirteen to 8 on Wormwood.	

Match for 100gs.—The last three miles of B. C.

Mr Forth's b c Hippomenes, by Pegasus, 8st.....	1
Mr Prime's bl c Barouche, 8st.....	2
Four to 1 on Hippomenes.	

Match for 200gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Lord F. G. Osborne's ch f Norah, by John Bull, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb	1
Mr R. Prince's b c Comrade, 2 yrs old, 7st 7lb	2
Six to 5 on Norah.	

Match for 100gs.—Across the Flat.

Lord Grosvenor's br c Jasper, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs, 8st	1
Mr Mellish's b c Smuggler, 3 yrs old, 8st 5lb.....	2
Five to 4 on Smuggler.	

Mr Arthur's Wretch, by Gohannah, 8st 3lb, received 40gs compromise from General Gower's Sprite, 8st.—Ab. M. 100gs.

FRIDAY, October 17.—Match for 100gs. Ab. M.

Lord Grosvenor's b c Tudor, by John Bull, 3 yrs old, 8st	1
Sir J. Shelley's br m Houghton-Lass, 5 yrs old, 9st.....	2
Eleven to 8 on Houghton-Lass.	

Match for 50gs.—Yearling Course.

Mr Watson's b c Honour, by Coriander, 8st	1
Mr Howorth's b f Orangeade, 8st	2
Three to 1 on Orangeade.—Won easy.	

Match for 25gs.—Across the Flat.

Mr Payne's bl c Barouche, by Overton, 4 yrs old, 8st	1
Mr Andrew's b h Garland, 6 years old, 8st 10lb.....	2
Five to 4 on Garland.—A good race.	

STIRLING MEETING—SCOTLAND.

TUESDAY, October 7.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Baird's b m Bessey 2 1 1
Mr Miller's br m Aurora 1 2 2

An excellent race, especially for the first heat, which was won by half a neck.

WEDNESDAY, October 8.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Baird's br m Juno 1 1
Mr Best's b m Fairy 2 2

An excellent race.

The Linlithgow and Stirlingshire Hunt Stakes of 5gs each.—Two-mile heats.—Thirteen Subscribers.

Capt. Fleming's ch h Tom Pipes, by Volunteer, 5 yrs old 1 1

Mr Graham's br m Fidget 3 2

Capt. Hamilton's br h Scogie 2 3

Tom Pipes the favourite.—A good race.

THURSDAY, October 9.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Baird's b g Young Newbyth, by Trimmer, aged, 9st 2lb 1 1

Mr Best's b m Fairy 2 dr

Mr Miller's br m Aurora dis

CARLISLE MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, October 15.—The King's Plate of 100gs for three-year olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Garforth's gr m Marcia, by Coriander, aged, 8st 9lb, (rode by F. Collinson) 1 1

Mr Storey's b c Cramlington, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb 3 2

Duke of Hamilton's b f Crazy, 4 years old, 7st 7lb 2 dr

Two and three to 1 on Marcia.—Won in a canter.

THURSDAY, October 16.—Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr Iderton's b c Roseden, by Archduke, 3 yrs old, 7st 13lb, (R. Johnson) 2 1 1

Mr Mason's gr c Trafalgar, 4 yrs old, 9st 11lb 1 2 2

Five to 1 on Trafalgar; after the first heat, 3 to 1 he won; after the second heat, even betting.—Three fine heats, and won with difficulty.

FRIDAY, October 17.—The Maiden Plate of Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Duke of Hamilton's b c banker, by Beningbrough, out of Young Rosaletta, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb 4 2 1 0 1

Mr Lonsdales b c by Star, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb 2 1 2 0 2

Major

Major M'Murdoch's b h by Competitor, 5 yrs old, 8st 6lb. 1 4 4 dr
Mr Lowther's b f 3 yrs old, 6st 4lb 3 3 3

Five and 6 to 4 on Banker; after the first heat, 6 to four on the field;
after the second heat, 7 to 4 on the Star colt; after the third heat 2 to 1
on Banker; after the dead heat, even betting.—Very capital running.

SATURDAY, October 18.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile
heats.

Lord Darlington's br h Fergusson, by King Fergus, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb. 1 1
Mr Ilderton's b c Roseden, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb 2 dr
Five to 1 on Fergusson.

WREXHAM MEETING.

MONDAY, October 6.—Fifty Pounds for three-year olds 6st 12lb,
four-year olds 8st 5lb.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Wilton's b c Bucephalus, by Alexander, 4 yrs old 1 3 1
Mr Harris's ch f Wrexham-Lass, 3 yrs old 2 1 2
Mr Lascelles's br c Talisman, 3 yrs old 3 2 3
Mr Storey's ch f Lady Fair, 3 yrs old 4. dis
Sir T. Mostyn's ch f Ambrosia, 3 yrs old 5 dr

Bucephalus the favourite; after the first heat, 2 to 1 he won; after
the second heat, 3 and 4 to 1 he won.

TUESDAY, October 7.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.
Mr Hare's b g Cockspinner, by Moorcock, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb 3 2 1 1
Sir W. W. Wynne's b c by Meteor, 3 yrs old, 6st 4 1 2 2
Mr Harris's ch f Wrexham-Lass, 3 yrs old, 6st 1 4 4 3
Mr Goodall's gr f Joan of Arc, 3 yrs old, 6st 2 3 3
Cockspinner the favourite for every heat.

NORTHALLERTON MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 16.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs
added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Three Subscribers.

Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Katherine,
3 yrs old, 6st 5lb, (G. Franks) 2 0 1 1
Mr Brandling's br c Smasher, 3 yrs old, 6st 7lb, (Alderson). 1 0 2 2
Mr G. Linton's b c by Star, 3 years old, 6st 7lb, (bolted).... 3 3 dis

Five to 4 on Sir H. T. Vane's filly; after the first heat, two to one on
Smasher; after the dead heat, even betting; after the third heat, 3 and
4 to 1 on Sir H. T. Vane's filly.—The first, second, and third heats were
each won by half a neck.

FRIDAY, October 17.—Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds.
Three-mile heats.

Mr Lonsdale's ch c The Dean, by Pipator, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb,
(B. Smith) 4 1 1
C2 Mr E. L. Hodgson's

Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f by Moorcock, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb 1 2 3
 Sir H. T. Vane's br c by Hambletonian, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb 3 3 2
 Mr Wetherell's bl f by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old, 7st 3lb 2 5 dr
 Mr Brandling's br c Smasher, 3 yrs old, 7st 10lb. 5 4 dr
 Mr G. Linton's b c by Star, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb, (bolted)..... dis

Six to 4 agst The Dean; after the first heat, The Dean the favourite;
 after the second heat, 5 and 6 to 1 on The Dean.—Won very easy.

SATURDAY, October 18:—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Katherine, 3 yrs old,
 6st 10lb, (Franks) 1 3
 Mr Brandling's b c by Shuttle, dam by Walnut, 3 yrs old, 6st 10lb,
 (Alderson) 3 2
 Mr Lonsdale's ch c The Dean, 4 yrs old, 8st 2 3
 Five to 4 on The Dean; after the heat, even betting.—Won easy.

DUMFRIES AND CALEDONIAN HUNT MEETING.

OVER TINWALD DOWNS.

MONDAY, October 20.—The King's Plate of 100gs, given to the Caledonian Hunt, for horses, &c.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Garforth's gr m Marcia, by Coriander aged, (F. Collinson).... 1 1
 Mr N. B. Hodgson's b m Lady Mary, 6 yrs old 2 dr
 Three to 1 on Marcia.—Won very easy.

TUESDAY, October 21.—Fifty Guineas for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr N. B. Hodgson's gr m Priscilla, by Delpini, 5 yrs old—walked over.

WEDNESDAY, October 22.—Fifty Guineas for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr N. B. Hodgson's b m Lady Mary, by Beningbrough, 6 yrs old—walked over.

Major Douglas's ch g beat Captain Maitland's b g, a match for 100gs.

THURSDAY, October 23.—Fifty Guineas for hunters, 12st.—Four mile heats.

Marquis of Huntley's b h Tally-ho! 2 1 1
 Lord Elphinston's ch g by Cavendish, (broke down) 1 2 dr
 The gelding the favourite; after the first heat, 7 to 4 he won.

FRIDAY, October 24.—One Hundred Guineas free for any horse, &c.
 Four-mile heats.

Mr Garforth's gr c by Hambletonian, out of Faith by Pacolet,
 3 yrs old, 5st 7lb, (a Boy) 1 1

Mr N. B. Hodgson's gr m Priscilla, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb, (F. Collinson).. 2 2
 The winner the favourite.—A good race, but won rather easy.

SATURDAY, October 25.—Fifty Guineas for all ages.—Four-mile heats.—No race.

HOLYWELL

HOLYWELL HUNT MEETING.

TUESDAY, October 14.—Fifty Guineas for horses, &c. 13st.—Two-mile heats.

Sir W. W. Wynne's ch h by Glaucus, 6 yrs old..... 1 1
Mr F. R. Price's b h Magog, by Screveton..... 2 2
Mr Fitzbush's ch h by Glaucus, 6 yrs old..... 3 dr
The winner the favourite.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for horses, &c.—Two miles.—Five Subscribers.

Sir W. W. Wynne's b c by Meteor, dam by Highflyer, 3 yrs old.... 1
Sir T. Mostyn's ch f Ambrosia, by Telescope, 3 yrs old..... 2
Six to 4 on the winner.—Won easy.

THURSDAY, October 16.—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 20gs added, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, 12st each.—Two miles.—Eleven Subscribers.

Sir H. M. Mainwaring's br h Varmint, by Hollyhock, 6 yrs old.... 1
Mr Lloyd's ch m by Fergus, 5 yrs old..... 2
Five to 4 on the mare.—A good race.

A Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for horses, &c.—Two miles.—Seven Subscribers.

Sir E. P. Lloyd's ch h Glaucides, by Glaucus, 6 yrs old, 12st 4lb 1
Sir T. Mostyn's ch h by Glaucus, 6 yrs old, 12st 4lb 2
Sir H. M. Mainwaring's br h Varmint, 6 yrs old, 12st 4lb..... 3
Six and 7 to 4 on the field.

Sir T. Mostyn's ch f Ambrosia, by Telescope, 7st 6lb, beat Mr. Storey's ch f by Volunteer, 7st 3lb.—Two miles, 50gs.—Five and 6 to 4 on Ambrosia.

PENRITH MEETING.

THURSDAY, October 21.—Fifty Pounds for three and four-year olds. Two-mile heats.

Duke of Hamilton's b c Sunderland, by Star, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb,
(F. Collinson)..... 1 1
Mr Seymour's b c Sweetwilliam, 3 yrs old, 7st 10lb, (F. Jordon).. 3 2
Mr Mason's gr c Trafalgar, 4 yrs old, 8st 10lb, (W. Peirse)..... 2 dr
Even betting on Sunderland; after the heat, 5 to 1 he won.—
A good race.

Match for 200gs, 12st each.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Hutchinson's gr g Grey Douglas, by Douglas, (F. Jordon)... 2 1 1
Mr Beoth's Black Prince, (F. Collinson)..... 1 2 2
Five to 4 on Douglas; after the first heat, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Black Prince; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Douglas.—The first and second heats were well contested, but the third was won easy.

SATURDAY,

SATURDAY, October 23.—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses not thorough-bred, 10st.—Rode by Gentlemen.—Two-mile heats.—Eleven Subscribers.

Mr Monkhouse's b g Eden, by Windlestone, 4 yrs old, 7lb above weight, (Mr G. Hutchinson) 5 1 1
 Mr Grieve's b g Rive-Rags, by Ascham, 5 yrs, (Mr. J. Gibbons). 1 2 3
 Mr Hutchinson's gr g Grey Douglas, aged, (Mr Nicholson) 4 3 2
 Gen. Orde's bl g Black Prince, aged, (Mr. James)..... 2 dis
 Mr Hassel's b g Young Clydesdale, aged..... 3 dis
 Even betting on Douglas, and 3 to 1 against Eden; after the first heat, 5 to 4 on Rive-Rags; after the second heat, 10 to 1 on Eden.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three-mile heats.—No race.

STAFFORD MEETING.

TUESDAY, October 21.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Harris's ch f Wrexham-Lass, by Walnut, 3 yrs old, 5st 11lb.. 1 1
 Mr Lascelles's b c Talisman, 3 yrs old, 6st..... 2 2
 Mr Bowker's b c Plunder, (late Parmagan) 3 yrs old, 6st 3lb, (ran out of the Course) dis
 Plunder the favourite; after the heat, 2 and 3 to 1 on Wrexham-lass.—Won easy.

WEDNESDAY, October 22.—A Handicap Plate of 50l.—Four-mile heats.

Mr Smith's br m Hebe, by Overton, 5 yrs old, 10st..... 1 1
 Lord Stamford's ch c St. Domingo, 3 yrs old, 6st 12lb..... 3 2
 Mr Bower's b c Plunder, 3 yrs old, 6st 2 3
 Mr Lascelles's b c Talisman, 5st 7lb, (bolted)..... dis
 Even betting on Hebe.—Owing to the very reprehensible conduct of a man on horseback, the rider of Plunder was severely hurt, and was near falling, at a time when there was a probability of his winning the heat.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

MONDAY, October 27.—Match for a hundred guineas.—Beacon Course.

Mr Browne's b c Mountaineer, by Magic, 8st, (S. Chifney)..... 1
 Major Wilson's b h brother to Vivaldi, 9st 1lb..... 2
 Two to 1 and 5 to 2 on Mountaineer.

Match for 50gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Wyndham's b f Glory, by Coriander, 8st 4lb, (S. Chifney) 1
 Mr Andrew's b g Garland, 8st 4lb..... 2
 Five and 6 to 4 on Glory.

Match

Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Lord Grosvenor's b c Jasper, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 7lb, (F. Buckle) 1
 Mr F. Neale's b c Malvolio, 8st..... 2
 Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Malvolio.

Match for 50gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Sir C. Bunbury's ch c Snug, by Whiskey, 9st 5lb, (W. Wheatley) 1
 Mr Wilson's ch f Little Sally, 8st 1lb..... 2
 Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Snug.

Match for 200gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr Ladbroke's ch c Achilles, by Young Woodpecker, 8st, (W. Arnold) 1
 Lord Darlington's gr c Hector, 8st 3lb..... 2
 Five and 6 to 4 on Achilles.—Won very easy.

Match for 200gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr Arthur's ch h Brainworm, by Buzzard, 8st 1lb, (W. Arnold) 1
 Lord Darlington's ch h Zodiac, 8st 2
 Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Brainworm.—Won very easy.

Match for 200gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr Arthur's b c Cardinal Beaufort, by Gohanna, 8st 2lb, (W. Arnold) 1
 Mr Watson's b h Dreadnought, 8st 2lb 2
 Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Cardinal Beaufort.—A good race.

Match for 200gs.—The two middle miles of B. C.

Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, by Stamford, 8st, (J. Shepherd) 1
 Mr. F Neale's ch c Regulator, 8st 8lb 2
 Even betting and 5 to 4 on Luck's-All.

Match for 500gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Lord Darlington's b h Pavilion, by Waxy, 8st, (S. Chifney) 1
 Mr Mellish's b c Sancho, 8st, (J. Shepherd) 2
 Three to 1 and 7 to 2 on Pavilion.—Won quite easy.

Match for 100gs.—Rowley's Mile.

Ld F. Bentinck's b h Optician, by Telescope, 8st, (T. Goodisson).... 1
 Mr Howorth's br h Enterprise, 8st..... 2
 Six and 7 to 4 on Optician.

Match for 200gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr Arthur's ch f Wretch, by Gohanna, 8st 3lb, (W. Arnold) 1
 Mr Mellish's b f Off-shes-goes, 8st..... 2
 Five to 1 on Wretch.

For the Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. Ditch-in, between Strap, Gratitude, and Mountaineer, none of the three walked over.

Duke of St. Albans's Merrythought, by Totteridge, 8st 7lb, received forfeit from Mr Mellish's Miss Buckle, 7st 6lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Blachford's Currycomb, by Buzzard, 8st, recd ft. from Mr Howorth's Langton, 8st 3lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs, h. ft.

Lord F. Bentinck's Bagatelle, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 1lb, recd ft. from Gen. Gower's Swinley, 8st 10lb.—Ditch-in, 100gs, h. ft.

Sir J. Shelley's Sir Launcelot, by Delpini, recd 50gs compromise from Mr Arthur's Wretch, 8st each.—Ab. M. 200gs.

Mr R. Prince's

Mr R. Prince's Comrade, by Stamford, 6st 13lb, received 75gs compromise from Mr Watson's Vagabond, 8st 4lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Payne's Tudor, by John Bull, 8st 1lb, recd 100gs from Lord Foley's Paris 8st 7lb.—Ab. M. 200gs.

TUESDAY, October 28.—Match for 100gs.—Beacon Course.

Mr. Cave Browne's b c Mountaineer, by Magic, 8st 5lb, (S. Chifney) 1
Major Wilson's b h brother to Vivaldi, 9st 1lb..... 2

Two to 1 on Mountaineer.—A good race.

Match for 100gs.—Ditch Mile.

Lord F. G. Osborne's ch f Norah, by John Bull, 8st 9lb, (W. Edwards) 1
Gen. Grosvenor's b f Frecasée, (late Chicken Butcheress) 7st 1lb 2

Six and 7 to 4 on Norah.—Won easy.

Match for 200gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Blachford's b c Currycomb, by Buzzard, 8st 4lb, (W. Arnold) ... 1
Sir C. Bunbury's b c Lydia, 8st 7lb..... 2

Seven to 4 on Lydia.—Won easy.

Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Duke of Grafton's br c Forester, by Grouse, 8st 2lb, (W. Clift) 1
Lord Stawell's b c Deceiver, 8st..... 2

Six to four on Forester.—A good race.

Match for 100gs.—Across the Flat.

Mr Blachford's b c Currycomb, by Buzzard, 8st 3lb, (W. Arnold).... 1
Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, 8st 3lb, (J. Shepherd) 2

Five to 1 on Currycomb.—Won quite easy.

Match for 100gs.—Rowley's Mile.

Mr Ladbroke's b m Slipper, by Gohannah, 8st, (W. Arnold)..... 1
Duke of Grafton's b m Parasol 8st 8lb 2

Eleven to 8 on Parasol.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each.—Aucaster Mile.

Sir F. Standish's b f sister to Duxbury, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 3lb.. 1
Mr Wyndham's b f Glory, 7st 8lb..... 2

Mr Andrew's b g Garland, 7st 11lb..... 3
Even betting on Glory, and 5 to 4 agst Sir F. Standish's filly.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—The last three miles of B. C.—The winner was to be sold, with engagements, for 300gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr Goodisson's br f Flighty, by Traveller, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb, (rode by C. Goodisson) 1

Duke of Grafton's b c by Worthy, out of Hornby-Lass, 2 years old, a feather 2

Sir C. Bunbury's b c Spy, 3 years old, 7st 5lb 3

Lord Foley's b c Knee-Buckle, 3 years old, 7st 5lb 4

Mr Mellish's gr c Bedale, 2 years old, a feather 5

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr F. Neale's ch c Regulator, 4 years old, 8st 9lb 0
Lord F. Bentinck's br h Optician, 5 years old, 9st 3lb..... 0

Mr Golding's

Mr Golding's b f Merrymaid, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb 0
 Mr Panton's ch c Amateur, 3 yrs old, 7st 5lb 0
 Mr Pigott's br c by Moorcock, 4 yrs old, 8st 9lb 0

Five to 2 agst Knee-Buckle, 7 to 2 agst Optician, 4 to 1 agst the
 Duke of Grafton's colt, and 10 to 1 agst Flighty.

Mr Panton's Tim, by Whiskey, 8st 9lb, recd ft. from Lord F. G. Osborne's Sourcroust, 6st 3lb.—Two middle miles of B. C. 100gs, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, October 29.—Match for 50gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Sir F. Standish's ch f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of the Yellow Mare, 8st 7lb, (J. Shepherd) 1

Mr Ladbroke's ch c by Waxy, 9st 2
 Six and 7 to 4 on Sir F. Standish's filly.—Won very easy.

Match for 50gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Lord Foley's b f Blowing, by Buzzard, 8st, (J. Shepherd) 1

Duke of St. Albans's b f Merrythought, 8st 4lb 2
 Seven to 4, and 2 to 1 on Merrythought.—Won very easy.

Match for 50gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Lord Foley's b c Knee-Buckle, by Zachariah, 7st 7lb, (W. Edwards). 1

Lord Stawell's b c Deceiver, 8st 2
 Six to 4 on Deceiver.

Fifty Pounds for two and three-year olds.—Two-year Olds' Course.

The winner to be sold for 250gs if demanded, &c.

Sir C. Bunbury's ch c Snug, by Whiskey, 3 yrs, 9st 4lb, (W. Wheatley) 1

Mr Howorth's b f Orangeade, 3 yrs old, 9st 2lb 2

Lord Foley's b f Blowing, 3 yrs old, 9st 2lb 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr D. Radcliffe's b c Mandarine, 2 yrs old, 7st 4lb 0

Mr Mellish's b f Off-she-goes, 3 yrs old, 9st 2lb 0

Mr Goulburn's b c Newcastle, 2 yrs old, 7st 4lb 0

Mr Galwey's br c by Worthy out of December, 2 yrs, 7st 4lb 0

Gen. Gower's br f Sprite, 3 yrs old, 9st 2lb 0

D. of Grafton's b c by Worthy, out of Hornby-Lass, 2 yrs, 7st 4lb.. 0

Even betting either Snug or Orangeade won, 12 to 5 agst Snug,
 7 to 2 agst Orangeade, and 5 to 1 agst Blowing.

Match for 50gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Ld F. Bentinck's br h Bagatelle, by Sir Peter, 8st 7lb, (T. Goodisson) 1

Mr S. S Prime's bl c Barouche, 6st 12lb 2

Six to 4 on Bagatelle.—Won easy.

Match for 50gs.—Ab. M.

Lord Grosvenor's br c Jasper, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 11lb, (F. Buckle) 1

Mr Howorth's b c Plantagenet, 8st 4lb 2

Eleven to 8 on Jasper.—Won quite easy.

Match for 25gs.—Ab. M.

Mr Mellish's br h Norval, by Jupiter, 12st 4lb, (rode by Mr Mellish). 1

Mr D. Radcliffe's br m by Young Eclipse, 12st 4lb, (Mr D. Radcliffe). 2

Three and 4 to 1 on Norval.—Won in a canter

Mr Mellish's Norval, by Jupiter, recd ft. from Mr Craven's Henry, 12st 4lb each.—Ab. M. 25gs.—The Owners were to have rode.

Gen. Grosvenor's Fricasée, by Moorcock, 8st, recd ft. from Col. Harbord's Viscount, 8st 3½lb.—Across the Flat, 50gs.

Mr Wyndham's b c by Schedoni, 8st 3lb, recd 50gs from Sir J. Shelley's Clasher, 8st 7lb.—Ab. M. 100gs.

THURSDAY, October 30.—Match for 200gs.—Ditch-in.

Mr Arthur's br h Sir David, by Trumpator, 8st 7lb, (W. Arnold)..... 1

Lord Darlington's b h Pavillion, 8st 2lb, (S. Chifney)..... 2

Six to 5 on Sir David.—Won quite easy.

Match for 200gs.—Ab. M.

Mr Arthur's ch h Brainworm, by Buzzard, 8st 10lb, (W. Arnold)..... 1

Lord Grosvenor's b f Violanté, 8st 1lb..... 2

Seven to 4 on Brainworm.—Won very easy.

Match for 200gs.—Across the Flat.

Duke of Grafton's b f Vanity, by Buzzard, 8st 2lb, (W. Clift)..... 1

Mr Ladbroke's ch c Achilles, 8st 7lb..... 2

Five to 4 on Vanity.—Won quite easy.

Gen. Gower's Swinley, by Coriander, 8st, recd ft. from Lord Foley's Little Peter, 8st 5lb.—Two middle miles of B. C. 100gs.

Lord F. Bentinck's Bagatelle, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 8lb, recd ft. from Gen. Gower's Spright, 7st 8lb.—Clermont Course, 100gs, h. ft.

Lord F. G. Osborne's Norah, by John Bull, 8st 3lb, recd ft. from Mr. Mellish's Off-she-goes, 7st 13lb.—R. M. 200gs, h. ft.

Lord Darlington's Zodiac, by St. George, recd ft. from Mr Mellish's Sancho, 8st 10lb.—Ab. M. 500gs, h. ft.

Mr F. Neale's Regulator, by a brother to Repeater, 7st 7lb recd 10gs from Lord F. Bentinck's Optician, 8st 7lb.—Across the Flat, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr Fermor's Hippomenes, by Pegasus 8st 13lb, recd ft. from Mr C. Browne's Mountaineer, 8st 8lb.—Across the Flat, 300gs, 200gs ft.

Duke of St. Albans's Merrythought, by Totteridge, 7st 12lb, recd 61gs compromise from Mr Watson's Vagabond, 8st.—Two-year Olds' Course, 150gs, 100gs ft.

FRIDAY, October 31.—Match for 50gs.—Ab. M.

Mr Andrew's b g Garland, by Volunteer, 8st 2lb..... 0

Lord F. Bentinck's b h Optician, 8st..... 0

Ran a dead heat.—Four to 1 on Optician.

Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Paine's b c Tudor, by John Bull, 8st 5lb, (F. Buckle)..... 1

Mr F. Neale's b c Malvolio, 8st 3lb..... 2

Six to 4 on Tudor.

Match for 100gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Blachford's b c Currycomb, by Buzzard, 8st 1lb..... 1

Mr Howorth's b c Plantagenet, 8st 1lb..... 2

Five and 6 to 4 on Currycomb.

Match

Match for 100gs.—Ab. M.

Sir J. Shelley's br c Clasher, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 1½lb, (rode by W. Edwards)	1
Mr Paynes b c Tudor, 8st 9lb	2
Even betting.	

Match for 100gs.—The two middle miles of B. C.

Gen. Gower's b m Pelisse, by Whiskey, 8st, (W. Clift)	1
Lord Sackville's br h Withcraft, 8st 7lb	2
Five to 2 on Witchcraft.—Won very easy.	

Match for 50gs.—Yearling Course.

Lord Foley's br f Pipylina, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 9lb, (J. Shepherd) 1	
Mr Wyndham's colt, by Schedoni, 8st	2
Six to 4 on Pipylina.—A good race.	

The Subscription Handicap Plate of 50l. for four-year olds and upwards.
Ditch-in.

Gen. Gower's b m Pelisse, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 8st 2lb	1
Sir F. Standish's b f sister to Duxbury, 4 yrs old, 7st 8lb	2
Mr Wyndham's b f Glory, 4 yrs old, 6st 11lb	3
Lord Foley's ch h Stretch, 6 yrs old, 8st 4lb.	4
Six others also started, but were not placed.—Five to 1 agst Pelisse. Won easy.	

Match for 25gs.—Across the Flat.

Mr Mellish's br h Norval, by Jupiter, 6 yrs, 13st, (rode by Mr Mellish) 1	
Mr B. Craven's br c Henry, 4 yrs old, 11st 7lb, (Mr B. Craven)	2
Six and 7 to 4 on Norval.	

Mr Arthur's Wormwood, by Y. Woodpecker, 9st 8lb, recd ft. from Sir C. Bunbury's Lydia, 9st 5lb.—Two-yr Olds' Course, 100gs, h. ft.

Lord Foley's Pipylina, by Sir Peter, 8st 4lb, recd 20gs comp. from the Duke of Grafton's Forester, 8st.—Two-yr Olds' Course, 100gs.

SATURDAY, November 1.—Match for 100gs.—Yearling Course.

D. of St. Albans's b f Merrythought, by Totteridge, 8st 2lb, (W. Clift) 1	
Mr Panton's b c Tamburro, 7st 8lb	2
Five and 6 to 4 on Tamburro.	

Match for 200gs.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Sir C. Bunbury's ch c Snug, by Whiskey, a feather	1
Mr Arthur's br c Wormwood, 8st 7lb	2
Eleven to 8 on Wormwood.	

Match for 50gs.—Rowley's Mile.

Mr Watson's ch c Charmer, by Whiskey, 8st 4lb, (W. Wheatley) ...	1
D. of St. Albans's b f Merrythought, 8st 2lb	2
Five and 6 to 4 on Charmer.	

Match for 300gs.—Abingdon Mile.

Mr Mellish's b f Streatlam-Lass, by Pipator, 8st 2lb, (J. Shepherd) ..	1
Mr Arthur's ch f Wretch, 8st 2lb	2
Six to 5 on Wretch.	

Handicap

THE RACING CALENDAR.

Handicap Stakes of 25gs each.—Rowley's Mile.

Mr Watson's ch c Charmer, by Whiskey, 8st 11lb. (W. Wheatley)....	1
Lord F. G. Osborne's ch f Norah, 8st 6lb.....	2
Mr Wyndham's b c by Schedoni.....	3
Mr Payne's b c Tudor, 8st 11lb ..	pd
Mr Panton's gr c Tim, 8st 10lb.....	pd
Sir J. Shelley's br c Clasher, 8st 8lb.....	pd
Five to 4 agst the Schedoni colt, 7 to 4 agst Charmer, and 2 to 1 agst Norah.	

Match for 100gs.—Two-yr Olds' Course.

Lord Darlington's ch h Zodiac, by St. George, 8st 5lb. (S. Chifney)..	1
Mr Ladbroke's b m Slipper, 8st 7lb.....	2
Seven to 4, and 2 to 1 on Slipper.	

Match for 100gs.—R. M.

Lord Grosvenor's b f Violanté, by John Bull, 8st 10lb. (F. Buckle)..	1
Mr Mellish's b f Streatlam-Lass, 7st 8lb.....	2
Thirteen to 8 on Violanté.	

Handicap Stakes of 10gs each.—Two-year Olds' Course.—The winner to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr Girdler's br f by Worthy, 3 yrs old, 8st 12lb.....	1
Sir J. Shelley's ch c by Worthy, 2 yrs old, 7st 12lb.....	2
Mr Panton's ch c Amateur, 3 yrs old, 9st 10lb.....	3
Gen. Grosvenor's b f Fricasée, 3 yrs old, 8st 2lb.....	4
Seven to 4 agst Sir J. Shelley's colt, 2 to 1 agst Mr Girdler's filly, and 3 to 1 agst Amateur.	

The Gold Cup, of 80gs, subscription of 10gs each.—Across the Flat.

Lord Grosvenor's b f Violanté, by John Bull, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb.(F. Buckle)	1
Mr Fermor's b c Hippomenes, 4 years old, 8st 13lb.....	2
Mr Andrew's b g Garland, 6 yrs old, 8st 12lb.....	3
Sir F. Standish's ch f by Mr Teazle, out of the Yellow Mare, 3 yrs old, 7st 7lb.....	4
Sir J. Shelley's br c Jasper, 4 yrs old, 8st 10lb.....	5

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr Ladbroke's b f Slipper, 5 yrs old, 9st 2lb.....	0
Mr F. Neale's ch c Regulator, 4 yrs old, 8st.....	0
Mr Howorth's b c Langton, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb.....	pd
Mr C. Browne's b c Mountaineer, 4 yrs old, 8st 5lb.....	pd
Duke of Grafton's b f Dodona, 4 yrs old, 8st 6lb.....	pd
Five to 2 agst Violanté, 3 to 1 agst Sir F. Standish's filly, 4 to 1 agst Slipper, and 5 to 1 agst Hippomenes.	

Mr Blachford's Currycomb, by Buzzard, recd ft. from Sir J. Shelley's Langton, 8st 11lb each.—Two-yr Olds' Course, 100gs.

Mr F. Neale's Malvolio, by Precipitate, recd 200gs comp. from Mr Watson's Vagabond, 8st 11lb each.—Two-yr Olds' Course, 300gs.

Mr Panton's Balphina, by Buzzard, 8st, recd 40gs comp. from Sir J. Shelley's ch c by Whiskey, bought of the Duke of Grafton, 8st 4lb.—Across the Flat, 100gs.

(Races for 1806—concluded.)

T H E

RACING CALENDAR.

SWEEPSTAKES, MATCHES, &c. *made to be run for*
in 1807, and succeeding Years.

☛ *The Nominations for the greatest part thereof were closed, and the Horses, &c. named, on the First of January instant.*

MALTON CRAVEN MEETING—1807.

TUESDAY, March 17.—The Craven Stakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—The last mile and half.

	<i>Age</i>	<i>st</i>	<i>lb</i>
Mr Watt's b h Marshall Carouser, by Weasel.....	5	9	1
Mr Watt's ch c by Ormond, bought of Mr Kirby.....	3	8	0
Mr Garforth's ch f by Hyacinthus, out of Yarice.....	2	6	0
Mr Childers's b c by Stamford, dam by Bourdeaux.....	2	6	0

Lord Milton is a Subscriber but did not name.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for colts rising three years old, 8st 3lb, fillies 8st.—The last mile and half.

Lord Fitzwilliam's gr c Knowsley, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab
Sir M. M. Sykes's ch f Statira, by Beningbrough, out of Stella
Mr Burton's b c by Archduke, dam by Skelton, grandam by Y. Marsk
Mr J. Thompson's b c Hornby Lad, by Hambletonian, dam by Eclipse
Mr Garforth's b c by Beningbrough, out of Caroline
Mr Clifton's b c Bryan, brother to Warrior, by Sir Peter Teazle
Mr Watt's b c by Beningbrough, dam by Slope

Sweepstakes of 20gs each for fillies rising three years old, 8st each.

The last mile.

Mr Watt's bay, by Beningbrough, out of St. Anne

Sir M. M. Sykes's bay, Harriet, by Precipitate, out of Young Rachel, by Volunteer

Mr Garforth's chesnut, by Hyacinthus, out of Flora

Sir T. Gascoigne's chesnut, by Timothy, out of Lucy

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for colts rising three years old, 8st 2lb, fillies

7st 13lb.—One mile and a half.

Mr N. B. Hodgson's b c by Beningbrough, out of Eliza, by Alfred

Mr T. Robinson's b f by Stamford, out of Belle-Fille

Mr J. Nalton's b c by Beningbrough, dam by Slope

Mr T. Kirby's gr c by Beningbrough, dam by Delpini, out of Nanny-O!

Mr S. Pickering's b f by Beningbrough, out of St. Anne

WEDNESDAY, March 18.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for colts rising four years old, 8st 4lb each.—Three miles.

Mr Watt's bay, Integrity, brother to Truth, by Totteridge

Mr Marris's brown, Sir Sampson, by Stamford

Mr Clifton's bay, Flydener, by Sir Peter Teazle

Lord Milton is a Subscriber, but did not name.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred, 12st each.

To be rode by Gentlemen.—Two-mile heats

Sir M. M. Sykes's Jasper, by Grog

Major Bower's br m Catch-her-who-can, by Weasel

Mr W. C. Fenton's b h Voter, by Acassia

Mr W. Brown's br g Young Archer

Mr R. C. Burton's b g Discovery, by Columbus

Mr Watt's b h Harlequin, by Harlequin

Mr J. Thompson's ch h by Harlequin

Mr. Howard Vyse's Surley, by Pegasus

Hon: M. Hawke's Bull-Dog, by Restless

Mr G. Treacher's br g Canterbury

Mr Wakefield's br g Gig, by Cromaboo

Mr T. Duncombe's b m Young Jenny, by Alexander

Mr F. Hartley's b g Pandean, by Pipator, dam by Parthian

Mr R. Ernschaw's gr g by Delpini

Mr Leatham's b g by Screveton

Mr G. Dowker's br h by Horatio

Mr Gypson's b h Habton, by Screveton

Mr Teasdale's b g by Screveton

Mr Middleton's b h Star, by Screveton

Mr C. Brown's ch h by Harum Miller

Lord Milton, Sir F. Boynton, Mr G. Johnson, Mr J. Barlow, Mr C. Brome, and Mr. Sampson French, are Subscribers, but did not name.

In the course of the Meeting there will be a Hunter's Plate of 87l. 15s. and two 50l. plates.

The Stewards are Richard Watt, Esq. and Colonel Childers.—Mr. James Young, Clerk of the Course.

MALTON

THE RACING CALENDAR.

MALTON CRAVEN MEETING—1808.

PRODUCE Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old, 8st, fillies 7st 12lb.—Two miles.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Diomed
Major Bower's ch f by Stamford, out of Belle-Fille
Lord Milton's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Evelina
Sir M. M. Sykes's ch f by Stamford, out of Stella
Lord Middleton's b c by Stamford, out of Rachel
Mr T. Kirby's b c by Agonistes, out of Kilton's sister
Mr J. Thompson's ch c by Stamford, out of Weltonia, by King Fergus
Mr S. Pickering's b f by Sir Solomon, out of St. Anne
Mr J. Acred's gr f by Delpini, out of Miss Cogden
Mr Tatton Sykes and Mr Grimston's mares had no produce.

LAST DAY.—Sir M. M. Sykes's ch f Statira, by Stamford, out of Stella, against Major Bower's ch f by Stamford, out of Belle-Fille.—The last mile and half, 100gs, h. ft.

MALTON CRAVEN MEETING—1809.

PRODUCE Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old, 8st 3lb, fillies 8st.—Two miles.

Lord Fitzwilliam's ch f by Denningbrough, out of Fanny
Lord Milton's b c by Don Quixote, out of Evelina
Mr Livesey's b f by Delpini, dam by Young Marsk
Sir M. M. Sykes's b c Sir Petronell, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Young Rachel, by Volunteer
Mr Grimston's b f by Hambletonian, out of Escape's sister
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch c by Delpini, out of Wryneck
Mr Watt's gr f by Delpini, dam by Saltram
Mr W. Lee's ch f by Shuttle, dam by Pot80's, out of Winifred, by Justice
Mr Darley's gr c by Delpini, dam by Sir Peter
Mr Burton's b f by Stamford, out of Sir Launcelot's dam
Mr Dinsdale's ch f by Delpini, dam by Weasel
Mr Teasdale is a Subscriber, but did not name.

CATTERICK-BRIDGE MEETING—1807.

WEDNESDAY in Easter-Week.—Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, 12st each.—To be rode by Gentlemen.—Two-mile heats.

Mr T. Shafto's ch g The Clipper, by Regulus
Mr F. Hartley's ch g Walker, by Stride

Mr Appleton's bl g by Young Syphon

Sir M. Masterman Sykes's Jasper, by Grog

Major Bower's ch m Catch-her-who-can, by Weasel

Mr R. Ernshaw's gr g by Delpini

Mr W. C. Fenton's b h Voter, by Acasia

Hon. Martin Hawke's Bull-Dog, by Restless

Mr R. C. Burton's br g Discovery, by Columbus

Lord Dundas, Mr Chaloner, Mr Chaytor, and Mr Surtees are Subscribers, but did not name.

Produce Stakes of 25gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old, 8st 3lb, fillies 8st.—Those marked thus * allowed 3lb.—Two miles.

* Sir J. Lawson's f by Expectation; dam, (Petruchio's dam) by Drone

Mr Grimston's b f by Precipitate, out of Alonzo's dam

Sir A. Don's c by Spadille, out of Rosalind, by Volunteer

Sir W. Gerard's b c Windle, by Beningbrough, out of Mary-Ann

* Mr Baillie's f by Delpini, dam by Beningbrough, out of Eustatia

Mr G. Linton's b c by Star, out of Gratitude's dam

Mr T. Hutchinson's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Alexina

Mr W. Fletcher's f sister to Staveley, by Shuttle

* Mr J. Robson's b c Young Hopeful, by Expectation, out of Heiress, by Highflyer

* Mr J. Robson's c (dead) by Expectation, out of his bay Ruler Mare

Sir W. Gerard's b c Windle, by Beningbrough, out of Mary-Ann, 8st, against Sir J. Lawson's ch c by Expectation, out of his Drone Mare; bought of Mr E. Burke, 7st 11lb.—Two miles, 100gs, h. ft.

THURSDAY.—The Old Stakes of 10gs each, for colts rising three years old, 8st 3lb, fillies 8st.—Two miles.

Sir J. Lawson's ch c by Expectation, dam by Drone

Mr Walker's ch c by Star, dam by Young Marsk, out of Gentle Kitty

Mr Barker's b c Foxberry, brother to Ellemere, by Screveton

Mr W. Hutchinson's b c by St. George, dam (Mary) by Young Marsk

Mr Danby's b c by Star, dam by Drone, out of Suwarrow's grandam

Mr Morley's b c by Hyacinthus, dam by Foxhunter

Mr Mellish's b c Young Hopeful, by Expectation, out of Honesty's dam

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for fillies rising three years old, 8st.—One mile and a half.

Sir W. Gerard's brown, by Hambletonian, dam by Sir Peter Teazle

Mr Fletcher's bay, sister to Staveley, by Shuttle

Lord Lowther's chesnut, by Precipitate, dam by Pot8n's, out of Flyer

Lord Strathmore's bay, by Pipator, out of Queen Mab

Sir T. Gascoigne's chesnut, by Timothy, out of Violet

Mr Wentworth's bay, Margaret, by Beningbrough, out of Roxana

Mr Mellish's bay, by Hambletonian, dam by Trumpator

Sir M. M. Sykes's bay, Harriet, by Precipitate, out of Young Rachel

Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for half-bred hunters, that have been regularly h. in Yorkshire, or the county of Durham, 14st each.—To be rode by Gentlemen.—Two miles.

Mr T. Shatto's ch g The Clipper, by Regulus

Mr R. Peacock's ch h Apollo, by Stride

Mr F. Hartley's

THE RACING CALENDAR.

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Mr F. Hartley's ch g Walker, by Stride

Mr Trotter's br m Plaything, by Oberon

Mr Charles Parker and Mr Wetinhall are Subscribers, but did not name.

The Stewards are Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart. and John Trotter, Esq.—Mr. E. Burke, Clerk of the Course.

CATTERICK-BRIDGE MEETING—1808.

FIRST DAY.—Produce Stakes of 25gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old, 8st 3lb, fillies 8st.—Two miles.

Sir J. Lawson's b f by Expectation, dam by Drone

Sir W. Gerard's ch c by Hambletonian, out of Mary-Ann

Mr W. Coulson's ch f by Expectation, out of Tipple Cyder

Mr S. Coulson's ch c by Expectation, out of Bonny Kate

Mr Baillie's br b c by Delpini, dam by Beningbrough

CATTERICK-BRIDGE MEETING—1809.

PRODUCE Stakes of 25gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old, 8st 3lb, fillies 8st.—Two miles.—Those marked thus * to be allowed 3lb.

Sir W. Gerard's f by Hambletonian, out of Mary-Ann

Mr Dinsdale's f by Delpini, dam by Weasel

* Mr W. Hutchinson's f by Don Quixote, dam by a brother to Eagle

* Mr G. Cock's f by Shuttle, dam by Beningbrough, out of Expectation

* Mr W. Hutchinson's f by Cockfighter, dam by Young Marsk

* Mr. Luke Seymour's f by Stride, dam by Oberon

Mr Danby's f by Stride, dam by Drone

* Mr M. Brown's b c Dunnington, by Shuttle, dam by Weasel, out of the Old Ancaster Mare

* Mr J. Robson's c by Cockfighter, out of Heiress

SKIPTON MEETING—1807.

WEDNESDAY, April 9, Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for colts rising three years old, 8st 3lb; fillies 8st.—Twice round the Course.—(Once round is one mile and ninety yards.)

Mr Fawkes's ch c by Beningbrough, out of Strap's dam

Duke of Hamilton's b c by Hambletonian, dam by Walnut

Mr Morley's b c by Hyacinthus, dam by Foxhunter

Sir G. Armytage's f Irene, by Zachariah, dam by Slope

Mr Wentworth's b f Margaret, by Beningbrough, out of Roxana

Mr G. Hutton's b f by St. George, out of Zodiac's dam

Sweepstakes

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters, not thorough-bred; four-year olds 10st 11lb, five yr olds 11st 9lb, six yr olds 12st, and aged 12st 2lb.—Mares to be allowed 3lb.—(Ages as in May.)—To be rode by Gentlemen.—Heats twice round the Course.

Lord Ribblesdale's b g 6 yrs old

Mr Peacock's ch h Apollo, by Stride

Mr J. Dynely's b g by Hambleton

Mr A. Chamberlain's b m aged

Mr R. C. Burton's b g Discovery, by Columbus

Mr Trotter's br m Plaything, by Oberon

Mr Wainman is a Subscriber, but did not name.

The Craven Stakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—Twice round the Course.

	Age	st	lb
Mr Fawkes's b f Fortuna, by Benningbrough.....	3	7	11
Duke of Hamilton's b c Sunderland, by Star	4	8	9
Mr T. Garforth's gr c Trafalgar, by Delpini.....	4	8	9
Mr Wentworth's b c Centurion, by Benningbrough	3	8	9
Mr Smith's ro f Joan of Arc, by Hambletonian	3	7	11

Mr Simpson's b c by Sir Thomas, (a son of Sir Peter Teazle) against Mr Mason's ch m by Serpent, 12st each.—Four miles, 100gs, p. p.

The Stewards are Henry Owen Cunliffe, and Richard Wainman, Esqrs.
Mr C. Simpson, Clerk of the Course.—During the Races a Main of Cocks will be fought.

YORK SPRING MEETING—1807.

ENTERING DAY.—Saturday, May 23.—Mr Mellish's b c Trafalgar, by Gohanna, 8st 7lb, against Mr Watt's b c Shittlescock, by Schedoni, 8st.—The last mile and a half, 1000gs, h. ft.

Mr Wentworth's ch f by Ormond, dam by Phenomenon, against Mr Mellish's br f by Hambletonian, dam by Trumpator, 8st 2lb each. Two miles, 100gs.

MONDAY, May 25.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for horses, &c. all ages.—Two miles.

	Age	st	lb
Lord Fitzwilliam's b h Sir Paul	5	9	0
Lord Monson's br h Cleveland	5	9	0
Duke of Hamilton's b c Grazier	4	8	5
Mr Watt's ch c by Ormond, bought of Mr Kirby	4	8	1
Mr Clifton's b c Fyldener	4	8	5
Sir H. Williamsan's b c Maida, by Benningbrough, dam by Spadille	3	6	10
Sir M. M. Sykes's b f Statura, by Benningbrough	3	6	10
Mr Mellish's b c Young Hopeful, by Expectation	3	6	10
Mr R. L. Savile's br c by Sir Solomon, dam by Jupiter, bought of Mr Mason	3	6	10
Mr Garforth's b c by Benningbrough, out of Caroline	3	6	10
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch f by Hambletonian, out of Golden-locks	3	6	10.

Sir

THE RACING CALENDAR.

Sir H. T. Vane's br f by Shuttle, dam by Overton, against Mr Lonsdale's b c Comrade, by Stamford, out of Companion's dam, 8st each. One mile, 100gs.

TUESDAY, May 26.—The Stand Plate of 50l for horses, &c. all ages. Four miles.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for 3 years old colts 8st 3lb, fillies 8st.—The last mile and three quarters.

Lord Fitzwilliam's gr c Knowsley, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab
Mr Mellish's b c Young Hopeful, by Expectation, out of Heiress, by Highflyer

Mr G. Hutton's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Saxon's dam

Lrd Monson's ch c Governor, by Don Quixote, dam by Justice

Sir W. Gerard's b c Windle, by Benningbrough, out of Mary-Ann

Mr Morley's b c by Hyacinthus, dam by Foxhunter

Mr S. Duncombe's b c Rossington, by Star

Mr R. L. Savile's br c by Sir Solomon, dam by Jupiter

Mr Garforth's b c by Benningbrough, out of Caroline

Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Patriot, dam by Phænomenon

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three years old fillies, 8st 3lb.—The last mile and a half.

Mr Garforth's chesnut by Hyacinthus, out of Yarico

Mr Grimston's bay, by Precipitate, out of a sister to Escape

Sir H. T. Vane's brown, by Shuttle, dam by Overton

Mr Mellish's brown, by Hambletonian, dam by Trumpator

Mr T. Duncombe's bay, by Expectation, out of a sister to the Maid off All-Work

Sir M. M. Sykes's bay, Harriet, by Precipitate, out of Young Rachel, by Volunteer

Lord Fitzwilliam's bay, Paulina, sister to Sir Paul

Mr Wentworth's bay, Margaret, by Benningbrough, out of Roxana

Mr E. L. Hodgson's bay, by Patriot, out of Miss Muston

Sir T. Gascoigne's chesnut, by Timothy, out of Violet

Mr S. Pickering's bay, by Benningbrough, out of St. Anne

Mr Kirby's bay, by Enchanter, out of Vicissitude

Mr T. Robinson's brown, by Stamford, out of Belle-Fille

LAST DAY.—Mr Mellish's b c Trafalgar, by Gohanna, 8st 7lb, against Sir W. Gerard's br c Julius Cæsar, by Alexander, 8st.—The last mile and a half, 500gs.

Mr Lonsdale's b c Comrade, by Stamford, 8st 5lb, against Lord Darlington's b c brother to Bumper, by St. George, 7st 12lb.—The last mile, 200gs, h. ft.

The Stewards are Sir Henry Tempest Vane, Bart. and Brook Richmond, Esq.

YORK

YORK AUGUST MEETING—1807.

SATURDAY before the Meeting.—Sir T. Gascoigne's b f by Hambletonian, out of Golden-locks, against Mr Mellish's b f Off-shegoes, by Shuttle, 8st 4lb each.—Four miles, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr. Clifton's b c Warrior, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 3lb, against Mr. Mellish's Luck's-All, by Stamford, 8st.—Four miles, 500gs, h. ft.

Mr Watt's b c Shittlecock, by Schedoni, against Mr Grimston's br c Woldsman, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 7lb each.—The last mile, 500gs, p. p.

Mr Lonsdale's br c by Ambrosio, dam by Pot8o's, 8st 6lb, against Sir H. T. Vane's br f by Hambletonian, out of Lady-Sarah, 8st 2lb.—Two miles, 200gs, h. ft.

Produce Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for four years old colts, 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb.—Four miles.—Those marked thus * to be allowed 3lb.

* Duke of Hamilton's b c Banker, by Beningbrough, dam by Walnut out of Rosaletta

* Duke of Hamilton's b f by Walnut, out of Miss Pratt

Lord Fitzwilliam's b c Delville, by Beningbrough, out of Evelina

Lord Fitzwilliam's b f Minstrel, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Matron

Lord Fitzwilliam's b f Mary, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Diomed

Sir J. Lawson's ch c Baronet, by Stride, dam by Drone

Sir F. Standish's b f by Sir Peter Teazle or Mr. Teazle, out of Eagle's dam

Sir F. Standish's br c Paris, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Horatia

* Mr W. N. W. Hewett's b f Miss Eliza Teazle, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Eliza

* Mr W. N. W. Hewett's br f Miss Teazle Hornpipe, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Hornpipe

* Sir M. M. Sykes's ch c Sir Sacripant, by Stamford, dam by King Fer-
gus, bought of Mr. Nalton

* Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Hambletonian, out of Lop Catcher

* Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Hambletonian, out of Hyperion's dam

* Sir H. T. Vane's br c by Hambletonian, out of Lady Sarah

Mr W. Lee's b c by Beningbrough, out of Strap's dam

* Mr Peirse's b c by Beningbrough, out of Constantia,

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—Two miles.

	st	lb
Mr Childers's b c by Stamford, dam by Bourdeaux.....	8	2
Mr Dennis's b c by Beningbrough, out of Rosamond.....	8	2
Sir M. M. Sykes's b f Harriet, by Precipitate, out of Y. Rachel.	8	0

TUESDAY.—Sweepstakes of 20gs for two years old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies 8st 2lb.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b c by Bustard, out of Fanny

Mr Mellish's b c by Stamford, dam by Drone

Mr Mellish's b f by Worthy, out of Chippeham's sister

Mr Childers's ch f by Stamford, out of Pet's dam

WEDNESDAY.

THE RACING CALENDAR.

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WEDNESDAY.—Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three years old colts, 8st 2lb.—Two miles.

Mr Brandling's ch c by Beningbrough, out of Strap's dam
Mr W. Hutchinson's b c Silvio, by St. George, dam by Young Marsk
Mr Kirby's gr c by Beningbrough, dam by Delpini, out of Nanny-O! by Emilius
Mr N. B. Hodgson's b c by Beningbrough, out of Eliza, by Alfred

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for four years old colts, 8st 4lb.—Three miles.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b c Delville, by Beningbrough, out of Evelina
Sir M. M. Sykes's b c Sir Scudamore, by Stamford, out of Stella
Mr Brandling's br c Smasher, by Star, dam by Mercury
Lord Darlington's ch c Wellenough, by Star, dam by Highflyer
Lord Darlington's br c Taurus, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Pedlar's dam, by Paymaster
Mr Wilson's b c Smuggler, by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam, by Highflyer
Mr Grimston's b c Woldsmen, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Young Rachel, by Volunteer
Mr Clifton's b c Fyldener, brother to Sir Oliver
Lord Grosvenor's br c Gauntlet, by John Bull, out of Cælia
Sir F. Standish's br c Paris, brother to Stamford
Mr Peirse's b c by Beningbrough, out of Constantia

THURSDAY.—Produce Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three years old colts, 8st 2lb, fillies 8st.—Two miles.—Those marked thus * to be allowed 3lb.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b f by Beningbrough, out of Evelina
* Lord Fitzwilliam's b f Paulina, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Pewett, by Tandem
Lord Strathmore's b f by Pipator, out of Queen Mab
* Lord Strathmore's ch f by Pipator, dam by Dragon, out of Queen Mab, by Eclipse
Mr Peirse's b c Bedalian, by Beningbrough, out of Constantia
* Mr Peirse's b c by Waxy, dam by Delpini, out of Tuberose
Mr Mellish's ch c Harry Longlegs, by Beningbrough, dam by Highflyer, out of Dido
* Mr W. N. W. Hewett's b c Scud, by Beningbrough, out of Eliza
* Mr Walker's ch c by Star, dam by Young Marsk, out of Gentle Kitty, by Silvio
* Mr Pickering's b f by Beningbrough, out of St. Anne
* Duke of Hamilton's b c by Hambletonian, out of Louisa, by Javelin

Duke of Hamilton's br b c by Walnut, dam by Javelin, out of Young Maiden

- Sir H. T. Vane's b f by Hambletonian, out of Lopcatcher
- Sir H. T. Vane's br f by Hambletonian, out of Lady Sarah
- Mr T. Hutchinson's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Alexina
- Lord Grosvenor's br f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Olivia
- Lord Grosvenor's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Misseltoe
- Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Ibis
- Lord Grosvenor's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Cælia
- Mr G. Linton's b c by Star, dam by Walnut
- Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f by Patriot, out of Miss Muston
- Mr Clifton's br c Bryan, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Monica's dam
- Sir M. M. Sykes's b f Statira, by Beningbrough, out of Stella

FRIDAY.—Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 10gs ft. for three years old fillies, 8st each.—The last mile and three quarters.

Mr Mellish's bay, sister to Smuggler, by Hambletonian
 Duke of Hamilton's bay, Easy, by Hambletonian, out of Crazy's dam
 Lord Fitzwilliam's bay, Paulina, sister to Sir Paul
 Mr Coulson's grey, Miss Newton, by Delpini, out of Tipple Cyder
 Mr Wentworth's bay, Margaret, by Beningbrough, out of Roxana
 Mr Garforth's chesnut, by Hyacinthus, out of Yarico
 Sir T. Gascoigne's chesnut, by Timothy, out of Violet

SATURDAY.—Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 10gs ft. for three years old colts, 8st 2lb, fillies 7st 12lb.—The last mile and three quarters.

Mr Mellish's b c Young Hopeful, by Expectation, out of Heiress, by Highflyer
 Lord Darlington's b c by Archduke, out of Beningbrough's sister
 Mr G. Hutton's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Saxon's dam
 Mr Lonsdale's b c by Ambrosio, dam by Pot80's
 Mr Lonsdale's b c Comrade, by Stamford, out of Companion's dam
 Mr Barker's b c Foxberry, brother to Ellemere, by Screveton
 Mr Coulson's br c Random, by Trumpator, out of Bonny Kate
 Mr S. Duncombe's b c Rossington, by Star
 Mr R. L. Savile's br c by Sir Solomon, out of Fanny Fancy's dam
 Mr Garforth's ch f by Hyacinthus, out of Yarico
 Sir T. Gascoigne's ch f by Hambletonian, out of Goldenlocks

Mr Watt's b c Shittlecock, by Schedoni, against Mr Clifton's b c Fyl-dener, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st each.—The last mile, 500gs, h. ft.

Mr Watt's Shittlecock, 8st 7lb, against Sir M. M. Sykes's b m by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st.—The last mile, 50gs.

The Stewards are Lord Milton, Sir Henry Tempest Vane, Bart. and N. B. Hodgson,

THE RACING CALENDAR.

11

N. B. Hodgson, Esq.—Mr. E. W. Rhodes, Clerk of the Course.—Mr. John Yeoman, Judge.

The Nominations at York, for 1808, 1809, 1810, and 1811, will be given in a future Number.

BEVERLEY MEETING—1807.

FIRST DAY.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three years old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies 8st.—One mile and a half.

Mr Watt's b c by Beningbrough, dam by Slope
 Mr J. Thompson's b c Hornby-Lad, by Hambletonian, dam by Eclipse
 Sir M. M. Sykes's ch f Statira, by Beningbrough, out of Stella
 Mr F. Watt's gr c by Beningbrough, dam by Delpini, out of Nanny-O!
 Mr Hudson's b c by Beningbrough, out of Gammer Gurton
 Mr Coulson's gr f Miss Newton, by Delpini, out of Tipple Cyder
 Mr R. L. Savile's br c by Sir Solomon, out of Fanny Fancy's dam
 Mr Garforth's b c by Beningbrough, out of Caroline

SECOND DAY.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each for all ages.

Four miles.

	Age	st	lb
Mr Watt's gr h Evander, by Delpini.....	6	8	8
Mr Uppleby's b f by Stamford, dam by Toby	4	7	6
Sir M. M. Sykes's ch c Sir Sacripant, by Stamford.....	4	7	9
Mr F. Watt's b c Integrity, brother to Truth	4	7	9
Mr Burton's b c Hornby-Lad, by Hambletonian.....	3	5	12
Mr Garforth's b c by Beningbrough, out of Caroline.....	3	5	12

The Gold Cup, a Subscription of 10gs each, for horses, &c. all ages.—

The winner of the Middleham or Catterick Cup to carry 3lb extra.

Four miles.

	Age	st	lb
Mr Watt's b h Marshall Carouser by Weasel	6	8	13
Mr Tatton Sykes's b m Gratitude, by Shuttle.....	6	8	10
Mr F. Watt's b c Integrity, brother to Truth.....	4	7	12
Mr Denison's b c by Beningbrough, out of Rosamond	3	6	8
Mr Watt's b c by Beningbrough, dam by Slope	3	6	8
Mr Burton's b c Hornby-Lad, by Hambletonian, dam by Eclipse	3	6	8
Mr Bethell's b c by Beningbrough, out of Gammer Gurton, by Pharamond	3	6	8

THE RACING CALENDAR,

Mr Duccombe's ch c by a brother to Recruit, out of Heifer, by Woodpecker	3	6	3
Mr Couslon's br c Random, by Trumpator, out of Bonny Kate, by Volunteer	3	6	3
Mr R. L. Savile's br c by Sir Solomon, out of Fanny Fan- cy's dam, by Antipas	3	6	3
Mr Garforth's ch f by Hyacinthus, out of Yarico, by King Fergus	3	6	0

Sir F. Boynton is a Subscriber, but did not name.

The Welter Stakes of 10gs each, and two Hunter's Stakes of 10gs each; close on the 1st of March next.—The horses &c. to be named to Mr E. W. Rhodes, York; or to Mr Greenwood, Clerk of the Course, Beverley.

DONCASTER MEETING—1807.

MONDAY, September 21.—The Fitzwilliam Stakes, of 10gs each, for all ages.—The last mile and half.—To close on Thursday before running, and the horses, &c. to be entered on the Saturday following, and to be rode by Boys..

The present Subscribers are:

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,
Duke of Leeds,
Lord Fitzwilliam,
Lord Darlington,
Lord Milten,
Sir Mark Masterman Sykes,
Mr Clowes,
Mr Wilson,
Mr Mellish.

The St. Leger Stakes of 25gs each, for three years old colts 8st 2lb, fillies 8st.—St. Leger Course.—Forty-one Subscribers.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b c by Benningbrough, out of Mulespinner, by Guildford.

His R. H. the Duke of Clarence's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, bought of Mr Ellerker

Duke. Leeds's b c by Benningbrough, out of Gammon Garton
Lord Darlington's br c by Archduke, out of Benningbrough's sister

Lord.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b f Paulina, sister to Sir Paul
 Mr Clowes's b c by Stamford, dam by Bourdeaux
 Sir M. M. Sykes's b f Harriet, by Precipitate, out of Young Rachel
 Mr S. Duncombe's b c Rossington, by Star
 Mr Burton's b c Hornby-Lad, by Hambletonian, dam by Eclipse
 Mr Mellish's b c Young Hopeful, by Expectation, out of Heirean
 Mr Mellish's b f sister to Smuggler, by Hambletonian
 Sir G. Afmytage's b c by Beningbrough, dam by Drone
 Lord Dundas's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Saxoni's dam
 Mr Clifton's b c Bryan, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Young Marsk
 Lord Milton's gr c Khowsley, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab
 Mr T. Duncombe's b c by Expectation, dam by Dragon, grandam by
 Traveller, bought of Col. Thornton
 Lord Monson's ch c Governor, by Don Quixote, dam by Justice
 Lord Monson's ch c Margrave, by Young Sir Peter, dam by Chal-
 lenger
 Duke of Hamilton's b f Easy, by Hambletonian, out of Crazy's dam
 Mr Lonsdale's b c by Ambrozio, dam by Pot80's
 Mr Lonsdale's b c Comrade, by Stamford, dam by Lurcher
 Mr Morley's b c by Hyacinthus, dam by Foxhunter
 Mr Barker's b c Foxberry, brother to Ellemere, by Screveton
 Mr Wilson's b c by Sir Solomon out of Miss Judy
 Mr Coulson's br c Random, by Trumpator out of Bonny Kate
 Sir H. Williamson's b c Maida, by Beningbrough, dam by Spadille
 Mr R. L. Savile's br c by Sir Solomon, out of Fanny Fancy's dam
 Mr R. L. Savile's b c by Sir Solomon, dam by Jupiter
 Mr Garforth's b c by Beningbrough, out of Caroline
 Mr E. Archer's b c Phlebotomist, by Beningbrough, out of Hebe's
 dam
 Sir W. Gerard's b c Windle, by Beningbrough, out of Mary-Ann
 Mr Baillie's b c own brother to Streamer, by Star
 Mr W. N. W. Hewett's b c Scud, by Beningbrough, out of Eliza
 Mr Walker's ch c by Star, dam by Young Marsk, out of Gentle Kitty
 Mr Championett's b c by Delpini, out of ———
 Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Nike
 Lord Grosvenor's br f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Olivia
 Mr Peirse's b c Bedalian, by Beningbrough, out of Constantia
 Lord F. Bentinck's b c Job Thornberry, by John Bull, out of Schedoni's
 dam
 Mr Hyde's b c by Ambrosio, dam by Weasel
 Sir F. Standish's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Volunteer

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two years old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies 8st.—

Two-year Olds' Course.

Duke of Leeds's gr f by Delpini, out of Miss Cogden
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b c by Bustard, out of Fanny
 Mr Mellish's b c by Stamford, dam by Drone
 Mr Mellish's b f by Worthy, out of Chippenham's sister
 Colonel Childers's ch f by Stamford, out of Pet's dam

Post-Produce

Post-Produre Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three years old colts, 8st 3lb, fillies 8st.—Two miles.

Lord Darlington's b c by St. George, dam by Mercury

Lord Darlington's b f by St. George, out of Abigail

Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f by Patriot, out of Miss Muston

Lord Darlington's br h Trafalgar, by Sir Peter Teazle, against Mr Mellish's b h Staveley, by Shuttle, 8st 3lb each.—Four miles, 500gs, h. ft.

TUESDAY, September 22.—The Prince's Stakes of 25gs each, for four years old colts, 8st 7lb, fillies 8st 4lb.—Four miles.—Nineteen Subscribers.—The horses, &c. to be named on the day of entrance for the Plates.

WEDNESDAY, September 23.—The renewed Doncaster Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for all ages.—Four miles.—Fourteen Subscribers.—The horses, &c. to be named on the day of entrance for the Plates.

Mr Mellish's Deceit, by Expectation, 6st 7lb, against Mr Howorth's Plantagenet, 8st 7lb.—Two miles, 500gs, h. ft.

THURSDAY, September 24.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added, for three years old fillies, 8st each.—Two miles.

Sir M. M. Sykes's bay, Harriet, by Precipitate

Duke of Leeds's bay, by Stamford, out of Elvira

Mr Mellish's bay, sister to Smuggler, by Hambletonian

Lord Fitzwilliam's bay, Paulina, sister to Sir Paul

Mr Wentworth's bay, Margaret, by Beningbrough

Sir H. T. Vane's bay, by Hambletonian, out of Lady Sarah

Mr E. L. Hodgson's bay, by Patriot, out of Miss Muston

Sir T. Gascoigne's chesnut, by Hambletonian, out of Goldenlocks

Lord Grosvenor's brown, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Olivia

SATURDAY, September 26.—Mr Peirse's b c Bedalian, by Beningbrough, out of Constantia, 8st 2lb, against Sir G. Armytage's b c by Beningbrough, dam by Drone, 7st 12lb.—Two miles, 200gs, h. ft.

The North Welter and Hunter's Stakes are open; and close on the first of March next.—To be named to Mr E. W. Rhodes, York; or to Mr J. Lockwood, Clerk of the Course, Doncaster.

The Stewards are Lord Milton and John Clifton, Esq.

* * The Stakes and Matches for 1808, 1809, and 1810, will be given in a future Number.

NEWMARKET

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING—1807.

MONDAY.—The first Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs each,
h. ft. Ditch-in.

	<i>Age</i>	<i>st</i>	<i>lb</i>
Mr D. Radcliffe's br h Orville.....	aged	9	6
Mr F. Neale's ch h Quiz.....	aged	9	3
Duke of Grafton's b m Parasol.....	6	8	13
Sir J. Shelley's br m Houghton-Lass	5	8	1
Mr Fermor's b c Hippomenes	4	7	13
Mr R. Jones's ch c Junius.....	4	7	9
Lord F. Bentinck's b h Optician.....	6	7	5
Mr Goulburn's b f Epsom-Lass.....	3	7	3
Mr Cave Browne's ch c Barabbas, brother to Maidstone ...	3	6	13

TUESDAY.—The second Class of the Oatland's Stakes of 50gs each,
h. ft.—Ditch-in.

	<i>Age</i>	<i>st</i>	<i>lb</i>
Mr Blachford's gr h Sir Harry Dimsdale	6	8	11
Lord Grosvenor's b f Meteora.....	4	8	3
General Grosvenor's b c Swinley.....	4	8	1
Sir J. Shelley's br c Jasper	4	7	10
Lord Jersey's ch c by Buzzard, out of Spinetta	3	7	7
General Grosvenor's b c Gauntlet	3	7	3
Mr Wyndham's b f Glory	4	7	3
Mr Abbey's ch c Victory	4	6	13
Mr R. Jones's c by Whiskey, out of Trull	3	6	11

WEDNESDAY.—The third Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 50gs each,
h. ft.—Ditch-in.

	<i>Age</i>	<i>st</i>	<i>lb</i>
Mr D. Radcliffe's b h Albion	6	8	13
Lord Grosvenor's b f Violantè	4	8	11
Lord F. Bentinck's br h Bagatelle.....	5	8	2
Mr Wilson's gr c Confederate	4	7	11
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b f Pagoda	3	7	2
Mr F. Neale's ch c Regulator	4	6	13
Lord F. G. Osborne's ch c Superstition	3	6	12
General Grosvenor's br c Have-at'em.....	3	6	7

PRESTON

PRESTON MEETING—1807.

FIRST DAY.—Produce Stakes of 50gs each, p. p. colts 8st 4lb, fillies 8st.—Two miles.

Mr Clifton's b c Bryan, brother to Warrior, by Sir Peter Teazle

Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f by Patriot, out of Miss Muston

Sir W. Gerard is a Subscriber, but did not name.

SECOND DAY.—The Union Gold Cup, value 100gs, given by the Gentlemen of Preston, added to a Subscription of 10gs each, for all ages; three-yr olds 6st 6lb, four-year olds 8st, five-yr olds 8st 10lb, six-year olds and aged 8st 12lb.—Mares allowed 2lb.—To start at the Post at the first turn, and run four times round the Course, ending at the usual Ending-post.

Duke of Hamilton's b c by Hambletonian, dam by Walnut, 3 yrs old

Sir T. Hesketh's b c by Star, dam by Drone, 3 yrs old

Sir P. Warburton's b c Oulton, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old

Mr R. Legh's b c by Hambletonian, dam by Gunpowder, 3 yrs old

Mr Horrock's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Saxoni's dam, 3 yrs old

Sir H. P. Hoghton's b c Phlebotomist, by Beningbrough, out of Hebe's dam, 3 yrs old

Mr Clifton's br c Bryan, brother to Warrior, by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old

Mr G. I. Legh's gr f Peteria, by Sir Peter Teazle, 3 yrs old

Mr Peirse's b f Rosette, by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old

Mr Banks's gr c Atlas, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old

Mr Gillibrand's b c by Telescope, dam by Fitzherod, 4 yrs old

Duke of Hamilton's b m Crazy, by Walnut, 5 yrs old

Lord Derby's br h Milo, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old

Mr Blackburne's ch h by Pipator, 5 yrs old

Sir W. Gerard's br h Young Chariot, 6 yrs old

Mr Smith's br m Hebe, by Overton, 6 yrs old

Mr Hopwood's b m Josephina, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs old

THIRD DAY.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three years old fillies, 8st each.—Two miles.

Lord Derby's brown, Margaret, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Brown Bess

Sir W. Gerard's brown, by Hambletonian, dam by Sir Peter Teazle

Mr E. L. Hodgson's bay, by Patriot, out of Miss Muston

Mr Ogle's grey, Peteria, by Sir Peter Teazle

Mr A. Birchall's brown, Cecilia, by Beningbrough, dam by Justice

Lord Lowther's chestnut, by Precipitate, dam by Pot8o's

Mr Wentworth's brown, Irené by Zachariah, dam by Slope

The Stakes for three years old colts and fillies; and the Stakes for all ages, did not fill.

To be continued.

SKIPTON MEETING—1807.

Continued from page 6, of our Racing Calendar.

☛ The following Stakes closed on the first of February instant.

THURSDAY, April 10.—The Macaroni Stakes of 10gs each, for horses, &c. that never won Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, before the day of naming, and that have been regularly hunted the preceding season.—To be rode by Gentlemen.—Heats, twice round the Course.

Mr Chamberlain's b c by Sir Thomas, (a son of Sir Peter) rising 5 years old, 11st 9lb

Mr Dinsdale's b h by St. George, dam by Pontac, rising 6 yrs old, 12st

Mr Tatton Sykes's br h by Precipitate, rising 5 years old, 11st 9lb

Mr Thompson's br-b h brother to Stretch, rising 6 years old, 12st

Sir F. Boynton's b h by Beningbrough, dam by Jupiter, rising 6 yrs, 12st
Mr Cuncliffe is a Subscriber, but did not name.

On the same day.—The Maiden Plate of 50l. for all ages.—Heats, twice round the Course.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE MEETING—1807.

MONDAY, June 22.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three years old colts, 8st 4lb; fillies, 8st.—Two miles.

Mr Watt's b c by Beningbrough dam by Slope

Mr Baillie's b c brother to Streamer, by Star

Sir H. Williamson's b c Maida, by Beningbrough, dam by Spadille

Mr Leaton's b c by Archduke, dam by Volunteer

Mr Barker's b c Foxberry, brother to Ellemere, by Screveton

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for four years old colts, 8st 4lb; fillies, 8st.
Four miles.

Mr Brandling's br c Smasher, by Star

Mr N. B. Hodgson's ch c Brufferton, by Beningbrough

Mr Ilderton's br c Roseden, by Archduke

Mr Watt's b c Integrity, brother to Truth, by Totteridge

Mr Baillie's ch c Streamer, by Star

Lord Strathmore's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Queen Mab

THURSDAY, June 25.—The Gold Cup, value 100gs, by Subscription of 10gs each, (the surplus to be paid to the winner in specie); three year olds, 6st 6lb; four-year olds, 7st 12lb five-year olds, 8st 7lb; six-year olds and aged 8st 11lb.—Mares to be allowed 2lb.—Four miles.

Mr Ellison's ch f by Archduke, out of The Dean's dam, 3 yrs old

Sir H. Williamson's b c Maida, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old

Mr Ridley's ch d brother to Strap, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old

Vox. XXIX. No. 173.

C

Mr Watt's

Mr Watt's b c by Beningbrough, dam by Slope, 3 yrs old
 Mr Silvertop's ch c by Expectation, dam by Drone, 3 yrs old
 Mr Leaton's b f by Stride, dam by Javelin, 3 yrs old
 Mr J. Hodgson's b c brother to Streamer, by Star, 3 yrs old
 Mr Riddell's b c by Expectation, 3 yrs old
 Mr Brandling's br c Smasher, by Star, 4 yrs old
 Mr Storey's b c Cramlington, by Pipator, 4 yrs old
 Mr J. Cookson's ch c Brafferton, by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old
 Mr Bigge's b f Fortuna, by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old
 Mr Baillie's ch c Streamer, by Star, 4 yrs old
 Mr Alderton's b c Roseden, by Archduke, 4 yrs old
 Lord Strathmore's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Queen Mab, 4 yrs old
 Lord Montgomerie's b h Caleb Quote'em, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old
 Mr N. B. Hodgson's b m Lady Mary, by Beningbrough, aged
 Sir Charles Monck and Mr Ord are Subscribers, but did not name.

The Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20l. added, for three years old fillies, close on the 1st of March.

In the Race-Week, a Long Main of Cocks will be fought between Charles Brandling, Esq. and Cuthbert Ellison, Esq. for 20gs a Battle, and 1000gs the Main.

PONTEFRACT MEETING—1807.

TUESDAY, Sept. 3.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20l. added, for three-year olds, 6st 2lb; four-year olds, 7st 10lb; five-year olds, 8st 5lb; six-year olds and aged horses, &c. 8st 12lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—A winner of a Plate, Match, Sweepstakes, or Subscription, this year, to carry 3lb extra.—Four miles.

Mr Mellish's br h Czar Peter, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs old
 Lord Darlington's br h Trafalgar, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old
 Duke of Hamilton's b m Crazy, by Walnut, 6 yrs old
 Mr Brandling's br c Smasher, by Star, 4 yrs old
 Sir W. Gerard's br c Julius Caesar, by Alexander, 4 yrs old
 Sir T. Gascoigne's b f by Hambletonian, out of Goldenlocks, 4 yrs old
 Lord Pollington's b c by Archduke, dam by Skelton.

Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 10gs ft. for three years old colts, 8st 5lb; fillies 8sa.—The last mile and three quarters.

Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f by Patriot, out of Miss Muston
 Mr Mellish's b c Young Hopeful, by Expectation, out of Heiress
 Lord Darlington's br c by Archduke, out of Beningbrough's sister
 Lord Milton's gr c Knowsley, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab
 Mr Lonsdale's b c Comrade, by Stamford, out of Companion's dam
 Mr Thompson's b c Hornby-Lad, by Hambletonian, dam by Eclipse

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added, for three years old fillies, 8st. A winner of a Plate, Sweepstakes, or Subscription, this year, to carry 3lb; and of two, 4lb extra.—The last mile and three quarters.

Mr Mellish's bay, sister to Smuggler, by Hambletonian

Mr Wilson's

THE RACING CALENDAR.

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Mr Wilson's chesnut, by Timothy, out of Violet
 Mr Wentworth's brown, Irene, by Zachariah, dam by Slope
 Mr E. L. Hodgson's bay, by Patriot, out of Miss Muston
 Mr Pickering's bay, by Beningbrough, out of St. Anne

Mr E. L. Hodgson's filly, by Hambletonian, out of Eustatia, 8st, agst
 Lord Pollington's colt, by Stamford, out of Jemima, by Phenomenon,
 8st 6lb.—Two miles, 100gs, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY.—The Gold Cup, a Subscription of 10gs each, with
 20gs added, for three-year olds, 6st 2lb; four-year olds, 7st 10lb; five-
 year olds, 8st 5lb; six-year olds, 8st 12lb; and aged, 9st.—Mares and
 geldings allowed 3lb.—A winner of any of the three Subscription
 Purses, or a Sweepstakes at York, this year, to carry 5lb extra.—Four
 miles.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Lord Pollington	Mr E. L. Hodgson
Lord Darlington	Mr T. D. Duncombe
Lord Strathmore	Mr H. F. Mellish
Sir Wm. Gerard	Mr C. Wilson
Sir Thos. Gasecoigne	Mr T. Duncombe

The Horses, &c. to be named on the day of entrance for the Plates.

THURSDAY.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two years old colts,
 8st 3lb; fillies, 8st.—The last mile.

Mr Mellish's b c by Stamford, dam by Drone
 Mr T. Duncombe's b f by Theodolite, out of a sister to Maid of All-Work
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b c by Bustard, out of Panny
 Colonel Childers's ch f by Stamford, out of Pet's dam

LAST DAY.—Mr E. L. Hodgson's b f by Patriot, out of Miss
 Muston, 8st, agst Mr T. Duncombe's b c by Expectation, dam by Dra-
 gon, 8st 3lb.—Two miles, 100gs, h. ft.

LAST DAY.—1809.—Mr E. L. Hodgson's filly, by Hambletonian,
 out of Eustatia, agst Mr T. Duncombe's filly, by Chance, out of a sister
 to Maid of All-Work, 8st each.—Two miles, 100gs, h. ft.

STAMFORD MEETING—1807.

FIRST DAY.—The Noblemen and Gentlemen's Sweepstakes of 20gs
 each, for three years old colts, 8st 2lb; fillies, 8st.—Those that have
 won once, to carry 3lb; twice, 5lb; and thrice or more, 7lb extra.—
 To start at the Distance-Post, and to run once round and a distance,
 ending at the Ending-Post.

Lord Grosvenor's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Popinjay's dam
 Sir G. Heathcote's b f Palestine, by Warter, dam by Highflyer
 General Grosvenor's b f Briseis, by Beningbrough, out of Lady Jane, by
 Sir Peter Teazle

Dr J. Willis's ch c by Warter, out of a sister to Minimus, by Dungannon
 Major Wilson's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Brown Charlotte

Mr Noel is a Subscriber, but did not name.

C2

Sweepstakes

THE RACING CALENDAR.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two years old colts, 8st 4lb; fillies, 8st 2lb.

Two-year Olds' Course.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Lord Lowther	Mr Noel
General Grosvenor	Mr Hartopp
Major Wilson	Mr Panten

To close, and to name to the Clerk of the Course on or before the first day of March.

SECOND DAY.—The Gold Cup, value 100gs, a Subscription of 10gs each, the surplus to be paid to the winner in specie; three-year olds carrying 6st; four-year olds, 7st 7lb; five-year olds, 8st 7lb; six-year olds, 9st; and aged, 9st 2lb.—Mares and geldings to be allowed 4lb.—Four miles.

Mr Sitwell's ch f Buttercup, by Beningbrough, out of Hyale, 3 yrs old
Mr Cave Browne's b c by Young Woodpecker, out of Equity, 3 yrs old
Dr J. Willis's ch c by Warter, out of a sister to Minimus, by Dungan-
non, 3 yrs old

Mr Sitwell's br c Taurus, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old
Mr Kellermann's b f Streatham-Lass, by Pipator, 4 yrs old
General Grosvenor's b c Gauntlet, by John Bull, 4 yrs old
Mr Hartopp's b f Eliza, by Moorcock, out of Barbarossa's dam,
4 years old

Mr Wilson's gr h Confederate, by Delpini, 5 yrs old
Lord Grosvenor's b m Meteora, by Meteor, 5 yrs old
Sir J. Trollop's b h by Trumpator, out of a sister to Seagull, 5 yrs old
Major Morris's b m Two-Shoes, by Asparagus, 6 yrs old
Mr Tatton Sykes's b m Gratitude, by Shuttle, 6 yrs old

LAST DAY.—Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three-year olds, 6st; four-year olds, 7st 4lb; five-year olds, 8st; six-year olds, 8st 7lb; and aged, 8st 11lb.—Mares and geldings to be allowed 3lb.—Twice round the Course.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Lord Fitzwilliam	Mr C. Wilson
Lord Grosvenor	Mr Cave Browne
Hon. G. Watson	Mr Kellermann
Major Morris	AND
Mr Noel	Mr Andrew

The Horses, &c. to be named to the Clerk of the Course on Saturday preceding the Race.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for hunters 12st.—Mares and geldings to be allowed 3lb.—Heats, twice round the Course. To close and name on or before the first of March.

Stewards:—General Grosvenor, and C. Noel, Esq.—Mr R. Saile, Clerk of the Course.

EPSOM

EPSOM MEETING—1807.

THURSDAY.—The first year of a renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three years old colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 2lb. The last mile and half.—The owner of the second to receive 100gs out of the Stakes.—Thirty-eight Subscribers.

- Lord Derby's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Zilia
 Lord Darlington's b c by St. George, dam by Mercury
 Mr Panton names Mr Abbey's b c by Ambrosio, dam by Highflyer, grandam by Match'em
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Alexina
 Lord Egremont's br c by Gohanna, out of Cypress's dam
 Lord Egremont's b c by Gohanna, out of Catherine
 Lord Egremont's b c by Gohanna, out of a sister to Humbug's dam
 Lord Egremont's ch c by Gohanna, out of a sister to Nitre's dam
 Mr Watson names the Duke of Grafton's colt, by Worthy, out of Woodbine
 Mr Howorth's br c by Whiskey, out of Thalia
 Mr Howorth's br-b c Tony Lumpkin, by Ambrosio, dam by Highflyer, out of Shark's dam
 Mr Wilson's b c by Solomon, out of Lignum-Vitæ's dam
 Mr Wilson's b f by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam
 Mr C. Norton names b c Wrynose, by Worthy, dam by Coriander
 Mr Lake names Sir F. Standish's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Volunteer, out of Storace
 Sir F. Standish's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Storace
 Mr Northey names Dr J. Willis's ch c by Warter, out of a sister to Minimus, by Dungannon
 Sir C. Bunbury's b c by Whiskey, out of Amelia
 Lord Foley's br c Chaise-and-One, by Whiskey, out of Xenia
 Mr Mellish's gr c Bedale, by Star, dam by Stride
 Mr Mellish's ch c Harry Longlegs, by Beningbrough, out of the dam of Off-she-goes
 General L. Gower's ch c Gladiator, by Buzzard, out of a sister to Champion
 Mr Biggs's br c Rosario, by Ambrosio, out of Portia
 Mr Biggs's b c by Young Woodpecker, out of Equity
 Lord F. G. Osborne's b c by Beningbrough, out of Mulespinner
 Mr D'Arley's br c by Oscar, out of Nelly, by Postmaster
 Duke of Grafton's brother to Pelisse, by Whiskey
 Duke of Grafton's colt, by Worthy, out of Minion
 Mr D. Radcliffe's b c by Gohanna, out of Trumpetta
 Lord Grosvenor's b c by John Bull, out of Esther
 Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Ibis
 Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Lady Bull
 Mr Hall's ch c by Hyperion, out of Vivaldi's dam
 Mr Durand's b c by Guildford, out of Ramschoondra, by Sir Peter Teazle, grandam by Dungannon
 Mr Lord's b c by Totteridge, out of Sweet-Reseda

Mr Wardell's

Mr Wardell's b c by Expectation dam by Young Marsk, bought of Mr Mackall

Mr Wardell's br colt, by Oberon, dam by Spanker, bought of Mr Mackall

Mr Wardell's b. c. by Hambletonian, dam by Gunpowder, out of Swarrow's dam

FRIDAY.—The first year of a renewal of the Oaks Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three years old fillies 8st 4lb.—The last mile and half.—
The owner of the second filly to receive 100gs out of the Stakes. Thirty-one Subscribers.

Lord Derby's brown, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Brown Bess

Mr Panton's bay, by Buzzard, dam by Trumpator, out of Crane

Lord Egremont's chesnut, by Young Woodpecker, out of Hannibal's dam

Lord Egremont's chesnut, by Young Woodpecker, out of a sister to Petworth

Lord Egremont's bay, by Waxy, out of Gohanna's dam

Mr Watson names Captain Vyse's Fillikins, by Gouty, dam by King Fergus

Mr Howorth's bay, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of a sister to Sky-scraper

Mr Howorth's brown, by Trumpator, out of Othea

Mr Lake's bay, by Gouty, out of a sister to Oatlands

Mr Lake's bay, by Mr Teazle out of Young Maiden, (own sister to Walnut)

Sir Frank Standish names Mr Lake's bay, by Whiskey, out of Admiral's dam

Mr Northey names Lord Rouse's chesnut, sister to Trinidad, by Young Woodpecker

Sir C. Bunbury names Mr Wilson's bay, by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam

Lord Foley names Mr Sitwell's chesnut, Buttercup, by Benningbrough, out of Flyafe

Mr Mellish's bay, Darling, by Patriot, dam by Highflyer

Mr Mellish's bay, Miss Buckle, by Precipitate, out of Plaistow's dam

Gen. L. Gower's brown, Marcellina, by Worthy, out of Marcella

Lord Stawell's bay, sister to Ringtail, by Buzzard

Lord F. G. Osborne's bay, Sourkrout, by Benningbrough, out of Quid's dam

Mr Kellermann's grey, Thalestris, sister to Iphigenia, by Petworth

Duke of Grafton's by Grouse, out of Rattle, by Trumpator

Mr Wilson's chesnut, Little Sally, by Buzzard, out of Totterella

Mr D. Radcliffe's chesnut, sister to Castrel, by Buzzard

Mr Forth's bay, by Whiskey, dam by Pot8o's, bred by Mr R. Prince

Lord Grosvenor's bay, sister to Meteora, by Meteor

Lord Grosvenor's bay, by Sir Peter, out of Misseltoe

Lord Grosvenor's bay, by Sir Peter, out of Popinjay's dam

Sir J. Shelley's chesnut, Emily, by Ambrosio, dam by Highflyer, out of Lily of the Valley

Sir

Sir J. Shelley's grey, Euphrasia, by Ambrosio, dam by the Arcot Arabian, out of Black Deuce

General Grosvenor's bay, Briseis, by Beningsbrough, out of Lady Jane

Mr Golding's bay, by Buzzard, out of Vixen

EPSOM MEETING—1808.

THURSDAY.—The second year of a renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50gs each h. ft. for three years old colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 2lb. The last mile and half.—The owner of the second to receive 100gs out of the Stakes.—Thirty-eight Subscribers.

Lord Derby's br c by Sir Peter, out of Brown Bess

Lord Darlington's br c by Sir Solomon, dam by Pot8o's

Lord G. H. Cavendish's br c by Coriander, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Elfedda

Mr Panton names Lord Stawell's brother to Bustard

Lord Egremont's b c brother to Trafalgar, by Gohanna

Lord Egremont's b f by Gohanna, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Nimble

Lord Egremont names Mr Ladbroke's b c brother to Wretch, by Gohanna

Lord Egremont names Mr Ladbroke's b c by Teddy-the-Grinder, dam by Precipitate, out of Colibri

Mr Watson names Mr. Sitwell's b c brother to Aniseed, by Coriander

Mr Howorth names Mr. Sitwell's br c Clinker, brother to Clasher, by Sir Peter Teazle

Mr Howorth names Sir H. Williamson's ch c by St. George, out of Walton's dam

Mr Wilson's b c by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam

Mr Wilson's b c by Hambletonian, out of Totterella

Mr Norton names Colonel Childers's ch c by Stamford, dam by Bourdeaux

Mr Lake's b c by Trumpator, dam by Walnut, grandam by Jayelin

Sir F. Standish's c by Mr. Teazle, dam by Volunteer, out of Stotace

Mr Northey names Mr Lake's b c by Sorcerer, out of Lord Mayor's dam

Sir C. Bunbury names Mr Mellish's b c Bradbury, by Delpini, dam by Young Marsk

Lord Foley's c Petrowitz; brother to Little Peter, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Xenia

Mr Mellish's b c Weaver, by Shuttle, out of Strap's dam

Mr Mellish's br c Hit-or-Miss, brother to Luck's-All, by Stamford, out of Marchioness

General Gower's ch c John O'Gaunt, brother to Gladiator, by Buzzard, dam by Pot8o's, out of Huncamunga

Mr Biggs

Mr Biggs names General Gower's b f Teazle, by Worthy, out of Thistle, by Woodpecker

Mr Biggs names Mr Wilson's c by Agonistes, out of a sister to Bennington, by Rockingham

Lord F. G. Osborne's br f by Sorcerer, out of Drowsy

Mr D'Arley names Mr Rashleigh's b c by Coriander, dam by Highflyer, out of Othëa

Duke of Grafton's c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Dabchick

Duke of Grafton's f by Coriander, out of Peppermint

Mr Delmié Radcliffe's ch c brother to Castrel, by Buzzard, dam by Alexander

Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Woodpecker, grandam by Sweetbrier

Lord Grosvenor's b c by Meteor, out of Hind, sister to Hermipne, by Sir Peter Teazle

Lord Grosvenor names Mr G. Fuller's b c by Teddy-the-Grinder, dam by Precipitate

Mr Hall's f by Pegasus, dam by Dungannon, out of Mark-ho's sister

Mr Durand's f by Teddy-the-Grinder, out of Ramschoondra, by Sir Peter Teazle

Mr Lord names Lord Stawell's c by Sorcerer, out of Sir David's dam

Mr Wardell names Mr Mackall's b c by Expectation, out of Lardella

Mr Wardell names Mr Mackall's b c by St. George, out of Petruchio's dam

Mr Wardell names Mr Mackall's br f by Stamford, out of Alexina

FRIDAY.—The second year of a renewal of the Oaks' Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three years old fillies, 8st 4lb.—The last mile and half. The owner of the second filly to receive 100gs out of the Stakes.—Thirty-one Subscribers.

Lord Derby names Mr. Durand's, by Teddy-the-Grinder, out of Ramschoondra, by Sir Peter Teazle

Mr Pantou's grey, Mary Grey, by Buzzard, out of Tim's dam

Lord Egremont's chesnut, by Gohanna, out of Certhia

Lord Egremont's bay, by Gohanna, out of Humming-Bird, sister to Colibri

Lord Egremont's bay, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Nimble

Mr Watson names the Duke of Grafton's, by Coriander, out of Peppermint

Mr Howorth names Mr Lockley's bay, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Queen Charlotte, by Highflyer

Mr Howorth names Mr Halstead's sister to Elizabeth, by Waxy, out of Active, by Woodpecker

Mr Lake's brown, by Sorcerer, out of Decoit, by Tandem

Mr Lake's chesnut, by Walnut, out of Maria, by Telemachus

Sir F. Standish's bay, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Eagle's dam

Mr Northey names Sir C. M. Burrell's bay, by Sir Harry, out of a mare given him by Mr T. Mellish

Sir C. Bunbury's bay, by Sorcerer, out of Amelia

Lord

Lord Foley's, by Vermin, out of a Highflyer mare, bought of Mr Vernon
Mr Mellish's bay, Anna, by Coriander, dam by Highflyer, out of Tiffany,
by Eclipse

Mr Mellish's bay, Agnes, by Shuttle, out of Diddler's dam

General Gower's bay, by Worthy, out of a sister to Agonistes

Lord Stawell names Mr R. Goodisson's brown, by Sorcerer, dam by
Tandem, grandam by Eclipse

Lord F. G. Osborne's brown, by Sorcerer, out of Drowsy, by Drone

Mr Kellermann's grey, sister to Iphigenia, by Petworth, dam by Delpini,
out of Shovel's dam

Duke of Grafton's, by Sorcerer, out of Hornby-Lass, by Buzzard

Mr Wilson's bay, by Stamford, out of Lignum-Vitæ's dam

Mr Dèlmé Radcliffe's bay, by Whiskey, out of Trumpetta

Mr Forth names Mr Sitwell's bay, Goosander, by Hambletonian, out of
Pipylin's dam

Lord Grosvenor's bay, by Alexander, out of Nimble

Lord Grosvenor names Lord F. G. Osborne's black, by Trumpator, dam
by Saltram

Lord Grosvenor names Sir H. Lippincott's bay, by Highland-Fling, out
of Nelly, by Postmaster

Sir J. Shelley names Mr Howorth's bay, Devilina, by Kill-Devil, out of
a sister to Rosetta, by Young Woodpecker

Sir J. Shelley names Mr Mackall's brown, by Stamford, out of Alexina

General Grosvenor's, by Stickler, out of Selina, by Alexander

Mr Golding's brown, by Guildford, out of Vixen

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING—1807.

MONDAY, March 30.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for fillies
rising three years old, 8st 2lb each.—Rowley's Mile.

Duke of St. Albans's bay, by Coriander, out of Fairy

Duke of Grafton's sister to Forester, by Grouse, out of Rattle

Sir J. Shelley's brown, Wood-Nymph, by Trumpator, dam by Highflyer,
out of Othëa

Sweepstakes of 150gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old, 8st 3lb;
fillies, 8st.—Across the Flat.

Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter, out of Lady Bull

Mr Sitwell's ch f Buttercup, by Beningbrough, out of Hyale

Mr Watson's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Dungannon, out of Rut-
land's dam

Lord Grosvenor's br f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Olivia, against Mr
Watson's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Doubtful, 8st each.—Across
the Flat 150gs, h. ft.

Lord Grosvenor's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Misseltoe, against Mr
Sitwell's br-b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Palmflower, 8st each.—Across
the Flat, 150gs, h. ft.

THE RACING CALENDAR.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft.—Ditch-in.

	st	lb
Mr D. Boyce's ch c Achilles, by Young Woodpecker.....	8	10
Duke of Grafton's b c Podargus, by Worthy.....	8	3
Mr Wilson's b c Smuggler, by Hambletonian.....	8	3
Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, by Stamford.....	7	11
Mr Craven's br f Bronze, by Buzzard.....	7	9

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft.—Abingdon Mile.

	st	lb
Lord F. G. Osborne's b c by Trumpator, out of Beda.....	8	3
Lord Grosvenor's b f sister to Meteora, by Meteor.....	8	0
Mr Mellish's b f Miss Buckle, by Precipitate.....	8	0

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft.—Beacon Course.

	st	lb
Mr Mellish's br h Czar Peter, by Sir Peter Teazle...,	8	12
Sir J. Shelley's b c Sir Launcelot, by Delpini.....	8	7
Lord Grosvenor's br c Jasper, by Sir Peter Teazle.....	8	0

Lord Darlington's Pavilion, by Waxy, against Mr Mellish's Staveley, by Shuttle, 8st 4lb each.—B. C. 500gs, h. ft.

Mr Mellish's Sancho, 8st 7lb, against Mr Watson's Dreadnought, 8st 7lb.—Ab. M. 500gs, h. ft.

Lord Grosvenor's b c by John Bull, out of Isabella, 8st 5lb, against Mr Mellish's b f by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam, 8st 1lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

* * For the three Classes of the Otlands' Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft.—Ditch-in—See our Racing Calendar of last month, page 15.—But the following, who declared forfeit by the 31st of December, were omitted in that account. They are to pay only 10gs each, which is to be divided amongst the owners of the second horses in the three Classes:

	Age	st	lb
Mr F. Neale's b c Goth.....	4	8	8
Duke of Grafton's b f Dodona.....	4	7	13
Sir J. Shelley's br c Moustache.....	4	7	11
Mr Batson's b c Handicap.....	3	7	2
Mr Wyndham's b c by Schedoni.....	3	6	12
Mr B. Craven's br c Henry.....	4	6	11

TUESDAY, March 31.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old, 8st 4lb; fillies, 8st.—Across the Flat,

Mr Watson's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Doubtful
 Lord Grosvenor's br f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Olivia
 Lord Grosvenor's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Misseltœ
 Duke of Grafton's ch c by Whiskey, out of Prunella

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old, 8st 5lb; fillies, 8st 2lb.—Rowley's Mile.

Lord Grosvenor's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Carla
 Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Ibis
 Mr Wilson's b c by Sir Solomon, out of Ligmaum Vitas's dam
 Mr Biggs's br c Rosario, by Ambrosio, out of Portia

Mr Elwes's

Mr Elwes's b c by Whiskey, out of a sister to Flirtilla
 Duke of Grafton's ch c brother to Pelisse, by Whiskey
 Sir C. Bunbury's b c by Whiskey, out of Amelia
 Sir F. Standish's b c brother to Duxbury, by Sir Peter Teazle
 General Gower's ch c Gladiator, by Buzzard, out of a sister to Champion, by Pot8o's

Mr Forth's b f by Whiskey, dam by Pot8o's, out of Maid of All-Work

Lord Grosvenor's b f sister to Meteora, against Lord F. G. Osborne's b f Sourkrout, by Benningbrough, out of Quid's dam, 8st 2lb each.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs, h. ft.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for untried colts rising three years old, 8st 5lb; fillies, 8st 2lb.—Ditch Mile.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch e by Hambletonian, dam by Buzzard, out of Calash

Mr Wyndham's colt, by Ambrosio, out of Tuneful

Mr Ladbroke's colt, by Guildford, out of Princess

Duke of St. Albans's colt, by Buzzard, out of a Trumpator mare, bought at General Sparrow's sale

Lord Foley's br c Chaise-and-One, by Whiskey, out of Xenia

Lord Stawell's b f Pantina, sister to Ringtail, by Buzzard

Sir J. Shelley's br f Wood-Nymph, by Trumpator

Mr Mellish's b f Miss Buckle, by Precipitate

Sir C. Bunbury's b c by Whiskey, out of a sister to Old Tatt

Mr Howorth's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of a sister to Skyscraper

Sir F. Standish's br c Paris, brother to Stamford, 8st 7lb, against Mr D. Boyce's ch f Wretch, by Gohanna, 8st 4lb.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old, 8st 4lb; fillies, 8st.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Blachford names Mr F. Neale's br c Tony Lumpkin, by Ambrosio, dam by Highflyer

Mr Craven's ch f Frances, by Ambrosio, dam by Highflyer, out of Queen Mab

Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Niké

Mr Elwes's b c by Sir Harry, out of Annette, sister to Saltram

Mr Howorth's bl c by Ambrosio, out of a sister to Amelia

Mr Howorth's b c Langton, 8st 8lb, against Mr Lake's b f Rosabella, 7st 7lb.—The first three miles of B. C. 200gs, h. ft.

Mr F. Neale's ch f sister to Regulator, by a brother to Repeater, 8st 2lb, against Mr Payne's br f by Warter, bought of Lord Sondes, 8st. Ab. M. 100gs, h. ft.

Lord Darlington's ch h Zodiac, by St. George, against Mr. Arthur's b c Cardinal Beaufort, by Gohanna, 8st 3lb each.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs.

WEDNESDAY, April 1.—General Grosvenor's b c Gauntlet, by John Bull, 9st, against Lord F. G. Osborne's b f by Whiskey, out of a sister to Toby, 7st 7lb.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Lord F. G. Osborne's br c Basilico, by Trumpator, dam by Marc Antony, 8st 3lb, against Mr Payne's br f by Warter, out of Ransom, 8st.—Ab. M. 100gs, h. ft.

THURSDAY, April 2.—Lord Foley's br c Chaise-and-One, by Whiskey, against Mr Biggs's br c Rosário, by Ambrosio, 8st 5lb each.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

General Grosvenor's b f Briseis, by Beningbrough, out of Lady Jane, 8st 4lb, against Lord F. G. Osborne's b f Sourkrout, 8st 1lb.—R. M. 100gs, h. ft.

Mr Mellish's b f Darling, by Patriot, 8st 7lb, against Sir J. Shelley's br f Wood-Nymph, by Trumpator, 8st.—Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.

Mr D. Boyce's ch c Achilles, by Young Woodpecker, against Mr Howorth's b c Hedley, by Gohanna, 8st 7lb each.—Across the Flat, 200gs.

Duke of Grafton's b c by Worthy, out of Hornby Lass, against Mr Craven's ch f Frances, by Ambrosio, 8st 2lb each.—Ab. M. 100gs, h. ft.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING—1807.

MONDAY, April 13.—The first year of a renewal of the Prince's Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb.—Across the Flat.

Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Ibis

Duke of Grafton's colt, by Worthy, out of Woodbine

Gen. Gower's br f Marcellina, by Worthy, out of Marcella

Mr Mellish's ch c Harry Longlegs, by Beningbrough

Mr Mellish's b f Darling, by Patriot

Mr Mellish's b f Miss Buckle, by Precipitate

Mr Mellish's gr c Bedale, by Star, 8st 4lb, against Lord Grosvenor's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Misseltoe, 8st.—Rowley's Mile, 200gs, h. ft.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—Ditch-in.

	st	lb
Lord F. Bentinck's Bagatelle, by Sir Peter Teazle	8	5½
Lord Wilton's Bucephalus, by Alexander	8	0
Gen. Grosvenor's Have-at-'em, by Hambletonian	7	0

Duke of Grafton's b f Vanity, by Buzzard, 8st 4lb, agst Mr Craven's br f Bronze, by Buzzard, 8st.—Ab. M. 100gs, h. ft.

Mr D. Boyce's ch c Achilles, 8st 7lb, agst Mr Mellish's Luck's-All, 8st.—Ditch-in, 300gs.

Mr Elwes's b c by Sir Harry, out of Annette, 8st 5lb, against Mr F. Neale's ch f by a brother to Repeater, dam by Diomed, 8st 0½lb.—R. M. 100gs, h. ft.

Lord Foley's br c Paris, brother to Stamford, against Mr D. Boyce's ch c Achilles, 8st 3lb each.—Across the Flat, 200gs.

Sir J. Shelley's br c Clasher, 8st 6lb, agst Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, 8st 2lb.—B. C. 200gs.

Mr F. Neale's

Mr F. Neale's ch c Regulator, 8st 7lb, agst Mr Wilson's b c Smug-gler, 8st 1lb.—Ditch-in, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr Arthur's br h Sir David, 8st 7lb, agst Lord Darlington's b h Pa-vilion, 8st.—Across the Flat, 500gs.

TUESDAY, April 14.—Mr Northey's colt, by Lap, out of Jockey's dam, 8st 4lb, against Sir John Shelley's br f Wood-Nymph, 8st.—D. I. 200gs, h. ft.

Lord Grosvenor's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Lady Bull, 8st 3lb, against Lord F. G. Osborne's b f by Whiskey, out of a sister to Toby, 8st.—R. M. 200gs, h. ft.

Lord Rous's b f Bird of Paradise, by Young Woodpecker, dam by Driver, out of Fractious, 8st 7lb, against General Grosvenor's b c The Temeraire, by Warter, dam by the Burley-on-the-Hill Arabian, 8st.—Ab. M. 100gs h. ft.

Mr Blachford's br c Tony Lumpkin, by Ambrosio, 8st 7lb, agst Mr Payne's br f by Warter, out of Ransom, 8st.—Ab. M. 100gs, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, April 15.—Free Handicap Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for four-year olds.—Ditch-in.

	st	lb
Lord Grosvenor's b f Violanté	9	1
Lord Grosvenor's b f Meteora	8	11
Mr Mellish's b c Staveley	8	10
Sir J. Shelley's b c Sir Launcelot	8	5
Mr Cave Browne's b c Mountaineer	8	2
Mr Wilson's gr c Confederate, late Drum-Major	8	1

The first year of a renewal of the Newmarket Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three yrs old, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 2lb.—Ditch Mile.

Lord Grosvenor's b c by John Bull, out of Isabella

Lord Grosvenor's b f sister to Meteora, by Meteor

Lord Grosvenor's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Popinjay's dam

Duke of Grafton's colt, by Worthy, out of Woodbine

Duke of Grafton's brother to Duckling, by Grouse

Sir G. Bunbury's b c brother to Orlando, by Whiskey

Mr Wilson's ch f by Buzzard, out of Totterella

Mr Mellish's gr c Eedale, by Star, dam by Stride, grandam by Drone, out of Sir Harry Dimsdale's dam

Sir J. Shelley's br f Wood-Nymph, by Trumpator, dam by High-flyer, out of Othéa

Mr Watson's ch c by Hambletonian, dam by Buzzard, out of Calash

Lord Darlington's b c brother to Expectation, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Zilia, bought of Lord Derby

General Gower's ch c Gladiator, by Buzzard, out of a sister to Cham-pion, by Pot80's

Lord Foley's br c Chaise-and-One, by Whiskey, out of Xenia, by Challenger

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's b c by Beningbrough, out of Mulespinner, by Guildford

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's ch f sister to Castrel, by Buzzard

Lord F. G. Osborne's b c by Trumpator, out of Beda, by Delpini, bought of Lord Clermont

THURSDAY,

THURSDAY, April 16.—Free handicap Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three-year olds.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Payne's b c Tudor	8 11
Lord F. G. Osborne's ch f Norah	8 6
Mr Wyndham's b c by Schedoni	8 0

Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Ibis, against Lord F. G. Osborne's b c by Trumpator, out of Beda, 8st 2lb each.—Across the Flat, 200Gs, h. ft.

Lord Grosvenor's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Misseltoe, 8st 7lb, against Lord Rous's br f Fan, by Young Espersykes, out of Fidget's dam, 8st.—Across the Flat, 100Gs, h. ft.

LAST DAY.—Mr Sitwell's ch f Buttercup, by Beningbrough, out of Hyale, against Mr Mellish's b f Darling, by Patriot, dam by Highflyer, 8st 2lb each.—Ditch Mile, 100Gs, h. ft.

NO DAY MENTIONED.—Sweepstakes of 50Gs each.—Across the Flat. No weights mentioned.

Duke of St. Albans's b f by Coriander, out of Fairy

Sir G. Heathcote's b f by Warter, dam by Highflyer

General Grosvenor's b f Briseis, by Beningbrough, out of Lady Jane, by Sir Peter Teazle.

Mr Northey's colt, by Lop, dam by Highflyer, 8st 5lb, agst Mr Villiers's colt, by Pegasus, out of Friskey, 8st 4lb.—Ab. M. 100Gs, h. ft.

BRIGHTON MEETING—1807.

FIRST DAY.—The Silver Cup, value 50Gs, a Subscription of 5Gs each, the surplus to be paid to the winner in specie; three-year olds, 7st; four-year olds, 8st 3lb; five-year olds, 8st 10lb; six-year olds, 9st 1lb; and aged, 9st 3lb.—The New Course.—The winner to be sold for 300Gs, if demanded, &c.

SUBSCRIBERS.

His R. H. the P. of Wales
Duke of St. Albans
Lord Egremont
Mr Craven
Mr Shakespear
Mr Ladbroke
Mr Wyndham
Mr Northey
Sir R. Leighton
Mr Germaine
Lord Stawell
Mr Mellish
Lord Barrymore

Mr St. G. Caulfield
Mr C. Norton
Mr Daly
Mr Payne
Colonel Chester
Mr Hartley
Lord Sherborne
Sir H. Fetherstone
Sir J. Shelley
Lord Darlington
Mr Howorth
AND
Lord F. G. Osborne

The Horses, &c. to be named on the day preceding running, by eight o'clock in the evening.

The

The second year of the Pavilion Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three yrs old colts, 9st; fillies, 8st 9lb.—The winner of the Derby, Oaks, or Ascot Stakes, to carry 7lb extra.—The last mile.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b c by Gohanna, out of Trumpetta

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b c by Beningbrough, out of Mulespinner

Sir C. Bunbury's b c brother to Orlando, by Whiskey

Mr Howorth's br c by Whiskey, out of Thalia

Mr. Watson names Mr Howorth's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of a sister to Skyscraper

Mr Mellish's gr c Bedale, by Star, dam be Stride

Mr Wilson's b c by Sir Solomon, out of Miss Judy

Lord F. G. Osborne's b c by Trumpator, dam by Marc Antony, bought of Lord Clermont

Duke of Grafton's b c by Worthy, out of Woodbine

Lord Grosvenor's b c by John Bull, out of Isabella

Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Lady Bull

Lord Egremont's b c by Gohanna, out of Skysweeper

Lord Egremont's ch c by Gohanna, out of Prodigal's dam

Lord Egremont's ch f by Young Woodpecker, out of Fractious

Lord Darlington's b c brother to Expectation, by Sir Peter Teazle out of Zilia

Lord Darlington's b c by St. George, dam by Mercury

Mr Ladbroke is a Subscriber, but did not name.

Lord Darlington's Pavilion, 8st 7lb, against Mr Mellish's Czar Peter, 8st 1lb.—Four miles, 500gs, 200gs ft.

Lord Darlington's Hector, by Highover, 8st 6lb, agst the Duke of St. Albans's Merrythought, 8st 0½lb.—Three quarters of a mile, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Howorth's Plantagenet, 8st 7lb, against Mr Mellish's Norval, 7st 13lb.—Four miles, 200gs, h. ft.

Lord Egremont's b c brother to Cardinal Beaufort, 8st 8lb, agst Lord Darlington's Hector, 8st.—The last mile, 200gs.

Mr Mellish's Jerboa, 8st 3lb, agst Lord Stawell's Deceiver, brother to Ringtail, 7st 11lb.—The last mile.—No sum mentioned.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft.—Four miles.

	Age	st	lb
Sir J. Shelley's b h Sir Launcelet, by Delpini	5	8	3
Mr Craven's br f Bronze, by Buzzard	4	7	7
Mr Mellish's b c Hedley, by Gohanna	4	7	3

SECOND DAY.—The Somerset Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for four-yr olds, 7st 7lb; five-yr olds, 8st 5lb; six-yr olds, 8st 11lb; and aged, 8st 13lb.—Mares to be allowed 3lb; and horses &c. bred in Ireland, to be allowed 7lb.—Four miles.

PRESENT SUBSCRIBERS.

His R. H. the P. of Wales

Mr Mellish

Duke of St. Albans

Mr Daly

Mr Ladbroke

Lord Darlington

To close, and to name to Mr Weatherby on or before the last day of the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting, 1807.

Sweepstakes

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for two years old colts, 8st 3lb; fillies, 8st.—The winner of the July Stakes at Newmarket, to carry 7lb extra.—The last mile.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b f by Whiskey, out of Trumpetta
 Lord Egremont's ch f by Gobanna, out of Certhia
 Lord F. G. Osborne's bl f by Trumpator, dam by Saltram
 Mr Ladbroke's ch c by Teddy-the-Grinder, out of Miss Slamerkin
 Mr Mellish's gr f by Delpini, dam by Highflyer

THIRD DAY.—His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch f sister to Castrel, by Buzzard, agst Mr Mellish's b f Darling, by Patriot, dam by Highflyer, out of Tiffany, 8st 3lb each.—The last mile, 200gs, h. ft.

FOURTH DAY.—The Gold Cup, value 100gs, given by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and a Subscription of 10gs each, for three-year olds, 6st; four-year olds, 7st 3lb; five-year olds, 8st 6lb; and six-year olds and aged, 8st 12lb.—Mares to be allowed 3lb.—Four miles.

SUBSCRIBERS.

His R. H. the P. of Wales	Lord Barrymore
Duke of St. Albans	Mr Daly
Lord Egremont	Mr C. Norton
Mr Heathcote	Mr Payne
Mr Craven	Lord Jersey
Mr Shakespear	Lord G. H. Cavendish
Lord Sherborne	Lord Darlington
Mr Delmé Radcliffe	Lord F. G. Osborne
Sir John Shelley	Mr Howorth
Mr Mellish	Mr Wyndham

The above Stakes closed on the 1st of January last; the horses, &c. are to be *bona fide* the property of the Subscribers, and to be named to the Clerk of the Course on the day of entering for the Plates at Brighton.

LAST DAY.—Mr D. Boyce's Sir David, 8st 11lb, against Sir J. Shelley's Sir Launcelot, 7st 3½lb.—Four miles, 200gs, h. ft.

BRIGHTON MEETING—1808.

FIRST DAY.—The third and last year of the Pavilion Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three years old colts, 9st; fillies, 8st 9lb.—The winner of the Derby, Oaks, or Ascot Stakes, to carry 7lb extra.—The last mile.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch c brother to Castrel, by Buzzard
 His R. H. the Prince of Wales's br c by Waxy, out of Merryman's dam
 Sir C. Bunbury's ch c by Sorcerer, out of Louisa
 Mr Howorth names Mr Mellish's b c Bradbury, by Delpini, dam by Young Marsk
 Mr Ladbroke's ch c by Teddy-the-Grinder, out of Miss Slamerkin
 Mr Watson names Mr Lake's b c by Gouty, out of a sister to Orlando
 Mr Mellish's

Mr Mellish's br c Hit-or-Miss, brother to 'Luck's-All, by Stamford
 Mr Wilson's b c brother to Smuggler, by Hambletonian
 Lord F. G. Osborne's b f by Sorcerer, out of Drowsy
 Duke of Grafton's colt, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Dabchick
 Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Woodpecker, grandam
 by Sweetbrier
 Lord Grosvenor's b f by Alexander, out of Nimble
 Lord Egremont's b c brother to Trafalgar, by Gohanna
 Lord Egremont's b c brother to Hedley, by Gohanna
 Lord Egremont's b c by Gohanna, out of a sister to Pallafox
 Lord Darlington had two Subscriptions, but omitted to name.

SECOND DAY.—The Hippocampus Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for
 three years old colts, 8st 5lb; fillies 8st.—The winner of the Derby,
 Oaks, Ascot, or Pavilion Stakes, to carry 7lb extra.—New Course.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's br c by Sorcerer, dam by Highflyer,
 bought of Mr Goodisson
 Mr Ladbroke's ch c by Teddy-the-Grinder, out of Miss Slamerkin
 Mr Mellish's b f Anna, by Coriander, out of Darling's dam
 Lord Barrymore's colt, by Buzzard, bought of Mr Morland
 Lord F. G. Osborne's br f by Sorcerer, out of Drowsy
 Lord Egremont's b f by Gohanna, dam by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Nimble
 Mr Lake's bl c Noyau, brother to Rumbo, by Whiskey
 Mr Lake's b c by Gouty out of Mademoiselle

THIRD DAY.—His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch c brother to Cas-
 trel, by Buzzard, agst Mr Mellish's b c Bradbury, by Delpini, dam by
 Young Marsk, 8st 3lb each.—Last mile, 200gs, h. ft.

NO DAY MENTIONED.—Produce for the Darlington Stakes of 200gs
 each, h. ft. for three years old colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 3lb.—
 The last mile.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's b f by Whiskey, out of Trumpetta
 Mr Mellish's b f Agnes, by Shuttle, out of Plaistow's dam
 Mr Mellish's b f Anna, by Coriander, dam by Highflyer, out of Tiffany
 Mr Wilson's b c by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam
 Mr Wilson's b c by Hambletonian, out of Totterella
 Mr C. Norton's colt, by St. George, out of Quid's dam
 Sir C. Bunbury's b f by Sorcerer, out of Amelia
 Mr Panton's br c by Worthy, out of Crane
 Lord Grosvenor's filly, (since dead) by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Misseltoe
 Lord Grosvenor's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Popinjay's dam
 Mr Peirse's b c by Hambletonian, out of Constantia
 Lord Egremont's b c by Gohanna, out of Catherine
 Lord Egremont's b f by Driver, out of Fractious
 Lord Darlington's b c by St. George, dam by Mercury, grandam by
 Turf
 Lord Stawell's colt, by Buzzard, out of Ringtail's dam
 Lord Stawell's colt, by Buzzard, out of Gipsy, by Trumpator

BRIGHTON MEETING—1809.

PRODUCE for the Darlington Stakes of 200gs each, h. ft. for three years old colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 3lb.—The last mile.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's br c by Waxy, out of Trumpetta

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's br c by Waxy, out of Dick Andrews's dam

Lord Darlington's br f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Æthe

Lord Foley's colt, by Eagle, out of Miss Fury

Sir C. Bunbury's colt, by Whiskey, out of Giantess

Mr Mellish's colt, brother to Sancho, by Don Quixote

Mr Mellish's b c Jeremy, by Don Quixote, out of Plaistow's dam

ASCOT-HEATH MEETING—1807.

TUESDAY.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three years old colts, 8st 5lb; fillies, 8st 2lb.—The New Mile.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's colt, by Hambletonian, dam by Buzzard, out of Calash

Duke of Grafton's sister to Forester, by Grouse, out of Rattle

Mr Wyndham's colt, by Ambrosio, out of Tuneful, by Trumpator

Sir C. Bunbury's b c by Whiskey, out of a sister to Old Tatt

Mr Lake's b f by Gouty, out of a sister to Oatlands

Sir J. Shelley's Wood-Nymph, by Trumpator, dam by Highflyer, out of Othëa

Sir J. Shelley's Wood-Nymph, by Trumpator, bought of Lord Clermont, against Mr Lake's b f by Gouty, out of a sister to Oatlands, 8st each.—The New Mile, 100gs.

WEDNESDAY.—The Swinley Stakes of 25gs each, 15gs ft. for three-year olds, 7st 4lb; four-year olds, 8st 10lb.—The last mile and half.

Mr Blachford's br c Tony Lumpkin, by Ambrosio, 3 yrs old

Mr Butler's b c by Ambrosio, dam by Weasel, 3 yrs old

Mr Jeffrey's ch c by Pegasus, out of Frisky, 3 yrs old

Mr Lake's b c Humility, by Gouty, 3 yrs old

Sweepstakes of 15gs each, with 15gs added from the Racing-Fund; three-year olds, 6st 7lb; four-year olds, 7st 12lb; five-year olds, 8st 6lb; six-year olds and aged, 8st 12lb.—To start at the King's Stand, and go once round the Course.

Mr Dufand's ch c Master Johnny, by Johnny, out of Seedling, 3 yrs old

Mr Cave Browne's ch c Barabbas, brother to Maidstone, by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old

Mr Ladbroke's br c by Young Woodpecker, out of Hannibal's dam, 4 yrs old

Sir J. Mawbey's b c Candidate, by Guildford, 4 yrs old

Mr Fermor's b c by Gohanna, dam by Woodpecker, 4 yrs old

Mr Villiers's ch h Great Britain, by John Bull, out of Dido, aged

THURSDAY.

THURSDAY.—The Gold Cup, value 100gs, a Subscription of 10gs each, the surplus to be paid to the winner in specie; three-year olds, 6st 12lb; four-year olds, 8st 2lb; five-year olds, 8st 12lb; six-year olds and aged, 9st 4lb.—Mares to be allowed 3lb.—To start at the Half-mile Post on the New Mile, and go once round the Course.—The owner of the second horse, &c to receive back his stake.

Mr Blachford's br c Tony Lumpkin, by Ambrosio, three yrs old

Mr Durand's ch c Master Johnny, by Johnny, 3 yrs old

Mr Fernor's b c Hawk, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old

Mr Jeffrey's ch c by Pegasus, out of Frisky, 3 yrs old

Mr Cave Browne's ch c Barabbas, by Benningbrough, 4 yrs old

Mr Ladbroke's br c Sir Peregrine, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old

Sir J. Mawbey's b c Candidate, by Guildford, 4 yrs old

Sir J. Shelley's br h Jasper, by Sir Peter Teazle, 5 yrs old

Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner, by Don Quixote, 6 yrs old

Mr Jeffrey's ch h Quiz, by Buzzard, aged

His R. H. the Duke of York has two Subscriptions, but did not name.

THURSDAY.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added, for four-year olds and upwards.—Three miles.

	Age	st	lb
Mr Lake's b f Rosabella	4	7	6
Mr Ladbroke's br c Sir Peregrine	4	7	9
Duke of Grafton's b m Dodona	5	8	1
Sir J. Shelley's br h Jasper	5	8	4
Mr Butler's b m Miss Coiner	6	8	7
Mr Jeffrey's ch h Quiz, aged	0	8	10

For the Sweepstakes for two-year olds, there were only two Subscribers.

FRIDAY.—Sir J. Shelley's Wood-Nymph, by Trumpator, dam by Highflyer, against Mr Lake's b f by Gouty, out of Mademoiselle, 8st each.—The New Mile, 100gs.

No DAY FIXED.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three years old colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 3lb.—The last mile.

Lord G. H. Cavendish's colt, by Hambletonian, dam by Buzzard, out of Cal Lord Jersey's colt, by Waxy, out of coarse Mary, by Mentor [lash

Mr Lake's b f by Whiskey, out of Admiral's dam

Sir F. Standish's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Volunteer, out of Storace

ASCOT HEATH MEETING—1808.

FIRST DAY.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three years old colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 3lb.—The Old Mile.

Mr Lake's colt, by Trumpator, dam by Walnut, grandam by Javelin, out of Spadille's sister

Lord G. H. Cavendish's colt, by Coriander, out of a Sir Peter Teazle mare, bought of Lord Fitzwilliam

Duke of Grafton's brother to Forester, by Grouse [dam

Mr Northey's colt by Trumpator, dam by Buzzard, out of Chippenham's

Sir C. Bunbury's b f by Sorcerer, out of Amelia

FIRST

FIRST DAY, 1809.—Lord Egremont's filly by Gohanna, out of Cerithia, 8st 3lb, against Lord Stawell's filly, by Waxy, out of Gipsy, 8st.—The New Mile, 100gs, h. ft.

DAY NOT FIXED.—Mr Lake's colt, by Gouty, out of an Arabian mare, against Lord Jersey's colt, by the Wellesley Arabian, out of Coarse Mary, 8st 7lb each.—The last mile 100gs.

Sir J. Mawbey's br-b c by Teddy-the-Grinder, out of Miss Slamerkin, against Major Hervey's colt, by Waxy, out of Sophia, 8st 3lb each.—The New Mile, 200gs, h. ft.

BIBURY MEETING—1807.

MONDAY.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for four years old colts, 10st 5lb; fillies 10st.—Those that have won once, to carry 3lb; and twice or more, 5lb extra: receiving forfeit not deemed winning.—Two miles and a half.

His R. H. the Prince of Wales's ch c by Beningbrough, out of Dick Andrews's dam

Lord Sackville's br c Clermont, brother to Fathom, by Trumpator

Mr Howorth's b f Polly Titian, sister to Hippocampus, by Coriander

Lord Foley's b c Knee-Buckle, by Zachariah

Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, by Stamford

Gen. Grosvenor's b c Richard, by His Lordship

Sweepstakes of 50gs each—Three miles.

	Age	st	lb
Mr Mellish's br h Czar Peter	6	12	0
Lord F. Bentinck's b h Optician	6	10	12
Mr Howorth's br h Enterprise	6	10	10

Mr Mellish's Staveley, 12st, agst Mr Howorth's Langton, 11st 1lb.—Three miles, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Mellish's Streatlam-Lass, 12st, against Lord Sackville's Graffham, 11st 7lb.—Four miles, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr Mellish's Sancho, 12st, agst Mr Vansittart's Regulator, 8st 8lb.—The last mile and half, 100gs.

WEDNESDAY.—Mr Mellish's Sancho, 12st, against Mr Howorth's Enterprise, 9st 5lb.—The last mile, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Vansittart's Regulator, 10st 7lb, agst Lord Sackville's Clermont, 9st 10lb.—Two miles, 50gs.

THURSDAY.—His R. H. the Prince of Wales's Barbarossa, against Mr Mellish's Staveley, 12st each.—Four miles, 500gs, h. ft. Mr Delmé Radcliffe and Mr Mellish to ride.

LAST DAY.—Mr Mellish's Czar Peter, 12st, against Mr Howorth's Yorkshire, 10st 7½lb.—Four miles, 200gs, h. ft.

FIRST DAY—1808.—Mr Elton's c by Ambrosio, out of a sister to Barnaby, 10st, agst Mr Scrope's f by Dotterell, dam by Highflyer, out of Nutcracker, 9st 9lb.—Red-Post-in, 100gs, h. ft.

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING—1807.

[When this Meeting falls in April, the Ages of the Horses, &c. are considered as if it had been in May.]

MONDAY, April 27.—Lord F. Bentinck's b c Job Thornbury, by John Bull, out of Esther, 8st 7lb, against General Grosvenor's b c The Temeraire, by Warter, dam by the Burley Arabian, 7st 7lb.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Lord Foley's br c Paris, 8st 7lb, against Mr Craven's br f Bronze, 8st.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Arthur's ch c Achilles, by Young Woodpecker, 8st 7lb, against Mr Mellish's br c Luck's-All, by Stamford, 8st.—Ditch-in, 300gs.

TUESDAY, April 28.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—Across the Flat.

	Age	st	lb
Sir J. Shelley's br c Clasher	3	8	5
Mr Ladbroke's br c Sir Peregrine	4	8	1
Mr Craven's br f Bronze	3	8	0

THURSDAY, April 30.—Lord Foley's br c Paris, 8st 7lb, against Mr Craven's br f Bronze, 7st 11lb.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—B. C.

	Age	st	lb
Mr Delmé Radcliffe's b h Orville	8	9	3
Mr Blachford's gr h Sir Harry Dimsdale.	7	8	12
General Gower's br m Pelisse	6	8	9
Mr Mellish's br h Czar Peter	6	8	6
Lord Sackville's ch h Enchanter	8	8	0

SATURDAY, May 2.—Sir J. Shelley's b c Sir Launcelot, 4 yrs old, 8st 7lb, against Lord Foley's br c Paris, 3 yrs old, 8st.—Ditch-in, 500gs.

NEWMARKET JULY MEETING—1807.

MONDAY, July 13.—The July Stakes of 50gs each, 30gs ft. for two years old colts, 8st 6lb; fillies, 8st 4lb.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Duke of Grafton's colt, by Grouse, out of Rattle

Sir C. Bunbury's bl c by Sorcerer, out of Wowski

Mr Wilson's br f by Stamford, out of Lignum Vitæ's dam

Lord Stawell's ch c by Sorcerer, out of Sir David's dam

Mr Panton's gr f Mary Grey, by Buzzard, out of Tim's dam

Mr Watson names a bay filly by Stamford, out of Sophia

Mr Mellish's gr f by Delpini, dam by Highflyer, bought of Mr Knapton

Sir F. Standish names Gen. Grosvenor's ch c by Bonaparté, out of Miss Catherine

Mr Abbey's b f Clorinda, by Hercules, dam by Highflyer, grandam by Match'em

Mr Golding's br f by Buzzard, out of Vixen

Mr R. Prince names Mr Mellish's b f by Worthy, out of Chippenham's sister

General Grosvenor's colt, by Old England, dam by Petrarch, 4 yrs old, against Lord F. Bentinck's b c Job Thornbury, by John Bull, out of Schedoni's dam, 3 yrs old, 8st 7lb each.—R. M. 100gs.

Lord Stawell's b f Pantina, by Buzzard, against Mr Galwey's Woodman, 8st each.—Abingdon Mile, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr Arthur's ch c Achilles, by Young Woodpecker, 4 yrs old, 9st, against Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Niké, 3 yrs old, 8st.—R. M. 200gs.

TUESDAY, July 14.—The first year of the July Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three years old colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 3lb.—The winner of the Derby or Oaks' Stakes, to carry 5lb extra.—Across the Flat.

Lord Grosvenor's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Lady Bull

Lord Grosvenor's b c by John Bull, out of Isabella

Duke of Grafton's b c Musician, by Worthy, out of Woodbine

Sir C. Bunbury's b c brother to Orlando, by Whiskey

Mr Howorth's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Violante's dam

General Gower's ch c Gladiator, by Buzzard, out of a sister to Champion, by Patsie's

Mr Mellish's b f Miss Buckle, by Precipitate, out of Blaistow's dam, by Highflyer

The last year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three-year olds, 6st 9lb; four-year olds, 8st 1lb; five-year olds, 8st 10lb; six-year olds, 9st; and aged, 9st 2lb.—The two middle miles of B. C.—The winner to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr Wilson

Duke of Grafton

Mr Howorth

Sir C. Bunbury

General Grosvenor

Mr Elwes

Mr Watson

Lord G. H. Cavendish

Lord F. G. Osborne

Mr Lake

AND

Lord Grosvenor

The horses, &c. to be named at the Coffee-House, Newmarket, before dinner on the day before running.

WEDNESDAY, July 15.—General Grosvenor's b c The Temeraire, by Warter, dam by the Burley Arabian, 8 yrs old, 8st 6lb, against Lord F. G. Osborne's bl f by Trumpator, out of a sister to Royalist, 2 yrs old, 7st 1lb.—Two-year Olds' Course, 100gs, h. ft.

LAST DAY.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft.—Two-year Olds' Course.

Mr Panton's br c by Worthy, out of Crane. 8. 3
General

General Gower's b c by Asparagus, out of a mare bought at Mr.

Bott's sale 8 0

Lord F. G. Osborne's bl f by Trumpator, out of a sister to Roy-

alist 8 0

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING—1807.

MONDAY, September 28:—The third and last year of a renewal of the Subscription of 5gs each, for four-year olds, 7st 7lb; five-year olds, 8st 6lb; six-year olds, 8st 13lb; and aged, 9st 2lb.—B. C.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Sir C. Bunbury,

Mr Wilson

Sir F. Standish

Lord Sackville

Lord G. H. Cavendish

Duke of Grafton

Lord Grosvenor

Lord Stawell

Mr Delmé Radcliffe

Sir H. Williamson

Lord Foley

Mr Mellish

Mr Ladbroke

Mr Watson

Mr C. Norton

Mr Arthur

Mr J. Browne

Mr Elwes

Lord F. G. Osborne

Gen. L. Gower

AND

Sir J. Shelley

The horses, &c. to be the property of a Subscriber, or pay 50gs entrance; and to be named at the King's Stables, Newmarket, on the Saturday before running, between eleven and one o'clock, with proper certificates.

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's ch f sister to Castrel, by Buzzard, against Lord Grosvenor's b f Musidora, sister to Meteor, by Meteor, 8st 2lb each. Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

TUESDAY, September 29.—The third year of one third of a Subscription of 25gs each, for four-years old colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb.—Ditch-in.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Sir C. Bunbury

Mr Wilson

Lord Sackville

Duke of Grafton

Lord Grosvenor

Mr Ladbroke

Lord Foley

Mr Delmé Radcliffe

Mr Mellish

Gen. L. Gower

Sir J. Shelley

Mr C. Norton

Mr Watson

Lord F. G. Osborne

AND

Sir H. Williamson

The horses, &c. to be *bona fide* the property of the Subscribers; and to be entered at the King's Stable, Newmarket, between eleven and one o'clock, on the day before running.

WEDNESDAY, September 30.—One-third of a Subscription of 25gs each, for three years old colts, 8st 6lb; fillies, 8st 3lb.—Ditch-in.

Subscribers and conditions the same as on Tuesday.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING—1807.

MONDAY, October 12.—The third year of one-third of a Subscription of 25gs each, for five-year olds, 8st 5lb; six-year olds, 8st 11lb; and aged, 9st.—B. C.

Subscribers and conditions the same as on Tuesday in the First October Meeting.

Sweepstakes of 150gs each, h. ft.—Ditch-in.

	<i>st.</i>	<i>lb.</i>
Lord Grosvenor's br c by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Lady Bull . . .	8	4
Lord F. G. Osborne's b c by Trumpator, out of Beda	8	4
General Grosvenor's b f Briseis, by Beningbrough, out of Lady Jane	8	1

Lord Grosvenor's b c by John Bull, out of Isabella, against Lord F. G. Osborne's br c by Trumpator, dam by Marc Antony, 8st 2lb each.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

TUESDAY, October 13.—Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three years old fillies, 8st 3lb each.—The winner of the Derby, Oaks', Ascot, or the Pavilion Stakes, to carry 7lb extra.—Ditch-in.

Duke of Grafton's Fawn, by Grouse, out of Rattle

Lord Grosvenor's bay, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Popinjay's dam

Lord Grosvenor's bay, Musidora, sister to Meteora, by Meteor, out of the Maid-of-All-Work

General Grosvenor's bay, Briseis, by Beningbrough, out of Lady Jane

General Gower's brown, Marcellina, by Worthly, out of Marcella

Mr Wilson's bay, by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam

Mr Watson's bay, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Doubtful

Mr Lake's bay, by Gouty, out of Mademoiselle

Mr Lake's bay, by Gouty, out of Mameluke's dam

Mr F. Bott's chesnut, Frances, by Ambrosio, dam by Highflyer, out of Lily of the Valley

Mr F. Bott's grey, Euphrasia, by Ambrosio, dam by the Arcot Arabian, out of Black Deuce

Mr Forth's bay, by Whiskey, dam by Pot80's, out of the Maid-of-All-Work

The second year of a renewal of the October Oatlands' Stakes, of 30gs each, 10gs ft.—B. M.—The conditions the same as last year.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Sir C. Bunbury
Lord F. G. Osborne
Mr Wilson
Mr Ladbroke
Mr Mellish
Gen. L. Gower
Lord Barrymore
Lord Foley
Mr Wyndham

Mr Watson
Lord G. H. Cavendish
Mr Delmé Radcliffe
Lord Grosvenor
Mr Howorth
Mr Lake
Duke of Grafton
Lord Stawell
Mr T. C. Browne

NEWMARKET

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING—1807.

MONDAY, October 26.—The Gognagog Stakes of 100gs each, for three years old fillies, 8st 2lb each.—Across the Flat.

Lord Grosvenor's bay, Musidora, sister to Meteora

Mr Delmé Radcliffe's chesnut, sister to Castrel

Gen. Grosvenor's bay, Briseis, by Beningbrough

Lord F. G. Osborne's bay, Sourkrout, by Beningbrough

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING—1808.

MONDAY.—Produce Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for three years old colts, 8st 4lb; fillies 8st.—Across the Flat.

Lord Grosvenor's filly, (dead) by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Mistletoe

Sir F. Standish's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Eagle's dam

Sir F. Standish's b f by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Storace

Mr Wilson's b c by Hambletonian, out of Pavilion's dam

Mr Wilson's b c by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam

Mr Watson's ch f by Coriander, out of Lily

Mr Browne's filly, by Teddy-the-Grinder, out of Countess

Mr Biggs's colt, by Kill-Devil, out of Portia

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb.—Those out of untried Mares to be allowed 3lb; those got by untried Stallions, 2lb; and those got by untried Stallions out of untried Mares, 5lb.—Ditch Mile.

Sir C. Bunbury's bl c by Sorcerer, out of Wowski, both untried

Mr Wilson's b c by Hambletonian, out of Surprise's dam

Mr Lake's bl c Noyeau, brother to Rumbo, by Whiskey

General Gower's b f Teazle, by Worthy; dam, Thistle, by Woodpecker, out of a sister to Mother Bunch, both untried

Duke of Grafton's filly, by Sorcerer, out of Hornby-Lass, both untried

Sir F. Standish's b c by Mr Teazle, dam by Volunteer, out of Storace, an untried Mare

Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Woodpecker, grandam by Sweetbrier, an untried Mare

Mr Mellish's b c Weaver, by Shuttle, out of Strap's dam

Mr Sitwell's b c brother to Aniseed, by Coriander, 8st 3lb, against Mr Mellish's br c Hit-or-Miss, brother to Luck's-All, 8st.—Two-year Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Sitwell's b f Goosander, by Hambletonian, out of Rally, against Mr Mellish's b c Experiment, by Hambletonian, out of Lady Cow, 8st 3lb each.—Two-yr Olds' Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr Sitwell's

Mr Sitwell's br c Clinker, brother to Clasher, by Sir Peter Teazle, 8st 5lb, agst Mr Mellish's b f Anna, by Coriander, out of Darling's dam, 8st.—Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY.—Lord Grosvenor's b c by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Woodpecker, 8st 3lb, agst Lord F. G. Osborne's bl f by Trumpator, out of a sister to Royalist, 8st.—Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.

THURSDAY.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. 8st each.—Across the Flat.

General Gower's ch c John O'Gaunt, by Buzzard, out of a sister to Champion, by Pot80's

Mr Biggs's colt by Kill-Devil, out of Portia

Mr Sitwell's br c Clinker, brother to Clasher, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Hyale.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING—1808.

MONDAY.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for the Produce of untried Mares, or tried Mares covered by untried Stallions; colts carrying 8st 4lb, fillies 8st.—Across the Flat.

Lord Grosvenor's filly, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Ibis

Duke of Grafton's filly, (dead) by Coriander, out of Drab

Duke of Grafton's colt, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Dabchick

Mr Browne's filly, by Teddy-the-Grinder, out of Phantasmagoria

Sir F. Staudish's colt, by Mr Teazle, out of Parisot

Mr Lake's bay filly, by Sorcerer, out of Deceit

Sir C. Bunbury's filly, by Sorcerer, out of Amelia

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old, 8st 5lb; fillies, 8st 2lb.—Across the Flat.

Duke of Grafton's colt, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Dabchick

Mr Mellish's bay colt, Weaver, by Shuttle, out of Strap's dam

Mr Mellish's bay filly, Anna, by Coriander, out of Darling's dam

Lord Foley's colt, Petrowitz, brother to Little Peter

Lord Foley's bay filly, by Worthy, out of Miss Faery

General Gower's brown filly, by Worthy, out of a Sister to Agonistes

Lord Grosvenor's bay colt, by Sir Peter Teazle, dam by Woodpecker, grandam by Sweetbrier

The Prince's Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for colts rising three years old, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb.—Across the Flat.

Lord Grosvenor's b f by Alexander, out of Nimble

Duke of Grafton's filly, by Coriander, out of Peppermint

General Gower's b f Teazle, by Worthy, out of Thistle, by Woodpecker

Mr Mellish's br c Hit-or-Miss, brother to Luck's-All by Stamford

Mr Mellish's b c Bradbury, by Delpini, dam by Young Marsk, grandam by Phenomenon

Mr Mellish's b f Agnes, by Shuttle, out of Pleistow's dam

(To be continued.)

RACES PAST.

MALTON CRAVEN MEETING.—YORKSHIRE.

On account of the heavy fall of snow, and severe frost, the four stakes which should have been run for on Tuesday, were obliged to be deferred till Wednesday.

WEDNESDAY, March 18.—The Craven Stakes of 10gs each, for all ages.—The last mile and half.—Five Subscribers.

Mr Childers's b c by Stamford, dam by Bourdeaux, 2 yrs old, 6st ... 1

Mr Watt's ch c by Ormond, dam by Lord A. Hamilton's Alexander, 3 yrs old, 8st 2

Mr Garforth's ch f by Hyacinthus, out of Yarico, 2 yrs old, 6st.... 3

Mr Watt's b h Marshal Carouser 5 yrs old, 9st 1lb 4

Five to 4 against Mr Garforth's filly, 2 to 1 against Marshal Carouser, and high odds against Mr Childers's colt.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for colts rising three years old, 8st 8lb; fillies 8st.—The last mile and half.—Seven Subscribers.

Mr Garforth's b c by Beningbrough, out of Caroline, (F. Collinson)... 1

Mr Clifton's br c Bryan, brother to Warrior..... 2

Lord Fitzwilliam's gr c Knowsley, by Sir Peter Teazle..... 3

Sir M. M. Sykes's ch f Statira, by Beningbrough 4

Mr Watt's b c by Beningbrough, dam by Slope..... 5

Mr J. Thompson's b c Hornby-Lad, by Hambletonian..... 6

Mr Nalton's b c Dreadnought, by Archduke 7

Seven to 4 agst Bryan, 4 to 1 agst Mr Garforth's colt, 5 to 1 against Hornby-Lad, and 10 to 1 agst Knowsley.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for fillies rising three years old, 8st;—The last mile.—Five Subscribers.

Mr S. Pickering's bay, by Beningbrough, out of St. Anne..... 1

Sir M. M. Sykes's bay, Harriet, by Precipitate..... 2

Mr Garforth's chesnut, by Hyacinthus, out of Flora..... 3

Sir T. Gascoign's chesnut, by Timothy, out of Lucy..... 4

Five to 4 agst Harriet, and 3 and 4 to 1 agst Mr Pickering's filly.—A very fine race.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for colts rising three years old, 8st 8lb; fillies, 7st 13lb.—One mile and a half.—Five Subscribers.

Mr N. B. Hodgson's b c by Beningbrough, out of Eliza, by Alfred, (F. Collinson)..... 1

Mr Nalton's b c by Beningbrough, dam by Slope..... 2

Mr S. Pickering's b f by Beningbrough, out of St. Anne..... 3

Mr T. Robinson's b f by Stamford, out of Belle-Fille..... 4

Six to 4 agst Mr Robinson's filly, and 5 and 6 to 1 agst Mr Hodgson's colt.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for colts rising four years old, 8st 3lb each.—

Three miles.—Four Subscribers:

Mr Marris's brown, Sir Sampson, by Stamford, dam by Adamant,
(B. Smith) 1
Mr Watt's bay, Integrity, by Totteridge, (J. Jackson) 2
Even betting.—A very fine race.

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred, 12st.—Rode
by Gentlemen.—Two-mile heats.—Twenty-six Subscribers.

Mr T. Duacombe's b m Young Jenny, by Alexander, (rode by Lord
Pollington), 1 1
Mr Watt's b h Harlequin, by Harlequin 5 2
Mr Middleton's b h Star, by Screveton 3 3
Mr W. C. Fenton's b h Voter, by Acasia 6 4
Mr G. Dowker's br h by Horatio 4 5
Major Bower's br m Catch-her-who-can, by Weasel 2 6
Five to 2 agst Young Jenny.—Won easy.

The Maiden plate of 50l.—Heats, one mile and a half each.—(Ages as
in May.)

Mr Uppley's b f by Stamford, dam by Toby, 4 yrs old, 8st 11lb,
(J. Jackson) 1 1
Mr Grimston's b f Harriet, by Precipitate, 3 yrs old, 6st 11lb 2 2
Mr Nalton's b c Dreadnought, 3 yrs old, 7st 4 3
Sir H. Nelthorpe's ch f by Volunteer, 3 years old, 6st 11lb 3 dr
Even betting on Mr Uppley's filly.—A very fine race.—The second
heat was run in the dark, and the whole three were so very close together
at the Winning-post, that each rider claimed the heat; but it was given
to Mr Uppley's filly.

THURSDAY, March 19.—Fifty Pounds, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.
(Ages as in May.)

Mr N. B. Hodgson's b m Lady Mary, by Beninbrough, aged,
9st 4lb, (F. Collinson) 0 0 1 1
Mr Marris's br c Sir Sampson, 4 yrs old, 8st 6lb, (J. Jackson) 0 0 2 dr
Two to 1 and 5 to two on Lady Mary; after the first and second heats,
which were both deemed to be dead ones, even betting. The third heat
was won by only a head. Sir Sampson, owing to its being dark, was
then drawn, and Lady Mary walked over for the fourth heat.

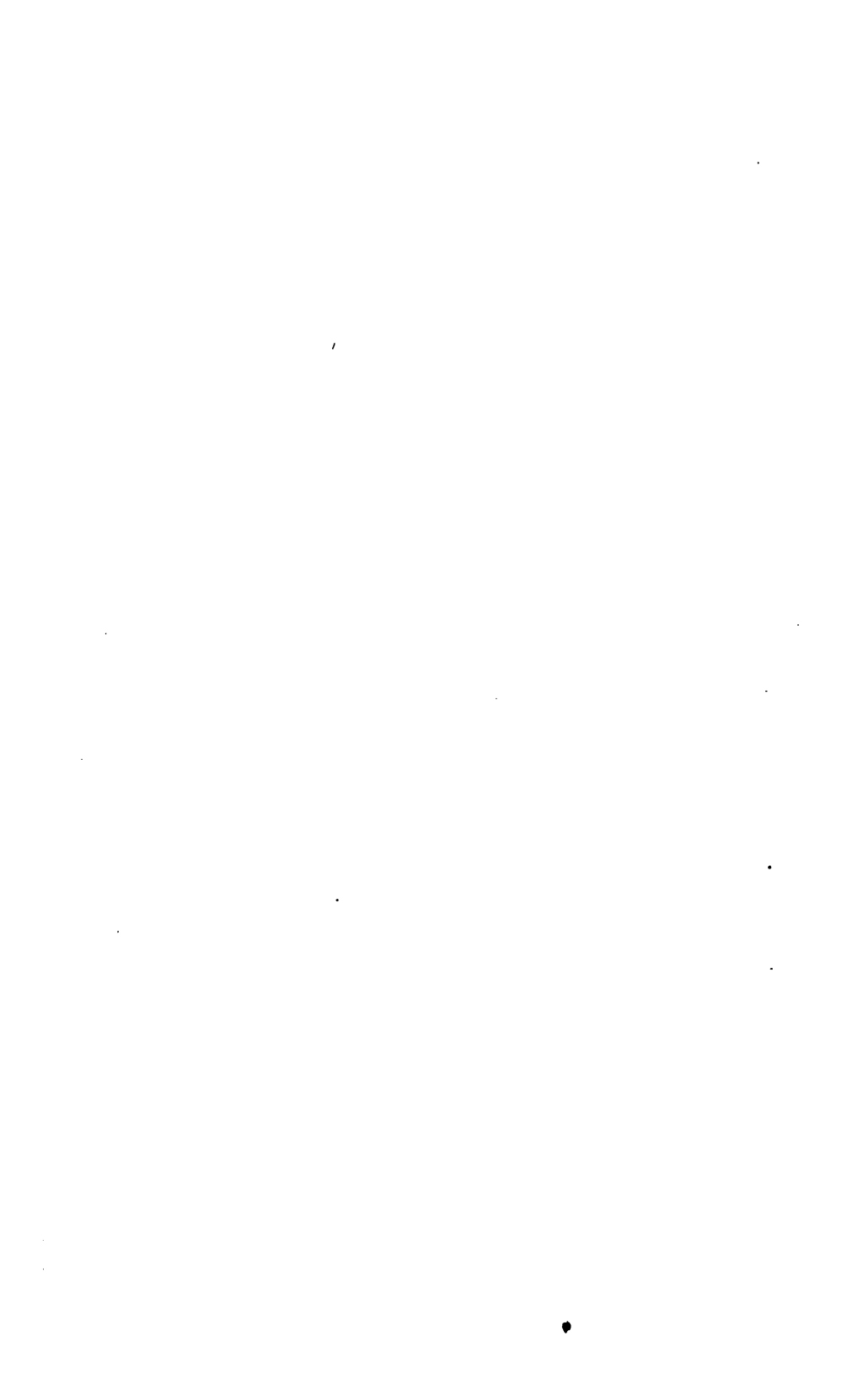
The Subscription Plate of 87l. 15s. for half-bred horses, &c. 14st each.—
Rode by Farmers.—Two-mile heats.—Seventeen Subscribers.

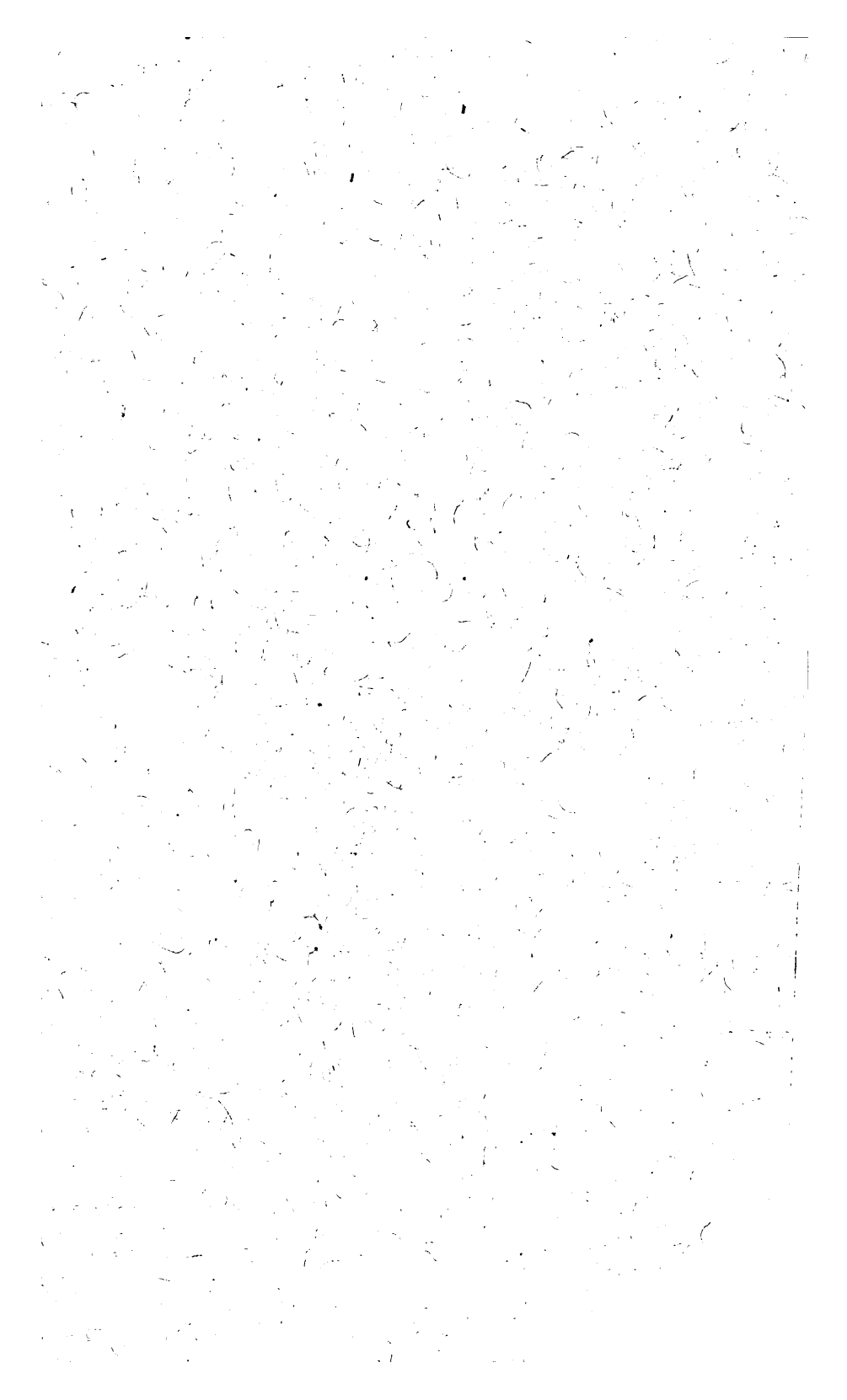
Mr Jackson's gr c Holderness, by Ruler, 4 yrs old 2 0 1 1
Mr Gypson's Orion, by Trotting Wildair 0 1 0 2
Mr Dickenson's b f Witchcraft, by Enchanter, 4 yrs old 1 0 2 3
Mr Wright's Creeping Jack, aged 2 0 0 4

There were 13 started for the first heat, and eleven for the second.—
Holderness and Witchcraft were the first favourites. This race brought
more company to Malton than was ever known on a like occasion.

*An accurate and early detail of the various Races throughout the king-
dom will be given in our future Numbers, as usual.*







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MAR 22 1927

